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View from Dining Room, Newtown-Anner.

W D HEMPHILL, M.D., Photo.

MEMORIALS

OF

LADY OSBORNE.

VOL. I.

XX. k. 26

View from Dark Walk, Newtown-Anner.

1870.

MEMORIALS

OF

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

LADY OSBORNE

AND SOME OF HER FRIENDS:

EDITED BY HER DAUGHTER,

MRS. OSBORNE.

23132

"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."—John vi. 12.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:
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1870.

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DUBLIN: PRINTED BY R. CHAPMAN.

THESE VOLUMES

ARE

Dedicated

TO

HER WITH WHOSE MEMORY IS ASSOCIATED

" WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE TRUE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE HONEST, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE JUST, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE PURE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE LOVELY, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE OF GOOD REPORT; IF THERE BE ANY VIRTUE AND IF THERE BE ANY PRAISE."

INTRODUCTION.

THE following compilation requires an explanation as to its object and its origin. Amongst the relics I possess of one so loved and honoured as was my mother in her lifetime, sundry autograph letters hold the first place in value ; and I have long wished to publish these testimonials to her worth, relying upon the interest attached to the writers, their fame being of not a restricted nature.

It is an excellent rule that has been brought to my knowledge, in consequence of this desire, that no private letters can be published without the consent of the writers or their representatives.

In not one single instance has my request been refused, I am thankful to say. But my friend Mr. Longman advised that as many of Lady Osborne's letters as could be procured should likewise be added. I felt the wisdom of the suggestion, but despaired of its success. It seemed to me that her's ought to be rejoinders to those destined for publication. One alone, returned after Madame and Monsieur de Sismondi's

deaths and labelled by that great historian himself for preservation, came within my reach and appears in this volume. I then remember that I had begged from her relations all her correspondence with them, in order that I might, when time had accustomed me to her loss, read and keep up the remembrance of her inner and her daily life : this was my sole object. My prayer was granted, but—with the exception of a few at the moment of their arrival—only now have I read them, and they convey I find so graphic a picture of her own most charming character as well as of one peculiar phase of Irish life, that I hope my personal knowledge of herself does not deceive me into thinking they may prove interesting to the general reader, especially at this moment, when, to borrow a figure from the leading article of a renowned journal, " Ireland is the country now before the footlights of the stage of politics."

It must never be forgotten that they are letters written with no ulterior object, but most of them before the penny postage ; therefore longer and more carefully composed than are the modern hasty interchanges of the barely needful greetings of friends and acquaintances. Still she used to say " whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and she always practised what she preached ; thus, in every thing she aimed at intrinsic excellence, not for the purpose of outshining others, but in anything she undertook she avoided carelessness.

Names are only left out for reasons that will be obvious in themselves, and are given because they are either not in

themselves altogether unknown or are known and of interest in a local sense, or because they elicited in her genuine nature strong feelings.

Reiterations of affection from her constant heart or those of invitations given, are not withheld, because though letters when collected are read together, the originals arrived—at intervals more or less long, and they would be no representation of herself without these genial assurances and oft-repeated tokens of a kind of hospitality, such as is enjoined in the New Testament, not looking for a return but to give the pleasure it was the delight of her life to impart to others. One thing is certain, generations may come and go, and possibly so lovely a character as hers may never be repeated —she had such a grasp of heart and mind, and knew so well how "to abound and how to be abased."

Trifling phrases of domestic concern are left in, for, like the homely details of Dutch pictures, they give life and reality to the eyes of strangers.

To a brilliant imagination she joined such a love and study of truth, that any fact she mentions may thoroughly be relied upon as illustrative of the time and subject alluded to.

It is singular that the aunt and cousin Margaret to whom most of these letters are addressed, both died in her house quite suddenly; the former in London and the latter at Newtown-Anner.

Collecting and transcribing these records has been far more a labour of love than of sorrow; for life is a pilgrimage, and the mercy of God affords hope of re-union beyond the

grave, and I cannot bear the idea of the memory of her blessed influence being obliterated.

One observation more: before proceeding to give a brief summary of the tenor of her life, I must make, and it is this: the frequent and trite notices of her children may seem superfluous, but too true a woman's heart beat within her with all her intellectual attainments and aspirations to authorize their omission.

It is a fitting conjunction that the memory of those who appreciated her so much, and towards whom the sentiment was reciprocal, should be embalmed together in the same shape.

Short extracts and apparently trivial notes are not omitted if characteristic.

Her maiden name was that commonest of all—Smith.

Her father, like his progenitors for several generations, followed the profession of arms. The Rev. Richard Ramsay, mentioned in the book entitled "Wilberfore and his Friends" as one of the earliest, if not the first, to turn the attention of that famous philanthropist to the condition of the slaves, was her maternal grandfather.

Her husband Sir Thomas Osborne, Bart., was the son of the Right Hon. Sir William Osborne, Bart., who took a leading part in the Irish Parliament, and being in the opposition rejected all attempts at bribing his convictions, with the scorn such proceedings merit; but by several writers he is mentioned as an enlightened patriot and statesman, endeavouring alike to develope the resources of his

own estate, and those of that country which he considered his country by birth and interest, though now it be the fashion to describe those who have both these ties as aliens!

His family, being of Norman origin, came over to England at the time of William the Conqueror, and settled in Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and on the occasion of a great share of Magrath property being confiscated in favor of the then head of the family, he offered his hand to the two eldest daughters of the dispossessed family, who both refused him, but the youngest, Maun Magrath, married "the upstart," as in those days he was called, in Ireland, and thus from the Norman and the Celt the present representatives of the family have sprung. When very far advanced in life, Sir Thomas Osborne was paying a visit at Brighton; the writers of these letters was there also; and he first beheld her under most characteristic circumstances. It was in a circulating library, and she was looking over books. He was immensely struck by her appearance, for she was very handsome and of the Irish type of beauty or rather coloring. Deep grey eyes, with black lashes, and raven hair, well-chiselled Roman nose, and flat, rather low forehead. She was tall, and her figure perfectly proportioned; her smile was glorious, and the intonation of her voice sweet and peculiar. Sir Thomas never rested until he not only found out her name and surroundings, but after various repulses succeeded in persuading her to leave friends and country, and become a naturalized Irishwoman.

Accustomed as her husband was to a life of intense soli-

tude and dreariness, though he loved her with the fervor that she inspired in all who knew her well, it did not strike him that the same sort of existence depressed and withered her.

Her expansive nature needed a wider vent. Many men are apt to forget that their own will may not be one of infallible excellence, and certainly will not fill the hearts and minds of others. How she pined and chafed for friends and companions, and how she ever strove to do her duty, her letters prove. She married when she was twenty, and was a widow at the age of twenty-five, with two children—a boy and a girl. At the expiration of two years of widowhood she had a year's interval of, for her, great excitement and what is called gaiety, and none of the letters at this time are given, for they contain nothing that portrays her individuality, or that would be of general interest.

She was soon stricken, smitten in the point nearest to her heart, and surely never did letters convey a recital of greater affliction than was her's. The healing influences of religion, conveyed to her through sympathizing friends, taught her to raise her drooping head bowed to the earth with misery, and giving an object to the elastic tone of her immortal spirit; her letters then, show that she deemed religion no sick man's delusion, no theme fit for women and children to keep them straight, but the motive power of existence to initiate every form of philanthrophy, and educe the truth of every doctrine out of Scripture. Time wore on, she and her daughter made some delightful journies together, and to

accompany her daughter, she relaxed her strictness of practice, and went with her into the world.

Finally, her daughter married, but they still lived together, and were never separated save on the occasions of a short expedition Lady Osborne made to Paris, twice to Scotland, and occasionally a visit in a country house.

One of her most valued friends, the Rev. Henry Woodward commenced his intimacy by volunteering, when he heard of her great affliction at the loss of her only son, to go and speak to her of the life to come, and he it was—one of the greatest saints and highest intellects that ever graced this earth—who pronounced her noble funeral oration. Brief though it was I thought he could have hardly got through it, but I heard he spoke as if inspired, and never faltered. He felt she had gained the heavenly shore first, and that he would not long linger behind in the course of nature at his advanced age. After her daughter's marriage she took especial pleasure in adorning their joint home, and laying out the grounds with the perfect taste, and in the large-minded manner that was her wont; and still when the sun shines, it seems as if her loving spirit broods there yet. She used often to allude to an incident that made a great impression upon her. When at Brighton she was struck by the sight of a very handsome boy with singularly large, beautiful eyes, and she remarked that as he moved along, he seemed to touch everything; she asked the reason, and was told that he was quite blind. She used to say that the two things she most dreaded was the loss of sight, and her strength of mind being impaired;

and both these trials consciously fell upon her. Assailed by that fatal illness that laid low Sir W. Scott, O'Connell, Southey, and so many others, she suffered greatly in her last and long illness. One autumn day when all nature was arrayed in peculiarly gorgeous hues, and all that she loved to look on surrounded her, in an instant she was struck blind from amaurosis, and paralysis invaded half her body.

The rest of her time on earth was a living death to her and those around her; but after some weeks her release came. She had naturally a great shrinking from death, but about a year before she went hence she startled me by saying one day, "I have lost all fear of death; I don't know how it is, but I have." Not long before she was disabled, for the first time, too, in her life, she made a point of taking me to see the little house at Rochester where she had spent her early youth, and the church where she was married. That return to the thoughts of the spring time of life always appears to me as if it were a blending of the mortal existence in its freshness and fulness into that of the immortal youth of eternity where ("Oh! joy unspeakable and full of glory") there will be no obscuration and no decay. Blessed be God for evermore. Amen.

CATHERINE ISABELLA OSBORNE.

MEMORIALS

OF

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

LADY OSBORNE.

"The first letter given is one taken at random from amongst a good many, written in very early girlhood, almost childhood, in French and Italian. It is inserted verbatim, not as a specimen of correct French, which it is not, but to mark the philosophical tone of observation in her deductions from history. The foreign tongue shows her love of languages and of self-improvement; and the courteous terms she uses were those she always employed to her nearest relations—evidences of her sweetness of temper and uniform consideration for others. Probably this letter was sent without having even been read over by the writer."

Je n'ai que deux ou trois minutes avant le diner, et je vous les donne ma chère Marguerite, quoique je n'ai rien à vous dire. Par où commencerai-je? Par l'histoire ancienne que vous osez abuser en défiance de Monsieur Hooker et de moi? Ou pourrèz vous trouver d'évenèments aussi frappants aussi intéressants que dans l'histoire de Rome dans le

temps de la république. Camille est le plus grand hérós dont j'aì jámais lu l'histoire, sa conduite a été celle d'un chrètien sans en avoir l'espérance que donne la vraie religion, il faut avouer que l'histoire de la Grèce est plus amusant q'aucun histoire moderne. Les soldats combattissaient alors avec l'enthousiasme qu'inspirait l'amour de la patrie, et de la liberté, ce n'était pas alors comme aujourdhui que la victoire ne se devait qu'aux manœuvres et de la conduite du général, alors brillait la valeur du soldat, d'ailleurs les Français ne cèdent pas aux plus féroces des anciens, dans leur cruauté je parle depuis la revolution, à propos de l'histoire savez vous que dans celle d'Autriche il n y a pas un Empereur qui ait tombé victime de la cruauté ou la trahison de ses sujets, je, commence à être jalouse pour la réputation de nous Anglais, quand je cherche nos annales et j 'y vois autant d'exemples de notre disposition à la révolte. Je vous plains pauvres malheureuses que vous êtes, je crois vous voir toutes souffrant l'horrible froid qu'il fera (j'en suis bien sûr) ce soir dans votre route à W. N'êtes vous pas prêt à crever d'envie me voir dans ma chambre à coucher où je me suis placée pour toute la soirée (car nous avons diné), auprès d'un très bon feu et pour avoir plus chaud je ne me suis pas parée aujourdhui pour le diner, je me suis mise avec cette vielle robe de votre sœur qu'elle a donné à ma sœur et je suis aussi comfortable (ce mot ne ce trouve pas dans la langue Française) qu'il est possible de l'être. J'espère que vous vous ferez bien agréable ce soir, vous et Sarah afin qu'on ne s'aperçoit pas de mon absence, vous direz que je suis bien impertinente de vous donner un conseil aussi peu necessaire, pardonnez, je ne fais que badiner et sérieusement je sais que partout on ne pourrait désirer personne dans une compagnie ou seraient mes deux cousines. Je vous ai promis dans le préface que je n'avais rien à dire qu'ai je dit? J'ai presque rempli tout mon papier néamoins je vous suis tenu parole.

Vous pourrez aisément résoudre cet énigme, ce n'est pas à moi qu'il faut dire qu'on ne sent pas le prix d'un bonheur que quand on est prêt à le perdre, moi je suis toujours sensible à quelque bien qui s'offre pour ma jouissance puisque je ne m'attends à aucun.

Adieu!

CATHERINE SMITH.

In the ensuing letter Lady Osborne appears as a young bride, married to a man vastly her senior. In the series following, the unconscious auto-biographical outline of her career will be traced, though often at great intervals of time. In this one she gives a description of her Irish home as it appeared to her, magnified by contrast with the small house and flat landscape to which she had been accustomed. In those days Irish establishments were composed of many supernumeraries in each department of the household; and it is evident that the bride expected to find a backward state of civilization in the land to which she came as a stranger.

Newtown, May 10th, 1816.
Clonmel, Co. Tipperary.

MY DEAR AUNT,—I suppose you have received from my mother an account of our landing safely at Donaghadee, and how remarkably well travelling agrees with me. Change of air completely cured my cold, and the early hours I have kept, and still continue to keep, have restored my bloom. You will be glad to hear that I was greatly pleased at the reception I met with at Judge Osborne's. Sir Thomas found a letter at Drogheda from Mrs. Osborne, in which she entreated us to turn out of the Dublin road and join them at their country house, which is situated about ten miles from the city. It is a very pretty place. They keep two car-

riages, a large establishment of servants, and every thing about them announced wealth and luxury. The Judge looks the picture of cheerfulness and good humour. He seems to be a very sensible and a very friendly man.

Mrs. Osborne is a very delightful woman—well informed and agreeable. She appears to be in very delicate health. She received me very kindly and not like a stranger. It was very gratifying to be treated with friendship and cordiality where I had expected to find only coldness and reserve. They were so extremely pressing that we should lengthen our stay that it was impossible to refuse, and we remained with them four days. The family consists of a son, about eleven years old, and his tutor; Miss Osborne, a very pretty accomplished girl, and the two Miss Christmas' (daughters of that sister of whom Sir Thomas spoke to me, who died about three years ago—you know I thought he had alluded to Lady Carysfort). Mrs. Osborne did her utmost to render my stay as agreeable as possible. She shewed me the way to the library, which contained every description of books to suit any taste—the best novels were not forgotten you may be sure.

Saturday—the weather was so bad that we were confined to the house. On Sunday Mrs. Osborne took me to Dublin that I might see the town. She took me to see their house in Temple Street. It is a remarkably large fine house. As we were returning home, she told me that I was that day to be introduced to some more relations—Mr. Christmas (Sir Thomas's brother-in-law), and her brother and his son. We found them arrived when we returned to Broomfield. I had not time enough to form any judgment of him: he went away soon after dinner. Nothing that I saw in the house delighted me more than the observation that Mrs. Osborne did not sit at the head of her table; so I shall never have to expose myself by awkward carving when they come

to stay with us, which will be as soon as Trinity term is over. The Judge took me, on Monday, to see the Hill of Howth, a high mountain, from whence you have a beautiful view of the Bay of Dublin. A great work is going on there, which will shortly be completed, and which is to render the average passage to Holyhead only six hours. When that is finished, which will be in the course of a year, we shall never have to go to Port-Patrick, and that will shorten our journey more than three hundred miles, which gives me greater hopes of frequent meetings with my friends in England. Were it not for my separation from them I should be perfectly happy, for Sir Thomas is all attention to my most trifling wish. You would be surprised at his minute attention to all my wants. He is never angry with me, but when he asks me if I choose anything, so and so, I reply "exactly as he pleases," he insists that it should be as I please, and that, too, on many points where I have no choice at all. You cannot imagine how much I was struck with the first appearance of Newtown. The situation surpasses in beauty anything I ever saw or even fancied. Accustomed as I have been to mountain scenery in my journey through Scotland and Ireland, I have seen no chain of mountains half so beautiful as those which bound the lovely prospect from every window in the front of the house. Newtown lies in the Golden Vale, so called from its fertility between two lofty ridges of mountains, the famous Slievenamon, properly called Slane of Man in the back ground. It is so lofty that its head is very rarely discernable, although almost always lost in a cloud: it is barren all the way up to the top; but the mountains in front of the house are planted half way with the most beautiful hanging woods: when they are in full leaf the contrast with the brown top must be particularly beautiful.

This place is the most retired of any I have ever seen—it

is impossible to catch the most distant glimpse of the road. It is exactly three-quarters of a mile from the Porter's Lodge to the house in a direct line. The trees about the place are particularly fine—the largest ash I ever saw. Some very fine arbutus grow on a hillock which fronts the western wing of the house, which I understand are very beautiful when in berry. The moment we arrived, which was early in the morning, Sir Thomas took me to look at the kitchen garden, which is very extensive, and kept in beautiful order. The gardener attended us. The moment he saw me he took off his hat and said, with all the Irish warmth of manner, "Welcome to your home my Lady." I was, however, rather displeased with him yesterday, when Sir Thomas and I shewed him a large piece of ground, full of pretty shrubs, which I wished laid out in a garden, he said it was too late in the year. I sturdily insisted that Mrs. Osborne told me that it was not too late, and she is a very good florist. Mr. Quin said he would try, but the ground was too hard for digging. I then gave up the point, but desired him to raise a great number of greenhouse plants in the hot house, which he readily promised; and I intend to have the hall ornamented with them as soon as they arrive at a proper size.

The house is immensely large; the hall very magnificent, supported in the centre by four pillars. Sir Thomas built the whole front of the house, and it does great credit to his taste. You could dance thirty couple both in the drawing-room and dining-room, which are of exactly the same size. I do not occupy either when Sir Thomas is from home or engaged. I should feel quite lost in those great rooms where no sound is to be heard but the cawing of rooks and the echo of my own footsteps.

It is a cheerful sight some part of the day to see many soldiers whom Sir Thomas gives leave to come from Clonmel

and climb up the trees to take down the nests of rooks. They make pies of the young birds; it is astonishing that their number never diminishes in the least, although both Sir Thomas and his father have from time immemorial given leave to the military to take away their young. If they were to decrease he would put a stop to it, for we both like their noise so much. Johnstone (as she is now called), and I occupy my dressing-room a great deal. I make her sit there that I may sometimes see a female face—hear a human voice. I never saw a house so still and solitary as this. It is so very much apart from the servants; no door of communication upstairs with their apartments. My maid and I walk along the long corridor, from room to room, without more fear of interruption from a single being than if we were in the deserts of Arabia.

Sir Thomas's dressing-room is down stairs. He says that a lady should delegate all her authority over the female part of the establishment to the housekeeper and her own maid; and the gentleman, to his butler. She should never give any orders to the inferior servants, because that would create confusion. I am sure his method must be the best, for I never saw a house managed with so much order and regularity in my life; every servant understands his or her particular business so well, that everything goes by clockwork. At —— I was surprised by the want of attention to neatness, by the dirty appearance of the staircase, so that I expected very naturally to find this house much worse, being the residence of a bachelor.

You may conceive how agreeably I was surprised by the extreme cleanliness of every part, that I have seen not only the general appearance, but every crevice is kept so perfectly nice. Whenever Johnstone rings the bell for the housemaid to supply the fire in my dressing-room with coals, she always comes up with a duster to remove every spot of dust

from the room. I dwell upon this point because I know you have conceived an idea that the Irish are so very inattentive to cleanliness; but I understand this house is differently managed from Irish houses in general, because Sir Thomas is known to be so very particular, and because his butler is an Englishman.

Our establishment is very large indeed. My maid tells me that they sate down six-and-twenty to dinner in the servants' hall yesterday, and some of the people were out. It is the fashion in Ireland for the upper servants to dine with the rest, except the kitchen-maid, groom, and whipper-in, who attend on them and dine afterwards. Sir Thomas keeps an immense number of hounds at a farm called Killaloan. He sent his huntsman out with them yesterday to procure me some hares, which I said I was fond of. I wish Richard could come; he would enjoy hunting over the mountains, and fishing in the Anner, for trout. It runs through Newtown. I have a beautiful view of it from my window; and the walk along its banks is delightful. It was the day before yesterday we arrived, and Sir Thomas would not rest until I had seen the Suir that very evening. It is a very clear and beautiful river, which runs at the foot of those fine mountains I have spoken of; it divides the counties of Waterford and Tipperary. Waterford is on the other side, and it is there Sir Thomas's estate chiefly lies. From one side of the stream you have a good view of the Castle Theckincor, the ancient seat of the Osborne family, now uninhabitable; and it was to that Captain Burton alluded when he spoke of Sir Thomas's castle to Sarah. If she should ever see him again, she may tell him that Sir Thomas has such a castle, but he does not live there.

I have not been to Clonmel yet, on account of the lameness of one of the carriage horses. Sir Thomas intends to drive four and he is looking out for another pair, but they are difficult to procure. His coachman did receive orders

respecting them, which he neglected to execute. We have a coachman and postillion, two footmen wait upon us at dinner, and there are two more about. The head footman is qualified, in my opinion, to take the place of butler, if Mr. Grove should leave us, which I hope he will not do. Sir Thomas is very much attached to him and he seemed very assiduous that everything should please me. Sir Thomas had not exaggerated in the accounts he gave us of the Suir salmon—it is the finest I ever tasted; the cream is so thick you could almost cut it. Johnstone told the dairy-maid that I intend to visit her dairy and she is quite delighted at the idea, being curious to see me, which hardly any of the servants have. Sir Thomas thinks that a lady ought never to show herself in her kitchen, because his mother never was in hers. I assure you I was quite surprised when I obtained permission to see the dairy. You know you desired me to be very particular or I should not have troubled you with these minute details. I have talked much of the interior of the ménage because I cannot tell of the people. I know nothing of the neighbourhood as yet. Mrs. Osborne tells me that the society is much diminished but that I shall have some few pleasant neighbours. I do not expect any calls until I have been seen at church.

With regards to my uncle, love to Sarah, Margaret, and Jane, and your sons, I remain my dear aunt,

Your affectionate niece,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

My letter is a complete volume of egotism, not one kind wish or kind enquiry—will you excuse me because I had so much to say and my situation is yet so new. Imagine I have said everything that is kind, and let me soon hear that your health is amended.

Judge Osborne is as fond of the word "mighty" as his brother; they seem to be on the most affectionate terms.

Newtown, July 18th, 1816.

My dearest Margaret.—I have delayed writing to you for some time expecting that I should have it in my power to announce the departure of a parcel I am going to send to England, but the Limerick gloves are still detained and I am obliged to defer sending off the tabinets until their arrival; there is no fear, I think, that they should be found too warm to wear this season, for my part I have given up all hopes of summer, we have fires constantly and are very glad to eat strawberries and cream by a blazing hearth. Our gardener is very proud of his production of strawberries, they are considered the finest and largest in the country, indeed I think he is so anxions to excel in every thing that I have great hopes my flower garden will flourish as the ladies in this country are the best of florists I ever knew, indeed they sacrifice the beauty of their pleasure grounds to the production of the finest flowers. Connoisseurs think that flowers of each sort should be kept apart from the rest, therefore I must have one part of my garden laid out in beds that I too may have the finest of Flora's productions, although I think that method very formal.

A few days ago I had a visit from a Quaker who resides about a mile from the house of Newtown, about a quarter of a mile from the gates. I did not know that Quakers were in the habit of paying visits, and I was inclined to believe she had called on business, she desired the servant to announce her by the name of Elizabeth C——, she did not return my curtsy by the slightest bend, but said, "I have not been well lately or I should have called sooner to welcome thee, friend Osborne"; upon the whole I was greatly pleased with her manner. Sir Thomas has a great respect for their Society and he says he is very proud of the visit, for it was paid he is certain by the agreement of the whole Society at

Clonmel in order to show their approbation of his choice. All my tradespeople are Quakers—they are the pleasantest people to deal with in Ireland, so cleanly and obliging. I am never allowed to stay in the shop but am always shown into a neat parlour and every thing brought me that I require to look at. I am sure to be asked by the women to take some refreshment. I am a subscriber to a charitable institution which the Quakers have established ; in compliance with their customs I have set down my name simply Catherine Osborne.

Pray tell my aunt that I am greatly obliged to her for her recipe which I copied for the butler directly and he is making the wine—will it be fit for drinking as soon as bottled ? I have also had some ginger wine ; don't you think I am setting the Irish a good example. I made a discovery a few days since of a chest of books which has never been opened since it was brought from the house in Dublin a few years after the Union, I called for the key directly and absolutely danced with joy when I found it contained some of the best authors of a lighter kind, and just fit for my dressing-room, where I have had them placed on shelves. Those in Sir Thomas' sitting-room consist of the best historians.

I have just finished Plutarch's Lives and have as much time for reading as I can possibly desire. Sir Thomas never interferes in my occupations.

You say that you found the artillery ball very pleasant; but you have given me no account of the party you met there.

How is my dear Anna? I hope she will not suffer from the hooping cough.

I think it is most probable Sir Thomas and I shall have the pleasure of seeing you all in the course of next year, not in the spring. I am afraid Sir Thomas fancies he will have

so much to do at that time, although every succeeding spring I think we shall pass in London, and in this hope, with love to every one, I remain,

My dear Margaret, your affectionate cousin,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Is Georgina still with you? What a pity that James' regiment is not quartered at Clonmel instead of braving the ocean : it is seldom things happen as we wish. I wrote to mamma yesterday. Does Jane return to school ?

"With Lady Osborne the slightest courtesy to herself reckoned for so much, while she took no count of the greatest sacrifices on her own part, whereas in this world so many do just the opposite, taking the greatest benefits as matters of course, and considering their own most trifling attentions as such valuable services.

"In these days of female University education, the following letters may be deemed old-world woman's twaddle regarding trifling home interests and occupations. But this is no mere collection of moral, and political, and religious essays; it is the picture of a complete character, and the details therein mentioned prove the tender mother she was."

Newtown, September 11.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—You do me very great injustice if you really suppose your letters can ever become a matter of indifference to me; on my side, I think, no proof of indifference has been evinced. I think I have been a very punctual correspondent. I cannot say the same for you. It is the first wish of my heart to prevail on the senior branches of your family to permit you to return with us when we visit England; that cannot be in the next spring. Even after I have recovered from my confinement, it will be impossible

to travel with a very young infant. . . . I am very busy at work, the only sort of work that I ever found amusing or interesting. My mother is helping me; all the hemming and sewing business I leave to Johnstone. If you and Sarah will favour me with a sample of your industry, in the shape of a little cap, I shall be very much obliged to you, but don't give yourself the trouble of making it up, as I have lace enough by me for every purpose, and any in addition would be of no use. I shall order my winter array from Miss Wornum very shortly, and she would forward the performance of your needle in the parcel which she will send me. I hope the box of tabinets will arrive safely, and that you will like yours. I had very few patterns to select from; had I been in Dublin, I could have made a better selection. The parcel travels all the way to London by water, which will render the time of its arrival uncertain. I have had three views taken, one of this house, another, from the lower end of our avenue, of the mountains in the Co. Waterford (you know the counties of Tipperary and Waterford are only divided by the river Suir), the third is of the bridge of Theckincor, over the same river; it is always called Sir Thomas's bridge, and it is thus the artist designates it. At the bottom of the landscape you will see in this the remains of Theckincor Castle, the ancient seat of the family. It stands at the foot of one of those mountains which you see in the view taken from the avenue. I have been thus particular in designating the subjects of these drawings, because I mean to send them to Aunt Warde that you may be enabled to form some idea of the place; they are not sufficiently well done to bear a very close examination, but will look well at a distance, and they are correct likenesses. You will see that our porter's lodge is very small—I hope to add to it hereafter; it is that small building which terminates the road in the mountain landscape.

Georgina would teach you to despise the drawings because they are not highly finished, but I have paid for them much more than they are worth that I might have the pleasure of sending them to you. I told you how much I was pleased with my husband's connexions. Lord Carysfort is not an Irish absentee; a great part of his estate is in England, and it is there he was born and bred. He visits his Irish property every year, and is greatly attached to this fine country. We dine at Lord Donoughmore's; he has not been long returned from London. We are all very quiet and peaceable in Ireland; it is you English who are given to riotous and seditious practices. My mother is prepared to laugh at your notions of the state of this country. You have no idea how ardently I long to see you all again, and with what pleasure I think of the happy days we used to pass together: one day they will return.

I wish you would all visit Ireland; but it is you I think, who would least regret the secluded life you must necessarily lead at Newtown in consequence of Sir Thomas's haughty contempt of public amusements in the county or even at Dublin. I flatter myself you would consider our society, and the quiet enjoyments of reading, &c., sufficient to render your stay with us cheerful, although it would not be gay. We drive out every day; it is the only exercise I can endure, and even that I am not very fond of. I would rather stay at home and lounge on the sofa. You know my habits of indolence.

I can conceive how happy you must be at Binfield. Pray give my love to Mrs. Ancrum, and thank her for her kind letter which I intend to answer shortly.

Give my compliments to Georgina, whose ceremonious epistle tells me I should never have received it but in consequence of my mother's coming here. I sincerely hope her health is better. Let me hear from you soon, and how Jane

and Elizabeth proceed, and the news of the Reading ball. I have heard what a complete convert . . . has become to the profession of flirting, in spite of all former protestations; and I have heard of her's and S.'s conquests at Rochester.

I will let you know when I send off the drawings. Farewell! Remember me kindly to all your circle. When shall I see you all? Believe me

Your very affectionate cousin,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

My mother desires her love; Sir Thomas his compliments.

Newtown, November, 5.

MY DEAR SARAH,—I thank you for the recollection of me, and your regret for the time we spent at Brighton last year. Mamma can tell you how I regret my separation from friends —from the companions of my youth—how anxiously I long to meet them once more. I beg you will still preserve me in your memory; and depend upon it, if ever it should be in my power to choose my own habitation, it will be at least within a drive of yours; let me hope that we shall meet with undiminished affection. You talk of new friends —of a variety of scenes—as if I were placed in the centre of society.

You little know the extreme retirement of our way of life; the manner you pass your time at Yalding may be esteemed dissipated compared to it. We are sometimes whole weeks without seeing the face of an acquaintance; and such is the haughty reserve which Sir Thomas keeps up in the neighbourhood that, with a few exceptions (only three I believe) I can call on the families once a year, no more, even should they persevere in visiting me. I do not mention this as a source of regret. Dinner-parties are always

formal; and the people instead of partaking of that frank character usually supposed to belong to the natives of Ireland, are as grave as any set of beings can possibly be. Were it otherwise, my situation would at present disable me from entering into parties of any kind, I have suffered so dreadfully from sickness, and that sometimes the whole day. I am tempted sometimes to suppose that the dampness of the season increases my malady. You cannot conceive how disagreeable it is to me to undergo the fatigue of taking a short walk, which is deemed absolutely necessary. . . It is better to submit to an evil than to seek a remedy which may weaken me and my infant. You cannot imagine the anxiety with which I look forward to the latter end of February. I long to have this new interest, and conceive myself happy in the prospect. . . . I think it is hardly fair of me to impose on you the task of working for my baby, when I have often blamed you for labouring in the cause of others; at least do not hurry yourself to finish the cap. Infants wear caps so long that it will be useful if not completed for months after its birth. My mother and I are anxious to hear how Uncle Warde finds himself; it is probable this cold weather will brace his nerves. I hope you will be able to send us favorable accounts. Your visit to Mrs. —— must, indeed, have been delightful, and so near the . . .

I can conceive nothing more cheerful than your party. I think we enjoy the society of our friends more when they live within a short distance, than when actually in the same house; the short separation produces always something new to relate. I think I never was so happy as during our abode at the parsonage; should we ever again be placed in a situation somewhat similar, it will be when the fervour of youth is passed, when calm cheerfulness will be substituted for variety and gaiety — will that be a bad exchange?

Mamma says that she thinks my sickness and langour would be cured by a meeting with you, and the renewal of some of our former hearty laughs. I must not think of impossibilities. Give my love to Aunt Akers; let me know Aretas' direction at Oxford, and I will answer his letter. Give my love to Aunt Warde and Jane; I advise the latter by all means to go to a Brighton ball.

Mamma unites with me in remembrance. Believe me,

Your very affectionate cousin,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Anna sends her love and wishes to know your opinion of her poetical flight; it was sent you by Georgina, I think.

Newtown, December 6.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—As I conclude you have reached Yalding before my letter can arrive thither, I will venture to address you there. I did not answer the letter you wrote me from Binfield, because I intended that my epistle to Georgina should convey you all the intelligence I find it in my power to communicate. If I were to wait until I had anything new to relate, I believe it would be long before you would hear from me. I have positively not seen a single acquaintance, even during a morning visit, for a month and upwards. You see your retirement at Yalding is dissipation compared to our way of life here; a drive to Clonmel on business, the voice of the tradesman, or the shrill tone of the beggar, are the only sounds we ever hear beyond the gates of this mansion; and within, the change from a sprig to a row of hem stitch, the variation of our employment; and with me, the passage from Hume to a play, nevertheless, I am cheerful and happy. You know I have ever affirmed how little gaiety is necessary to happi-

ness. At present I could not endure the exertion of going out or mixing with strangers. My sickness, I am happy to say, has left me for the last week. I am recovering strength and gaining an appetite. My thoughts are constantly fixed on the delightful prospect of my infant's birth, and my fingers employed in preparing for its reception. I should have felt differently had I anticipated the misery of consigning it to a nurse. . . .

I believe I should have recovered sooner than I have done had I been with you; for I attribute my present good state of health to the exertions I made of my own accord to shake off langour, and not to the prescriptions of my physicians; your society would have proved a wonderful stimulus.

I received a shock last week by the death of my housekeeper who had been ill some time; she did not die in the house. Sir Thomas has written to Dublin for another. I hope she will arrive before Judge Osborne and his family, who are to pass Christmas here with us; they will be preceded by a piano, which has been ordered from a famous instrument maker in Dublin. I confess I only wish for its arrival as an ornament to the drawing-room; this you will not be inclined to doubt.

What pleasure I shall have in presenting my child to my aunt and cousins; how I wish the happy moment could arrive. I am indebted to Aunt Warde and Sarah for a letter: this to you will serve for a fortnight. Adieu! with mamma's love and Anna's. Believe me, dear Margaret,

Your affectionate cousin,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Anna is become a great chess-player; she is now fretting and fuming over a move to the great amazement of Sir Thomas, who thinks her ill-humour very entertaining.

Newtown, August 10.

You are right, my dear Margaret. I have nothing to relate—nothing to say that merits to be introduced into a letter. My time is divided between nursing my little William, attending birds and plants, superintending improvements, and reading. Anna is this moment watching my baby; she got him to clap hands, and laid him in his cradle; she is quite a capital nurse, and not a little proud of her own skill. I put him into short clothes as soon as he was four month's old; he is too hardy to mind anything, and he will walk earlier from that very cause. I am very sorry mamma did not take you the views of Newtown; they would have given you a good idea of my abode. The bathing-place is a favorite spot with me; the river is overhung with trees, and a little moss hermitage to undress in. I am become as fond of the water as an otter; and it is much pleasanter to bathe in a river, than in a closed bath, because you have the advantage of sun. I take so much exercise in walking about the place, and riding, &c., that I am grown quite thin which, however, I don't mind because I have always rather had reason to dread growing fat than thin, and I feel quite well; but I think you would see a great alteration in me.

To-morrow I begin to paper and paint the drawing-room. I was compelled to rely on my own taste entirely, and I have chosen to have it painted in an excellent imitation of Satin wood; it will be done by a very clever painter whom Lord Lismore brought from London to do his own house, and we have engaged him before his departure.

Thank Aunt Warde for her remembrance of me; how happy I shall be when we all meet again. I never forget the happy hours we have spent in each other's society—the many hearty laughs we have enjoyed together. I am

become such a steady matron that I don't expect to laugh much again.

My "Cupid" is just awake, and Anna is playing with him on the sofa; there cannot be a more healthy or lovelier child; he is kicking up his little feet as if he were proud of his shoes.

Anna is feeding a bullfinch she has tamed herself; he perches on her hand, and lets her stroke him. You encourage me to hope for better times, and that things will be softened. Alas! I have no hope. People at a certain time of life are very obstinate, besides my pride is strong. My only resource is to think as little as possible, and I never allow myself to be a moment unoccupied. My chief comfort is, that I am not restrained in expense, which is certainly a great advantage, when there are so many wretched objects to relieve. I have sent my little boy out, and am going to accompany him.

Give my love to all your circle; tell Sarah my little William is now wearing her cap, and it becomes him extremely. Adieu, my dear Margaret! Believe me,

Your affectionate cousin,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Newtown, December 21st.

MY DEAR SARAH—You have no idea how continually my mind is reflecting on the happy days we have spent together, nor with what feverish anxiety I long for a return of those cheerful hours. I don't think I have had one hearty laugh since we parted, the weather has been so bad lately as to confine me almost entirely to the house, I seldom get beyond the greenhouse, but sit in an old-fashioned arm chair reading sometimes a grave instructive book, at others a lighter publication. I have other occupations in which I engage when I feel quite well, that is free from sickness and langour,

amongst my whims is an inveterate aversion to the dining-room ; I cannot account for it except by the desolate appearance and the miserable want of paint ; it would have been impossible to have had it done this summer for the drawing-room which was begun in August is not finished yet, the curtains are not done. I declare you might furnish ten houses in England whilst you are doing one room in Ireland. Miss Edgeworth may well say, Aladdin's workmen were not Irish, you can get everything as well done here but you must wait ten times as long for it. I was speaking of my aversion to the dining-room, sometimes I go down stairs quite well and the moment the door of the room is opened I am obliged to run back; I therefore dine alone at an early hour upstairs and continue by great exertion to sit out the ceremony of dishes and knives and forks, these fancied miseries are really more keenly felt than many real privations would be. I never till now fully understood the miseries that women of the lower class are obliged to undergo. No wonder they sometimes sink under them with several young children to mind at a time when they are subject to sickness and weakness, even supposing them free from mental anxiety. I find myself I am obliged to have the maid in the room with me that I may not lose my little boy's society, for I could not walk about with him for any length of time without great fatigue ; however I am getting much stronger and my appetite which I had entirely lost is returning. William is everything I could wish, he is not one of those fat enormous children more to be wondered at than liked, but plump, rosy and so healthy—at this season he delights to caper in his bath of cold water and sits down in it looking round in triumph, by which means he is become so hardy as never to take cold, and his flesh is as firm as iron, he eats like a little ploughman, and is never so happy as when he gets a piece of beef full of red gravy to suck

Anna was very fond of him until the goats came to displace him in her regard, and these have since been entirely neglected for the sake of an ugly little dog which is her constant companion, and as Pompey with very little ceremony jumps on her at all times and makes her so dirty that she looks like a young Shanavat. How I long to see the neat hedgerows of England! here the fields are divided by earth-banks sometimes faced with loose stones,—is it not shameful idleness? Do tell me what sort of weather you have in England—all this month we have had incessant rain, while I daresay you have been enjoying fine clear frosty weather. I love the sight of snow in winter and it makes our fireside so cheerful, and here I have never seen it lie except on the top of mountains. When it snows with you we have odious black rain which is much more disagreeable.

Adieu, my dear Sarah, let me hear from you soon; give my love to all your circle, and believe me my dear Sarah,

Your affectionate cousin,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Tell mamma I am putting off writing to her until I have transacted her business.

Newtown, February 23rd.

MY DEAR MARGARET—It is long since I have addressed a letter to Yalding, not as you suppose from indolence, but really because I have been so unsettled; in such a state of suspense I could not bear to write, I have vainly waited for this suspense to end, and I will no longer defer writing. You must know Sir Thomas had flattered himself that my present situation would exonerate him from his promise of taking me to England as he had heard the old-fashioned opinion that it was running a risk to travel. . . I even determined to fret myself into a consumption, and I assured

Dr. ——— that I was resolved to continue ill, accordingly I used to lie awake at night, the consequence was a loss of appetite and extreme weakness; however the persuasions of Mrs. Riall and my own reflexions which warned me not to sport with a good constitution got the better of this very wrong idea. I have employed and aroused myself until I have become cheerful and healthy as usual, and have resolved never to give way to those transports which I have found so injurious. Dr. ——— says he is determined to urge the journey on which my heart is set with so much earnestness that he must prevail, God grant he may! but do not let my mother be alarmed, because I am firmly resolved to endure a disappointment with composure, indeed the cheerfulness of the season and William's increasing attractions have filled me with gay hopes for the future, and I shall comfort myself with the idea that were I to go now my stay would be short, whereas at another period I should stay three months. My heart beats with agitation whenever Dr. ——— makes his appearance because I expect every succeeding visit will terminate my suspense, but Sir Thomas has latterly not been in the way when he arrived, and I don't choose to send for him because he would know that it was concerted. . . would advise me to quarrel and insist, but I am sensible no such method could be more unavailing, certainly none less proper, besides to tell the truth my disposition would not allow of such a line of conduct, I am in a manner cheated out of all inclination to betray discontent by a sense of the most considerate attentions which hourly win on the regard—even my faults are humoured. If Sir Thomas perceives that I am not inclined to leave my drawing when the tea equipage appears, he has it placed on a table which is at a distance from the fire, that I may not be disturbed, and makes tea himself. I am not allowed to stir for anything that I want, he waits on me with so much

assiduity ; anything I fancy he is never easy until it be procured, he never complains of any expense which has been incurred to gratify me, and he has lately paid bills for the greenhouse and other improvements solely for my gratification to the amount of nearly three thousand pounds; these considerations restrain me from violent opposition independently of any feeling of impropriety.

Adieu, my dear Margaret—believe me your very affectionate cousin,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

I have practised drawing during the last month, I am strongly tempted to send you a specimen in the parcel.

Newtown, August 2.

MY DEAR AUNT,—I have been now some days enlivened with the visit of Mr. Christmas' family, and in some degree reminded of the happy days we have all spent together. I think of their departure with a sort of dread; that is, when I allow myself to think at all; you know I had always a habit of driving away disagreeable reflections. They go to Bath this winter, and I have proposed to make my escape, and run away with them; once there, I should not be long in finding my way to Kent with the children. We have not yet settled how Sir Thomas would act on discovering my elopement. I think he would write to Mr. Domvile;* but I don't believe he would act against me, so I think I could venture. The Misses C. and their brother observe that Sir Thomas is more altered than they expected to find him, and Mr. C. says he looks as ill as he did when he was at the worst. He continues in the same state he was when my mother left Newtown.

* His law agent.

My little girl grows very fat, and still continues free from any symptoms of illness. William grows too fond of her, he cries if not allowed to kiss her when she is asleep. Mr. Christmas tells me that the world regards me as an astonishing young woman to support seclusion as I have hitherto. I did not know until lately that I was known at all. You see my vanity is gratified in one way at least.

The whole family are gone to church, except . . . and me. I could not leave my baby for any time, and I am obliged to take her with me when I make a call. Oh, if we had gone to England before Sir Thomas' illness he would have been chained up there. How happy should I be there. Is it not very hard that I cannot show my little ones to my friends?

I think William would be the favorite at present, as he is certainly at a very engaging age. All my airy castles have Kent for their object. I never walk of an evening but I remember our strolls to the village, and visits to Tomkins' bower.

I never knew till now I had such a strong local attachment. I am convinced however beautiful to the eye of taste are wooded mountains, with their tops, and rapid little rivers like the Anner; yet to the eye of feeling, there is nothing like our native scenes. I long for the rural ones of England. You know I used to wish to visit Paris; I never wish it now.

You expect that we are never to meet again. I feel that we shall, and the idea inspires me with a feeling of cheerfulness that spreads itself over the present moment.

I hope I shall find everything with you as it used to be. I think I should even miss . . . growling and fretting when she was kept up late at night. I hope Mrs. Joy* is as witty as ever; let her treasure up all her jokes for my

* Mrs. Joy was nurse in the Warde family.

entertainment. Mamma will tell you that I even enquired the fate of an old painted table which, in the prime of its life, used to hold our bread and butter, and milk and water, and after served as a stand for basins; in its infirm state rather injudiciously applied, certainly. I am particularly induced to remember that from the happy hours we used to devote to the occupation of twisting papillotes and brushing hair; and I always think with regret of the time when we sate in our *robes de chambre* by the nursery fire. I trust that good old custom continues. I am expecting every day a letter from my mother to inform me of her safe arrival—not that I apprehend any danger from the sea. Do you know, that I never dwell with regret on the memory of balls; yet 'tis not that vanity has necessarily left me. My glass tells me that I never looked so well as at this moment, and I am not sorry to see it. And with this piece of conceit, I say farewell. Give my love to all.

Yours very sincerely,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Newtown, September 20.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—On this day week I am to lose my cheerful party, when it will be almost worse than if they had never come. Can you imagine the change? did you ever know solitude like mine? But I shall live in the hope of seeing England in the spring. How I wish I had you for my companion this winter. I think we could spend our time very pleasantly; at least, I am sure I should. All my feelings of enjoyment have for their object the circle at Yalding or Tunbridge Wells. I think when I am going there I could wish to shut my eyes on every object in the journey, and only open them on Yalding or Tunbridge Wells. You cannot imagine with what sensations I go through the scenes

of former days; our walks to the parsonage, and even the stiles and the hedges of Kent. I imagine myself translating Tasso in your parlor, with Sarah at the same employment; our studies repeatedly interrupted by hearty laughter and cheerful converse. You will find me unchanged by absence —with the same sedentary habits, and almost the same pursuits. Mamma will tell Sarah that I have not given up Italian, although I had not been so assiduous at it since I began to draw. Tell Sarah that by the time I go to England I hope to have something worthy of her album. On Monday week my baby becomes little Catherine. We shall not be able to have any one to dine with us, on account of Sir Thomas, who is still unable to join us; so it must be a kind of déjeuner, and the christening must take place early. The little thing has become very fat, so as to make William appear quite thin; he is, however, in excellent health, and in eternal exercise. Neither of them ever occasion me a moment's anxiety. William does not yet speak; that is, he only says, papa and mamma when he is told. I am sure you would think him more engaging than his sister at the present time. Boys and girls are equally interesting whilst they are so young, and I think I like them better when they are running about than as infants.

William Christmas is as mad for shooting as we are for sketching, and sometimes returns from the mountains drenched with rain. He says we should take out a "license" for our amusement, as he is obliged to do for his, and then he could make the barge horses turn back when our car is posted by the side of the Suir, as a junction with them would be rather awkward. Think of the doleful change the week after next will bring forth. Imagine me at solitary meals and solitary occupations, with only a distant prospect of amendment, and having been for the last two or three months accustomed to a pleasant family party. How I wish you

would come to me; would you if you could? with the certainty of returning in the spring, which I can promise. At all events, why cannot Richard bring you over? Sir Thomas would be very glad that I had you with me; he actually asked the Christmas' to give up going to England, that they might stay with me; which was rather unconscionable, as the journey will be a novelty to them, and they are to meet their aunt and cousin. They are in future to spend every winter in England.

Our going to London will be an advantage to them, as Mr. Christmas is not able to frequent public places, on account of his health, and you know I shall be a chaperon. I should not despair of getting Sir Thomas to Bath, he is in such a complying mood, were he independent of Dr. R., and well enough for the journey. He confessed of his own accord that his real motive for declining to go to England this next spring, was that feeling of illness which he did not like to acknowledge even to himself, having been so little used to illness. Even had he not withdrawn his consent, you see, the attack came on just at the time when we should have been setting off. Give my love to all your dear party, and believe me,

Your very affectionate cousin,

C. OSBORNE.

Newtown, November 12.

MY DEAREST AUNT,—The renewal of our correspondence gives me very great pleasure, although I am conscious that the blame of our suspended intercourse rests with me. You ask me in what mood you should write to me, and I can answer, exactly as you wrote last. Your letter was a delightful one, and did me a great deal of good. It cheered me, by convincing me that you think of me with the same

affection as ever, and it proves to me that you anticipate our reunion with much of the warm hope that I feel myself. I have ever felt for you the affection which a daughter experiences towards a mother, and I think of you with all that interest which the recollection of uninterrupted kindness as long as I can remember has the power of bestowing; all my happiest hours were spent with you and my cousins, and all my wishes tend to a re-union with my mother and all my family. My letter to aunt Akers was written in a very dejected state—just recovered from a fit of illness. I had abandoned myself to the despondency which languid debility is so apt to produce; with returning strength the clouds of sadness disappeared, and I am now in a state of cheerfulness, contented with the present, and anticipating a happy future. I am delighted with the picture you have drawn of the Lorkings. . . .. I should like much to be acquainted with them.

I can readily believe that they are as happy now as when they occupied Clare Hall. Whilst you have sufficient to exonerate you from apprehension for the future, and to secure you present comforts, to be deprived of what is mere show would give little concern to those over whom vanity has no power. After all, how little of a large income is enjoyed by the actual possessor? It goes to support servants for whom he has no employment; carriages for which he has scarcely any use, and to accumulate plate and toys which he never looks at; whilst he abandons his spacious and elegant apartments to retire to some small room in a remote corner of his house, where he can enjoy the comfort of looking round him, without finding his eye lost in the space which a large room thinly inhabited affords. It is easy for me to say, in what my happiness would consist. It requires a very good income, though not a large one; I must be able to surround myself with those I love; I must

have the disposition of my own time, without a troublesome care for the future, and without any personal privation, or any want of comfort in my establishment. About show I have become quite indifferent; about general society I am not only indifferent, but I actually dislike it.

I can readily conceive your unwillingness to sacrifice a day of the society of your friends, for the mere amusement of seeing a great city. I should feel exactly so under similar circumstances. My mother has felt your loss very severely, and has also suffered great uneasiness in consequence of Anna's illness, which you must have heard of. I wish I had her under Mr. Stanley's care, who is an excellent physician. In return for the account which you have given me of your interesting excursion, I have nothing to tell you but of a singular expedition of ours, just before my illness, to see some lakes on the summit of a very high mountain, about nine miles from hence. We went in common laborers' cars, a kind of vehicle you have never seen; it is used instead of waggons in farming business. It jolts most gloriously, but no carriage with springs could stand the rugged mountain pass. Nothing could be more wild than the scenery the whole way. The progress of my courage during the journey was curious enough. You know I am never very brave. We had to pass on roads by the side of steep precipices, the road scarcely wide enough to admit the whole of the cars. The first precipice we came to we got out and walked; the second I nearly screamed; the third I contented myself with shutting my eyes; and the fourth I succeeded in suppressing every external symptom of fear.

We suffered much from heat; the violent motion of these clumsy vehicles made us feel very differently from the men, who were on horseback, and who experienced the keen effects of mountain air. The first lake, by the side of which we dined, itself on a high mountain, lies embosomed in others

more lofty. On one side a mountain rises so extremely perpendicular, that the sheep which graze on the sides in windy weather are frequently blown down and killed. Calm as it was the day we were there, I could not view them without shuddering. The perpendicular mountain is partly green, partly rocky, and in the interstices of the rocks the most beautiful crystal is found, pure and perfect; it cuts glass like diamonds. I have a great quantity for my grotto; a naturalist would give anything for some of my specimens. Our suite, which beside five or six of the men-servants, consisted of about thirty of Sir Thomas' tenants, who chose to accompany us; and the gentlemen looked very picturesque. Amongst the wild scenery we gathered like a snowball; many of the mountaineers followed. We might have passed for a group of banditti; and perhaps many of them were bad enough, although not one of them would harm the wife of Sir Thomas; the greatest ruffians in the country, who are by him supported in idle and wasteful profusion, being all his well-wishers, and when he is ill, praying for him in their chapels.

On our approach to Theckincor wood we were greeted by a large bonfire, as a symptom of cordial good-will. It was evening, and the effect good. . . .

Now that I am well, I intend to take care of my health, by taking proper exercise and avoiding cold. I am taking "muriated tincture of iron," which is a good tonic, far better than "bark" for those whose lungs are at all delicate. It agrees with me well, and gives me a good appetite. The children are well. William—dear little fellow—stayed in the room whilst we were reading prayers this morning, without making the slightest noise, listened to the Bible as attentively as if he had understood it. In the summer when his sister would kill flies, he used to tell her that God would not love her if she were cruel. He has lately taken it into

his head to hear her repeat her prayers himself, and clasps her little hands with a truly fraternal air. He is the merriest little fellow and the happiest in the world; his sister is very fond of him, although she sometimes treats him rather roughly. The work of gilding goes on here as well as ever, nothing can exceed our industry. The whole of these long evenings one of our party reads aloud, and I spend my time exactly to my taste.

It is so late that I must say adieu. I will only observe how deeply the view of Yalding Vicarage interests me; badly as it is drawn, it is very like, and I love it. Give my love to my dear cousins, and believe me,

Your very affectionate niece,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Newtown, April 30.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—I am glad to find that you will acknowledge my claim to hear from you oftener than I write. I have before told you that I consider a letter addressed to one as addressed to all, and I do hope that you will not each wait for the ceremony of an answer. It is very long since I have heard from Sarah. I almost fear that she does not intend to write again. I am at present engaged in occupations of various kinds. I did not tell you so by way of excusing my own silence. The excuse of want of time is one of the most paltry and unpardonable that can be pleaded as any apology for anything like neglect. Never would it prevent me from writing to those I love. But I confess the most extreme pain often oppresses my mind when I compare the letters we send (the only means of intercourse which we enjoy) with those which are written during a short interval of separation, and which anticipate a speedy reunion. Ours, on the contrary, speak of hope continually deferred. It is well

we have this consolation, that although we have been so often disappointed (provided we all live) we must meet at last, and that meeting will indeed be a very happy one. By me it is anticipated with such an eagerness of anxiety, that by the mere force of fancy, I could persuade myself that the time is actually arrived, and I almost dread the recurrence of those dreams from which it costs me so much pain to awaken, and the dread of being led into them often prevents me from writing.

I had always a disposition to castle-building, but now the disposition is often indulged in to excess, and present gratification overlooked in contemplating the future. But I have many occupations, some that are extremely unpleasant to me; conferences on business, where I cannot follow the plan which I know to be the best. I have therefore to content myself with some degree of authority to act as I should wish in part at least. Instead of making a lease on reasonable terms, I am glad if I can induce Sir Thomas to let farms at quite a low rate for one year only, and *that* I could not have obtained had not my influence been increased lately. I make it a point not to oppose his schemes of covenant; I only observe to him that as he has such a dislike to giving leases, I think it better to wait till his health is sufficiently established to enable him to attend to the mention of covenant, and that in the meantime to come to some terms for one year with tenants. I think that I deserve credit for managing so well with a man who, until now, never listened to advice from any human being. To-morrow I am anticipating the horror of a conference with sixteen different men, who come to take an estate of sixteen hundred acres, which begins about a mile from Clonmel, and that very estate has paid nothing these three years, because Sir Thomas went to law with the middleman about covenants. So to-morrow I must be stuck up with Mr. Hubbard in the great hall, to listen to the proposals

of these people, who paid their rents to the middle-man, though he evaded paying his to Sir Thomas; he has now been ejected, but we have good reason to suspect that he has made over his property to his brother, and Sir Thomas won't recover the debt. I have long thought that the law is made for the protection of rogues, and every day seems to prove it more and more. Here a scoundrel who has been running in debt for three years, will pay it by going to jail for three months. I am glad to "fly," the moment I am released from business, to pursuits which are congenial to my taste. At present I must lay aside my drawing to decorate the grotto with shells. As it was only built last year we did not consider the walls dry enough for the reception of shells until now. The two girls and Johnstone mounted on a scaffold work at the roof; Mrs. Stanley and I labour at the sides, deep in cement, and trowel in hand. I assure you it will be very beautiful; the finest crystals we mix with the shells. The crystal is so fine as to cut glass like diamond, and the effect with the shells will be very beautiful. I am also making great improvements in the garden and pond ground. Here things amuse me, as they afford me room for the exercise of taste. I have two flower-gardens, and in one I have sown every seed myself, and the other is but just made, and is situated in a shrubbery. Sarah, as a florist, will sympathise with me when I tell her that eleven of my best hyacinths, Dutch roots, for which I paid very dear, were cut down in the night. It was done merely to vex me, because there was to be a horticultural show two days after. I knew that theft could not have been committed by a gardener, because he would have taken roots and all. I therefore feel convinced that the odious . . . took the hyacinths, to prevent my gardener from gaining the medal. However, he had still left some of the best, perhaps because he is not very conversant in flowers; but I foolishly, in my transport

of indignation, flew to Sir Thomas with my tale, and he begged me not to go to the show, or allow Quin to take anything there, because, he said, the show was the cause of the robbery. So poor Quin lost two medals because his lady could not keep her own counsel, for he had a finer brace of cucumbers than any at the show; and this was, I am told, a most magnificent display of flowers and vegetables. The flowers were disposed with great taste, the whole country contributing.

I feel greatly vexed I was not there; this was the first show we have had, and it would have pleased me extremely. I have still one most magnificent hyacinth, the admiration of all who see it, and the tears of mortification rolled down the cheeks of the man who takes care of my flowers, when I told him that I could not go; poor fellow, how I pitied his mortification! What a long story about flowers! But the incident is so recent that I could not help descanting on it. My two dear children are well. William, the best little fellow in the whole world, doating on his sister, and doing everything that he is desired.

Give my love to my dear aunt Warde and my cousins, and believe me, my dear Margaret,

Your affectionate cousin,

C. OSBORNE.

MY DEAR AUNT—Although I cannot boast the same gaiety of temper which I once possessed yet my spirits are generally cheerful and not so easily depressed as they once were. I take a great deal of exercise now, and I have derived great benefit from doing so, we walk several miles every day and I have already acquired increase of color and appetite, you cannot conceive how very irksome I have found this change in my habits and mode of life, formerly never walking but for half an hour in the garden and shrubbery, it seemed to me at first

an unpleasant and unnatural exertion to walk to the lodge; when I awoke in the morning the expectation of passing beyond the gates actually depressed me. I anticipated with dread the prospect of leaving my usual occupations to take a long cold walk, and nothing but the conviction of the absolute necessity of doing it would have induced me to make an exertion far more necessary to Mrs. Stanley than to me, but we find our indolence gradually yield as the exertion becomes habitual, and I no longer dread the hour of walking. I have a great deal of business to transact, my table is covered with letters and petitions, and it is sometimes in my power to do an act of kindness to the tenants, but more frequently the necessity of acting with justice compels me to a rejection which must appear hard to these poor people. Yesterday I obtained a very important favour from Sir Thomas for some men against whom he had obtained a decree; when I went down to tell them that he would not proceed on the decree, how can I describe their gratitude, they all fell down on their knees and implored blessings for me and mine. I had a long message to deliver to them, but their lively expression of thankfulness affected me so much that I was obliged to turn away and leave them, and indeed the recollection of their happy countenances is more than necessary to reconcile me to myself under circumstances when a sense of justice prevents me from interfering even where the case appears hard, and often my heart bleeds when I am obliged to return a stern answer to an imploring letter, but were I to interfere with the agent in collecting rents and prevent him from distraining, my interference would be claimed as a precedent to others and serve as an excuse for deficiency on his part. I am anxious to hear from Aunt Warde that a remittance I sent —— has been received. I think that there has been time for an answer. Just as I had written so far, a letter from her was brought me with

a few lines from Margaret, who it appears blames me for a failure in our correspondence, but I consider a letter when addressed to one of you as addressed to all, and I conceive that I may request to hear from Sarah and Margaret oftener than I can write myself, because I have so many letters to write on business, and that in your family there are three to write to me, and separated as I am from the beloved companions of my early life, I may claim the consolation of hearing from them frequently. Margaret speaks of my mother's being reunited to me, but seems to express a doubt of *our* meeting, believe me, we shall meet ; they little know me who suppose that anything could have power to detain me from my family when once I am at liberty to rejoin them; what power could detach me from the brilliant dreams of happiness, the world of fancy, in which I have long lived, too long perhaps, the indulgence of imagination having almost deprived me of the faculty of seeing objects as they really are and rendered the most trifling uneasiness a source of real unhappiness to me. Mrs. Stanley's lectures on the subject have almost terrified me into a dread of mental derangement, and I have applied myself sedulously to correct the weakness that seems so dangerous. We have been lately reading a work of which the interest is powerful beyond all expression, it is called "Melmoth;" if you have not read it pray do; the first volume and part of the second disappointed me very much, you will not like it so far, but read on, the interest deepens at every page, its effect on me, fantastic and imaginary as I have become, was, like everything belonging to me, *extreme*. I fainted more than once, and many a lecture have I received from Mrs. Stanley, she was the reader and she immediately threw aside the book and declared that she would never read to me again ; it was with some difficulty that I prevailed on her to go on, and you may feel assured that I have sustained many a shaft of

ridicule since, which I believe to be the best method of curing a mental weakness such as mine. My health was never better than it is now, therefore this ludicrous fainting cannot be a physical evil. I agree with you in your sentiments of the advantage of giving to my children a religious education, and we have begun early ; it is the practice of our little family to read a well selected chapter from the Bible every morning ; William and Catherine are always present, and the silence that they are constrained to observe, the interruption to their amusement gives them an idea of the attention, the reverence which the Book of Revelation demands, and although they cannot understand what they hear still the practice becomes impressed on their mind, and conveys the idea of religious observance, an impression that will never be eradicated in after life. William gave a proof of attention one Sunday morning when we were reading prayers that surprised me, he had been accustomed to repeat the Lord's Prayer as it is found in the Testament, and on hearing us read it with the addition, he treasured it in his mind, and when we had concluded prayers he said, you say "power and glory," why don't I say it too? and he has since repeated it as we do. Sir Thomas still continues as ill as when I wrote last, he is also very weak and his weakness daily increases. I would not willingly conclude so early but for the necessity I am under of despatching the messenger who takes this to the post. Adieu, my dear Aunt, with every fervent prayer and sweet hope of our reunion.

Believe me your most affectionate niece,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Has any change taken place among those with whom I was once acquainted. I should like to have some anecdotes of Kent. I am transacting business very well, but I cannot induce Sir Thomas to set lands, and you know I cannot do it without his consent.

"It is remarkable that so young and inexperienced a woman as was Lady Osborne, unaccustomed even to the associations of a life of landed proprietorship, should have taken in at a glance the requirements of an estate, and this she seems to have done from the first moment such considerations were brought under her notice."

Newtown, February 11.

My dear Aunt,—I am sorry you should labour under a false impression with regard to the state of my health. I do assure you that I was never better in my life; perfectly strong and well. As to the fainting, I had always a tendency to do so whenever any circumstance operated on my fancy; even in my most robust days the description of an operation or of a painful lingering disease, has several times produced that effect in my most robust health, before I was married, before I had begun to fret and complain.

To cast up rents and acres, to pace up and down the room with vexation because Sir Thomas will not set Garrenmillan, Ballinagigla, Ballinasisla, Ballinvaluna, Carigaready, Caherbrack, Inchindrisla, and twenty other unpronounceable names of farms, for which tenants are every day proposing, good solvent tenants, who by way of security, will pay a year's rent in advance; and I have before me proposals which show that even at the present low rent of land, Sir Thomas' estate would produce to-morrow, setting at the tenants' own terms . . . a-year; but, with his usual obstinacy, Sir Thomas will not set his lands for money. He insists on various covenants being performed, that is, on being paid in young horses, cows, and pigs. Now, these farmers who are ready to pay a rent according to the time, will have nothing to do with bargains; plainly stating that it is only those who intend to cheat who will enter into such terms, and so it is. Sir Thomas knows that if those bargains were

fairly fulfilled, that he would be sufficiently well paid; but they never are. He is cheated on every side, and I have now the grief of being compelled to decline the best and most advantageous proposals because I cannot cure Sir Thomas of his idle speculations. Whenever he at all revives he throws me into a fever by his eccentric manner of determining; indeed, I feel that I am very criminal in suffering these things to vex me so much. Certain as I am that my son will have such a noble fortune, am I to live in a perpetual state of excitement because I cannot immediately make it what I wish? I make daily resolutions, but am always tempted to break them. Mrs. . . . who has constantly censured my extreme eagerness where acres are concerned, and my incessant plodding over proposals and calculations, hoped that I was cured of this practice by an alarm which I felt for my dear William, one night about a fortnight ago, when he was indisposed. The excellent health which my children enjoy induces me to feel alarmed at the slightest alteration, and the anguish that I endured that night seemed to me like a warning from Heaven not again to be disturbed by paltry considerations, and I have behaved much better since; thankfully acknowledging that in the health of my dear children I possess a most ample compensation for a mere temporary disappointment. Still I cannot but feel vexed when called upon to pay tithes and taxes for thousands of acres of fine land suffered to lie waste, or to be occupied by thieves and rogues. Then again, I take pen and ink, and calculate what each farm will produce, add up the whole, and joy in the consideration of seeing my son so rich, and thinking how good he will be, and how happy he will make all around him. May God grant that in pursuit of the means, I may not lose sight of the end which I hope always to have in view—to make him one of the best of men. . . .

My eagerness to rejoin my friends hourly increases; my

mind's eye pictures them incessantly. O how happy I shall be when introducing my darlings to you all, and how delightfully will life glide on when we are reunited; the time I feel cannot be far distant. I must not think of it too much.

I beg you will always give me any piece of intelligence which may occur amongst my old acquaintances. I am sorry for poor Mrs. Sidney. Give my love to your dear circle. Believe me,

Your most affectionate niece,

C. Osborne.

Sir Thomas had been better for the last fortnight, but I fear that he is getting another attack of violent pain. I again repeat I was never better in my life.

Newtown, April 23, 1820.

My dear Sarah,—It is not possible for me to express half the delight it gives me to find that you all look forward with happiness to my return amongst you; yet I can scarcely believe that you are fully conscious of all the fervency of wish with which I myself anticipate the return, of the depth of interest with which my recollections revert to the most trivial interest that we have shared together, and how my heart swells at the remembrance of every object connected with early association. The violets you sent me are carefully treasured, but they are very few. I am sorry Margaret did not enclose some in her letter; if they are not gone, let me have more when you next write, and as soon as roses are blown, send me some of their leaves. I think there is something very affecting in those sweet memorials of place and circumstances endeared to us by feelings of happiness such as mine was once, and such as I hope they will be again. There is something in the smell and touch of flowers culled

on the spot connected with every delightful sensation of youthful enjoyment, and by the hands of those we fondly love, and who have shared all those enjoyments with us. I wish you knew how continually the scenery of Yalding presents itself to my fancy, in all its rural beauty, embellished by all that memory can give of what the heart loves to dwell upon. Our walks before breakfast to gather violets, and in the evening to look at the torrent of the mill; even the stile that used to appear to me so tremendous, and on which, to the amusement of Richard, I once paused so long, doubtful whether to recede or advance; even the tombstone near the church where all the Corydons and Strephons used to wait for the purpose of catching a smile from their belles; and the church itself, with all the soothing and affecting emotions a village church in *England only* can present, all dwell in my memory. Every minutiæ passed by with indifference, scarcely noted at the time, recurs to me now with a charm infinitely more delightful than any that can be experienced by the most classical visitor of Greece and Rome. My happiest days were all spent at Yalding. How delighted I used to feel in going thither, how happy when we met at Maidstone, and proceeded on together. And then that exquisite landscape, rendered doubly interesting by the happy feelings with which it was viewed, at Teston, Lord Barham's beautiful seat, with its park, the ornamental mill erected in the form of a temple, the soft windings of the river, flowing through the rich vale. I should be so happy to sketch that scene.

All that is beautiful and grand in nature, in whatever part of the globe we find ourselves placed, can be admired, and for some time enjoyed, but the scenery we love, that which satisfies the heart and the fancy, must be that by which our taste was first formed; that which we have admired and loved, together with those whose taste was forming at the same time with our own.

Margaret tells me that when I dwell on the past, I forget most probably all the circumstances that conspired to lessen enjoyment. I am certain I was never conscious of any when we were together. She may remember how I used to boast of feelings of happiness, and wonder that any one could find fault with this world, and that she used to say I talked thus by way of assuring her that it was not necessary for her to put me out of pain, like the half-crushed snail she humanely turned back to kill by way of shortening his sufferings. I think I need never reproach myself for any feeling of discontent breaking in on my hours of enjoyment. I believe my disposition is not one that would cull the night-shade rather than the rose; and I never could understand the propensity of some people to poison all the sweets of existence, whilst they dwell with gloomy satisfaction on all that is and has been most unfavorable in their passage through life. Are we certain that they who have been most disposed to complaint and lamentation through time, will find themselves qualified to enter at once into perfect felicity through eternity? We are not expressly told that all deficiencies will be made up to us, and it is possible that this world may be a probation of something beyond the performance of duty. We are not certain that the neglecting to improve our mental energies may not, to a certain degree, be criminal. Theory like this might be serviceable to us were we always to reduce it to practice. I should have thought this before I suffered my spirits to sink so low as they sometimes have done, but then it was in the absence of enjoyment. I never sought to destroy that which I possessed by gloomy anticipation of evil or imaginary inconvenience; and now that I have acquired an object of immediate interest, a friend to whom I am very dear, and who is very dear to me; now when I no longer walk alone in the world (the Irish world I mean), I do hope I have bade farewell to depression

at least to that species of it which is independent of positive suffering, which owes its origin to a vivid imagination rather than the decrees of fate. I cannot express to you how much I long to present that friend to you, and if you are not *fascinated* by her, I shall be decidedly disappointed. She would gain your heart at once by her talent for poetry, which she possesses almost to the facility of an improvisatore. I have seen her write verses on the moment, with scarcely an instant's consideration. I will transcribe some that she has addressed to me, and also a little translation from Florian, which I think very pretty trifles. I have also some blank verse of hers which I will give you some other time. I want to bring you acquainted with her.

TRANSLATION FROM FLORIAN.

If ever far from her most dear,
  Each lingering hour was told,
If ever thy recording tear
  Accused a love grown cold,
Still think thy lot, with mine compared,
  Had treasured joys in store;
To thee the angel Hope was spared!
  To me she comes no more!

I loved and gained a heart as true;
  One heart was all mine own.
But hours of bliss are short and few—
  If bliss on earth be known.
Ah! likened to some fragile rose,
  By fluttering gales displayed,
The day that sees the bud unclose,
  Beholds its beauty fade.

The object of my fondest love
  No lavished grace could save.
Her youth, her bloom, where are they now?
  They gild a timeless grave.
And soon within this darkened bed
  I'll seek what life denies.
Thus where the elm has bowed its head,
  The faithful ivy dies.

These lines were written in a moment, after a conversation we had held together, and addressed to me.

As the dew, dropping south, breathing over the blossom,
Expands the young hope winter cradled unblown,
So *thine* was the life-breath to wake in my bosom,
Affection for ever and fondly thine own.

The beam of my soul prematurely was shaded,
The may-bloom of life is—a dream of the past;
Yet one bud of its morning may linger unfaded—
Oh, say—wilt thou gather and cherish the last?

You must give me your opinion of these lines. The next I am going to transcribe you will think far too complimentary. I *know* they are, but I am certain that she believes what she writes. I have hitherto had wit enough to keep all my faults behind the curtain; she has, as yet, only seen me in a favorable point of view.

TO C. O.

Those virtues angels may have loved to know,
Found in a reckless world no fitting shrine,
No kindred spirit caught thy soul's rich glow,
No heart responsive beat the pulse of thine.

Yet tho' of many a gazing eye secure,
The cherished rose may grace her sunward bower.
Oh! fall the dews of Heaven less bright or pure,
To gem the bosom of the desert flower.

Now, what these virtues are it would be very difficult to discover. Mine are certainly all passive, and if anybody wanted to praise me, I think they must do it by negatives. Even then I believe I have very little merit, since no temptation falls in my way; and simply to bear and forbear requires nothing beyond mere physical good humour, and from selfish motives I should still do the same, because to act otherwise would affect nobody's peace but my own.

I think, my dear Sarah, it would be delightful if (distant

as we are from each other) we yet pursued some occupation in common. I intend to translate Madame Cottin's "Elizabeth" into English. You know we used to consider it as an effort unworthy to employ our time in what is so easy to translate from the French. Yet it is not so easy as we imagine to make an elegant translation; such a one as might pass for an original. Otherwise why do we see so many indifferenfly executed daily pass through the hands of the public, and tolerated by it. The short periods, trite sentences, and perpetual invocations in which French works abound, appear puerile when they acquire an English gait. The merit of French style consists in some very happy expressions, which cannot be rendered into English except by a very diffuse translator. Our language is more diffuse than the French, and the common error of translators is to confine themselves too much to the words of the original. Tell me if you are disposed to adopt my plan, or any part of it. I know I should like to pursue the same object with you. I find more interest in improving myself now I have met with a friend to whom my efforts are grateful. She admires my drawing very much, and on that subject I do not refuse to receive praise, because in the style I have adopted I do conceive my unwearied perseverance has been rewarded with success. I wish you could see my large piece, I am really vain of it. As I draw Mrs. Stanley reads to me; she reads very well, and the tone of her voice is delightful. She stands in great fear of Margaret on account of her observations on the danger of making idols, and intends to write something propitiatory to her when I answer her letter.

I wish I could hear Richard preach, I am sure he acquits himself well, does he use action in the pulpit ? I like a little, and am glad to hear he writes his own sermons. Your account of the family occupations is something different from that which I had imagined. Aunt Warde in yours

had exchanged the Latin grammar for the peerage, and George instead of saying his lessons was reading the papers, Margaret with her baby clothes, Ramsay and his dogs were all as I remembered them to be. I wonder my mother can leave you all, in her place, I could not, yet I believe she finds it necessary; tell her I have received her letter which I will answer immediately, and that I will do all that she wishes. . . . I hope all will turn out favorably, that Anna and Strother may improve themselves, that her health may not suffer, and that we may all meet soon. . .

What delightful castles in the air I am always building! I am not certain whether I shall live at Tunbridge Wells or whether I shall take a small place in the country, I mean a place with very little land. I remember hearing a description of an old castle near you, —— castle I think it is called, to whom does that belong? Is it set, or is it inhabited by the owner. Have you ever fixed on an abode for me; we cannot help forming plans whether it be right or wrong to do so. I always avert my eyes from the thorny path in the foreground and turn them towards the bright landscape to which the path will lead. Why am I obliged to argue thus? Why must I even for the sake of others anticipate that which were my own alone in question I could not bear to look on. Amongst other advantages to be derived from Mrs. Stanley, she induces me to take exercise, whilst I have a companion I have no objection to walking, and I used only to stroll about the pleasure grounds, never extending my walks to change the air. Adieu, my dear Sarah, with love to all, believe me.

Your very affectionate cousin,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

I hope Aunt Warde will write sometimes—the children are hanging about me, I scarcely know what I have written.

1821.

I DO confess, my dear Margaret, that I have been wrong—very, very wrong—yet not so bad—not so ungrateful—as you suppose me to be. If you could know how much I have suffered from my separation from all I loved—how much my spirits have suffered, and at times my health, you would not believe that time or circumstances could effect any change in the warm attachment I must ever feel for the companions of my earlier years: they are never absent from my thoughts or from my conversation whenever I am happy enough to obtain a listener. My new friend is the only person I have met with who would listen with interest to the animated description it is my delight to draw of days of former happiness; that I have never been so happy since is only too true, and I cannot help hoping that I may one day be as happy again. If you knew, in all my sketches of former happiness, with what interest I can dwell on every circumstance. I think I see dear Aunt Warde sitting by the fire in the happy parlour we used so often to occupy together:—George's Latin lesson before her, Sarah and Tasso *tête-a-tête*, Ramsay and his Greek, you at the instrument, yet often turning round to talk to us. Oh! Margaret, you think I am become indifferent to those whom I once loved; and I do most solemnly assure you that I would purchase, by months of suffering, by months of acute pain, the delight of spending one week at Yalding. I observed the other day to Mrs. Stanley that there was a time when I used to consider your mode of spending Sunday somewhat too serious for me, and that now I would sacrifice one of my hands to spend every Sunday in the year, and Sunday only with you. Can you believe then if all these ideas have been and are the constant feelings of my heart, that I talk of them when I have no one else to speak to, even to Johnstone? Will you believe that my silence proceeds from anything

rather than neglect or forgetfulness? Yes; I acknowledge myself in the wrong, and I promise you shall never complain of me again on that account. The only excuse I can offer for myself is, that the duty I have always imposed on my pen of making the best of my lot, and suppressing every expression of complaint, has occasioned a feeling of restraint which rendered me averse from writing; for the word duty, in the beginning of the sentence, I should have substituted pride. My pride was concerned in vindicating the course I had chalked out for myself; and I could not bear to acknowledge that I had mistaken the means of happiness; yet, but for this fatal separation, how happy I might have been! Could we have met often I should be content. Yet I think I could hardly be expected to have carried my reflections on the human mind so far as to expect obstinate prejudice when I deserved nothing but indulgence. I need say no more on that head; yet I believe I may venture to assert that the effect on my character has been in some respects beneficial. I think I now fully understand in what happiness only consists. I think, I am sure it must be found in the consciousness of making and contributing to the happiness of those around us. I cannot understand how any human being will choose for himself a solitary gratification. His must be a selfish character who delights to live alone; and selfishness is, of all the diseases of the mind, the one I detest most. Yet it is better such a being should live for himself. To be the constant companion of one who never resigns his will for the pleasure of gratifying others, is indeed a dreadful species of slavery—one which I would never voluntarily submit to.

How little I have hitherto reflected. If ever I have formerly appeared amiable, I must have acted from impulse. I I hope I shall in future act on principle.

I cannot leave this subject, trifling as my observations may

appear to be, without rendering you the justice you deserve. I well remember, in all our schemes of gratification, you and Sarah—but you, particularly, never seemed to consider your own individual inclination—ever ready to sacrifice your own wishes to those of your friends; and it was that perfect forgetfulness of self, on your parts, which made us so happy together. In such society, I don't think I ever could have been selfish; yet if I were, I am now cured for ever. When we have suffered by a fault in others, I do believe it is the last we shall ever fall into ourselves. I have given you a sermon, but you must not be surprised to find me sometimes a little grave, my gaiety is much repressed and chilled by absolute disuse; in your society I hope it shall glow once more. There is this difference, dear Margaret, between our intercourse with the companions of our earlier years and any connexion which we may afterwards form; there is never the same perfect understanding, the same unrestrained confidence, in the later connection that there will be among those whose sentiments and opinions have strengthened under the same influence with our own; for instance, I may be cheerful and satisfied with others, but that happy heartfelt gaiety can never be felt by me until I resume my place in my own dear circle. May God grant that when I do return, I shall not find one dear object missing; that would indeed be a trial. I would not anticipate for the universe the loss of one link in our chain of happiness. You tell me that I am sure of being received with undiminished affection; may it prove so! Yet I think if it should not, I shall soon recover my former place in the regards of my friends. I am unchanged in everything; at least I do hope any change that may have taken place will not speak against me. So far am I from experiencing any diminution of affection in my own heart, that I feel my attachment to my friends increased tenfold by the discovery I have made of the pain of living without them. I do not

think our children a sufficient compensation for the loss of friends; believe me who have tried. We must have companions who understand us before we can feel what it is to be happy. I am sure you will think I am become very romantic; is it to be wondered at that a life of total seclusion should exalt the feelings beyond their natural tone, and that feelings long pent-up in the mind should be strong in their expression at last. It was very late when I received your letter; I was writing to my mother, and I am sitting up, although it is past one o'clock, until I have opened my whole heart to you.

We are near the period when violets begin to appear; if any are in bloom when you answer my letter, pray send them to me. How I shall cherish violets which grow in Yalding! If you do not write immediately I shall apprehend that some feeling of resentment is cherished towards me, and I assure you I cannot now bear to part with one portion of the hope which points towards the bright future I have sketched for myself; I cannot bear to think the fabric less stable in foundation. Pray write directly, and tell me that you believe me to be

The most affectionate of cousins and friends,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

"It is a trait of the Irish character, quite unworthy of their, in the main, very amiable and interesting nature, that a person will render himself more popular with the multitude by shutting his eyes to imposition and downright cheating, than by clearly-intended benefactions. This may be owing to the advantage in the one case being ceaseless, and in the latter terminable. It was quite a saying near Newtown—"Sir Thomas was a rale gintleman; if he saw a man driving off his colts along the road (meaning stealing them) he would look the other way." Hence, while, as the following letter

will show, the prospect of his death made them draw more largely than ever upon this curious view of generosity, to the injury of his rightful heirs, his name was what is styled 'up through the whole country.'"

My dear Margaret,—You have heard through my mother of Sir Thomas' illness; I am grieved to say he is much worse. He is attended by an excellent surgeon, who lives fifteen miles from us; he comes here in the evening, and stays at night. His case is entirely surgical, not to be relieved by medicine. I can see that Dr. Hemphill considers him in extreme danger, but not hopeless. Were you to see his calmness, the equanimity of his temper, it would excite interest. Dr. Hemphill says he never saw so gentle a patient.

I never knew until now I could feel so much. I am harassed in many ways. I have been obliged to apply to a magistrate for assistance to protect the property on different farms, and he has established policemen for that purpose, as the stewards and agents, anticipating the event of Sir Thomas' illness, had begun to plunder the stock, selling them, and also sending large droves down to a great tract of land by the sea-side, which is ours, where they think they will be less liable to detection. The steps I have taken was by the advice of gentlemen who feel for my unprotected situation, particularly the Rialls and Lord Donoughmore, who has been extremely attentive, calls frequently, and writes very often to make enquiries and offers of service. I have sent the gardener, who is an honest man, to take an inventory of the stock of cattle; he is accompanied by the butler. It will take them several days to perform this task. It is hard for me to have this to do when my feelings are so greatly occupied, yet the exertion may be useful.

I have scarcely a minute to spare. Many gentlemen call

to make enquiries, and to offer their advice and assistance. I wrote to Mr. Christmas to tell him of Sir Thomas' danger, and Mr. Jephson wrote also to entreat him to come down, as I ought to have a friend with me. I expect him every hour. Mrs. Greeny, my nurse, attends him, and Sir Thomas finds her a great comfort, he requires such attention by night. We have two beds in the room, in which he lies alternately, and the change refreshes him. The hair-dresser is shaving him, and I am called to support his head.

Adieu, my dear Margaret. I say nothing of my present sensations, but I believe few situations can be more painful. I am, my dear Margaret,

Your very affectionate cousin,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

How anxiously I have looked for our meeting; but when I think of the circumstance under which I shall probably meet you, my heart bleeds. I have thought on the probability of such an event, but now to consider it so near is dreadful.

"On one occasion when Sir Philip Crampton paid Sir Thomas Osborne a consultation visit, he spoke afterwards of the surprise it awoke in him to see so young and beautiful a woman as Lady Osborne, dressed as she was, in white, standing by the side of the bed of his patient, and then to find she was his wife."

Newtown, May 28.

MY DEAR AUNT,—I think it likely that you have read the long, unconnected letter which I addressed to my mother, supposing her to have reached Burlington House. I believe she had hardly time to arrive there when I wrote, but my mind was in that state of excitement which precludes the

power of reflection. I have been so harassed, first by anxiety, and next by unwarrantable importunity, that I have become thinner than ever, although my health is excellent, my appetite good, and my sleep profound.

I will now give you a more regular account of all that has passed, that you may become acquainted with the strange dilemma in which I am placed. Mr. C., Mr. . . . and myself, are appointed in Sir Thomas' will, guardians, executors, and trustees of the persons and property of my children. The gentlemen declared that their health and other circumstances induced them to refuse the trust, and employed every argument to persuade me to throw the affairs of my children into Chancery, a measure to which I feel the most decided aversion. First, from the conviction that the estate, being managed by attornies, would be involved in interminable law-suits; and secondly, because Mr. . . . acknowledged that the expense of managing land in Chancery is enormous. Feeling and thinking thus I conceived it my duty to oppose their advice, which I knew was only prompted by a selfish regard for their own convenience, which is promoted by shaking off all responsibility for themselves. My firmness surprised them, and they have immediately proceeded to the use of hostile measures. They are framing a petition to the Chancellor to take the estates of my William under his care. I have on my part employed the most eminent lawyer in Ireland, Sergeant Lefroy, to fight my battle, at the same time stating to him, at large, my motive for acting as I have done, and declaring it to be my intention to act under the protection, and subject to the audit of Chancery; but that my local information respecting the nature and value of the different estates, my affection for my children, and respect for my husband's memory, whose dying persuasion I knew it to be that I would never delegate to others the trust he had bequeathed me, have determined me to employ

every legal means in defence of my right to act as the guardian of my children's persons and property.

The cause will now be tried. I may have to appear before the Lord Chancellor to prove my competency.

Pray for my success, my dearest aunt; you little know how important it is. Can it be supposed that any set of uninterested men will take the deep, heartfelt interest in setting the lands of my William, and in managing everything to the best advantage, that an anxious parent will. Can it be supposed that an interested attorney will not make every little transaction the subject of a law-suit.

Short, indeed, from my brilliant expectations for William would be an estate which had been employed during his minority in the payment of different law-officers. Now, *if I act* under the Lord Chancellor, the agent will be the only person to be paid. Don't you think that I have been most unjustly, most improperly treated.

Poor Sir Thomas little thought that the first act which would be attempted on his death, would be an act of hostility against the wife he so highly esteemed. His last look was one of kindness, of the most tender affection to me; it dwells on my memory with a feeling of soothing sadness. His eyes retained all their expression, and he had very fine eyes. His strength of mind was great; he felt his danger without losing his composure. "Take my hand, my *life*," he said, as he turned his dying eyes on me. I took his hand and pressed it to my lips; and as I knelt at his bedside I implored him to see a clergyman. He refused; but I extract comfort from the reflection that he felt and understood the pious ejaculations of his excellent nurse. "The Lord have mercy on your soul;" he distinctly repeated "Amen." Thank God that I was with him to the last, and that I have never, by fruitless remonstrance or misguided petulance, given him one moment's pain. I have never made any attempt to seek

amusement, or to follow any plan of life that he appeared to disapprove. The conviction that I have done my duty in opposing Mr. . . . supported me through the contest, but when the excitement had subsided, a sort of undefined uneasiness pressed on my feelings. Mr. . . . who has expressed so much affectionate friendship for me, to act in so unhandsome a manner. To be sure, his timid nature was worked on by Mr. . . . for his own mean purposes, by Mr. . . . for his selfish ones, and he was pressed to take those steps. You ask me, my dear aunt, if my wishes still point to England; I cannot tell you how ardently, how anxiously they do. Duty will detain me here some months longer. I must set all the land belonging to my son, every acre being now unset.

If you will make me the happiest of human beings, you must all come here as soon as possible. Do, I entreat, I implore you. You crossed the sea to go to Boulogne, and why not come hither. Never could visit be received with such rapture as yours.

I have a house large enough for yours and Aunt Aker's family, and a heart that longs to receive you all. Oh, do come; and it would be a good opportunity for some of my cousins to come with my mother, and hasten our meeting. I purpose to spend one-half the year in England, and the other here, and I hope that I shall never be without some of you. I am very grateful for Uncle Warde's kind wishes, and would be delighted to have the benefit of his advice. How delighted I shall be when I see your carriage coming down the lawn. What can I say that will induce you to come ?

I promise not to be offended if Uncle W. should sneer at Irish farming; I expect to be instructed by him. Let your next letter fix the period of your arrival, and I shall be the happiest of human beings.

C. Osborne.

I am looking out anxiously for a letter from my mother. Public indignation is strong against Mr. . . and Mr. . . Everybody is desirous that I should gain my cause, and what is strange is, I believe Mr. . . . would not be sorry that I did.

Newtown, June 23rd.

My dear Aunt—I find that I was not mistaken in my apprehension that you would censure me for the part I have taken. I knew that you would be disappointed at finding that I should be obliged to live part of the year here, believe me that I do not less ardently desire a meeting with my beloved family than I have ever done, you are never absent from my thoughts, most delightful is the feeling that our separation can be but temporary, that the moment I have arranged my son's affairs I can rejoin you, and although I must again quit you it will still be only for a time. I am not one of those who consider the exertion of travelling as a bar to the sweetest the most precious of gratifications, a reunion with those whom I love. I do long most ardently to see you all, dear and delightful is every remembrance now which used to be replete with pain; although you will not come here, I can go to you, and happy beyond my powers of description shall I be to do so. I can imagine you all looking out for my arrival, and I feel confident of regaining the place in your heart of which absence has in some measure deprived me. I must fear that it is so since you won't cross the seas to see me. With me travelling is no object of horror, and when I think of meeting you all; had I to travel through the wildest country in Europe, to feed on bread and water, and lie on straw (instead of rolling through the most civilised, reposing every night in a comfortable inn, living as I do in my house); I should still most delightedly brave every peril to join your dear circle; in

the present delay, however, I am right, I am acting up to a sense of duty; were I to consult my own gratification and the indulgence of my own ease and freedom by throwing my son's affairs into Chancery circumstanced as the estate is, the lands would remain unlet or only bring half their value, tenants are obliged to go up to Dublin even to propose, and the shortness of the term given under the Court occasions a very considerable diminution of the rent. I am not stating my own opinion but that of a remarkably clear-headed intelligent law agent, whose advice I apply to in all emergencies. I am getting all the lands surveyed and maps executed as a preliminary step. I have been for these ten days immersed in the inspection of law parchments and papers with my solicitor, and have acquired the faculty of distinguishing one deed from another however similar they may appear, in short, my system has already obtained the praise of my opponents; of this be convinced, that if I left the management of my son's affairs to the court when he came of age instead of finding his estate (as it will be under my management) clear and a very large sum of money in the funds, he would be involved in law suits and half his estates would be unproductive. I should but ill fulfil the trust which Sir Thomas reposed in me were I to abandon the management of his affairs when I feel conscious of the importance of my superintending power. With regard to your remark about agents, I have but one, and he is a gentleman of unblemished integrity, great personal activity, accustomed to business and zealous in whatever he undertakes. I have already received many proposals for lands, but do not intend to accept any until they have been advertised in the public papers, which will be done the day after to-morrow. The surveying will take up a few days—as far as it has gone the surveying has been satisfactory. The measure that is now used producing more acres than those in use a hundred years ago. I hope

to have every inch of land let by Michaelmas and to be at liberty to join you all next October ; I must therefore hope and trust that you will permit Margaret to accompany my mother—we used to be as sisters, surely then after so long a separation she will consent to sacrifice your society for two or three months to meet one so warmly attached to her ; her refusal will deeply pain me and I trust she will not refuse. O! if you would change your mind and come yourself, I should be too happy ; what can I say to induce you, I can promise you no gaiety but a most delighted welcome, lovely scenery and the conviction that we should form a most happy circle. I shall be most happy to see every branch of the family—I have more than room for you all. I long to see my mother, I am certainly greatly disappointed at her delay; if she brings Margaret I will forgive her. Uncle Warde has no dislike to travelling and I shall be delighted to see him. I have the copy of my settlements, my solicitor tells me that I may claim pin-money every year since my marriage because I never received it. I think I should almost be ashamed to do so. Sir Thomas always paid my bills so quietly that I never asked him for that regular allowance, consequently there being no receipts of mine amongst his papers, it seems I have a right to demand it, but for the present I will say nothing about it. I should hate to be thought mercenary. My shell house is not finished, will you send me any shells you have, and in return I will take to you mussel shells of our own polishing, exquisitely beautiful. I must tell you that the cheapness of living in Ireland six months in the year will amply pay my travelling expenses. I have the house free and provisions are surprisingly cheap, we consider fowls dear at 14d. a couple and beef at 4d. a pound, taxes also are much lower here than in England, so that don't be afraid that I shan't be able to afford to divide my time between the countries, blessed with health and

energy and independence, can I not reconcile my duty with my warm ardent wish to be with you. We shall meet soon, very soon, and then adieu to care, and welcome happiness. Farewell to my dear Aunt ; tell me that you are convinced that I am in the right, and believe me your

Most affectionate niece,

C. OSBORNE.

I dared not ask Sarah to accompany my mother after her refusal to Aunt Akers ; if she will I shall be delighted. Tell Margaret if any of the family should lead her to wish to hurry from hence, I will undertake to have her conveyed home. Is my mother aware that in going by Holyhead she lengthens her journey fifty Irish and eighty English miles, and there is never a greater difference between the passage that way and the one from Milford than two hours, nay, it frequently happens that the packets run in as short and perhaps shorter time from Milford than from Holyhead. Once more, adieu.

Newtown, May 23.

MY DEAR AUNT,—I am delighted with the prospect of seeing you and Jane with James. I always felt a conviction that you would not disappoint us; and I shall be most exquisitely happy to welcome you all to Newtown Anner, as soon as possible. I trust you will consider how impatient we are to see you, and make no unnecessary delay. If you should feel disposed to view Killarney, I should be very happy to bear you company, for I have never beheld such heavenly scenery. I would not affront it by attempting any description, nor have I ever seen a drawing that could convey the slightest idea of it. The lovely little bays, the picturesque rocks, the foaming torrents, the wooded rocky islands, mountains rising almost perpendicularly from the

lakes, wooded to a considerable height, then contrasted by the deep purple hue of their raw edged-like summits. Sweet Killarney! The impression it has made on me can never be effaced; how Margaret would have enjoyed the scenery. I wish she could come with you. You may be assured that I shall be delighted to see as many of your party as you feel inclined to bring with you. I like your account of James; give my love to him, and tell him that I am very impatient to see him. I shall expect to see Mr. Davis with you. Believe me, my dear aunt,

Your affectionate niece,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

If my uncle will not accompany you I hope that he will contrive to follow you very soon. I feel very anxious to see him, and will endeavour to procure him as much amusement as possible.

January 8, 1824.

MY dear aunt and all our dear friends at Yalding must, I am sure, have felt for our anguish during the suspense on account of my darling boy. I never knew what misery was before; thank God! he is doing well. How very thankful I am that the dreadful blow has been averted from me. No one who has not known what it is to watch over the sick bed of an almost only child, can conceive what I have endured during this last fortnight. The dear child does not appear weakened by his illness. I am given to understand that the same anxiety would not have been felt and expressed about any child who was one of a large family; but Dr. Hemphill wished to avert from himself all responsibility, by not speaking lightly of the disease, so that I have suffered doubly from my son's local importance, by the timidity which it communicated to the manner of the

medical men. I have felt sensibly the kindness of the whole neighbourhood of all ranks. The deepest interest has been expressed: human nature is far better than is supposed. Those whom I thought cared the least about me have shewn the deepest sympathy. My nerves have received a shock which has sobered them for ever. I wish for nothing but freedom from anxiety.

I would give Jane an account of those we have seen since I last wrote, but I cannot sufficiently collect my thoughts. In a few days I will write a very long letter; but I have undergone too much to be able to write anything that could amuse now. My darling boy! I would not pass over again this last wretched fortnight for the world's wealth. There have been hours which I shudder to think of. Dr. Hemphill will, I hope, allow my dear William down stairs soon. I think Dr. Phelan is too cautious. How long were Mrs. Baines' children confined? Believe me, my dear aunt,

Your affectionate niece,

C. Osborne.

1824.

My dear Aunt,—I wish I could hope that your warm wishes for my darling's speedy restoration to health would be granted. I am sorry, indeed, to say that the poor dear child has suffered by the extreme coldness of this present month. The cough which was declining has returned; he is very thin and very weak, and I am so wretched that life gradually becomes a burthen to me. Yet what avails it to say or think so. I am just of that age when life seems to keep its firmest grasp: neither young enough nor old enough to fear the diseases of youth or age. But my darling boy! the misery—the indescribable misery of watching his pale, thin face, of trembling lest the feeble spark should be extinguishsd. Such suffering would be enough to destroy

the impression of years of felicity. Yet even reason may teach me to hope; William has no complaint except the whooping-cough. . . .

The return of that cruel cough I fear will keep him thin and weak, and then if an acute attack, if the measles should seize him, God knows what may be the dreadful result. If the Almighty will but spare me this horrible apprehension, if I could feel the energy of confidence return to my heart, how endless will be my gratitude; or if Providence will not vouchsafe to grant my prayer, may God in His mercy forgive all that I have done amiss, and receive me into Heaven. And indeed I wonder I have ever dreaded death; the best part of life is gone with the gaiety of youth, and what remains behind can bear no competition with the *slightest hope* of a happy hereafter.

I feel I think so differently now from what I did, perhaps I may be the better for what I have undergone, as long as I live, if the misery extends no farther than at present—my dear, dear, darling boy! I always thought that I doated on him, but now what a weight of aching, anguished, adoring love oppresses my breast, oppresses my heart almost to bursting.

This cruel weather renders us afraid to try change of air, yet nothing else will restore my boy; besides I long to have him placed under the constant superintendence of Dr. Poole. I dread the consequences of bringing a stranger on my child, yet let me be thankful that he has no uneasiness or complaint of any kind except that dreadful whooping cough; his lungs I think must be safe. God grant they may continue so. I could ill bear another acute alarm.

William is now always reading, and I am for ever bringing him books. He insists on my writing to request Aunt Akers to lend him a book he saw at Tunbridge Wells called "Fox's Martyrs," and he will thank her to send it him by

the first opportunity she meets with. The recollection of the pictures dwells on his mind, and I was obliged to promise to make the request. Indeed I have no real object but him in all I think and do. Never did the happiness of a human being hang more completely on one stake than mine. May it not fail me!

My mother desires me to say that she would not wish the house to be advertized. She would be glad to sell it on good terms, provided it be not necessary to purchase it first, and that from the idea that it might be an inconvenience to my uncle to part with the money; besides being a loss from the present state of the funds which he would sustain. My mother would like matters to remain as they are between them without loss upon either side. I am sorry to hear such an account of Sarah; pain requires the greatest attention Be assured I am right in thinking so.

Adieu, my dear aunt,

Believe me,

Your affectionate niece,

CATH. OSBORNE.

Continue to pray for me. If ever mortal needed prayers I do. Think what a happy creature I used to be, and now irritable, melancholy, and wretched. All that once pleased can delight no more; business is torture, society worse, and solitude a negative comfort. God knows how soon I may wish for the darkest of all solitudes.

Commercial Hotel, Waterford, April 25, 1824.

MY DEAR AUNT,—You are anxious to hear from us, and everything I write must give pain. William is far from better since he came here, change of air which is so good for other whooping coughs seemed to exasperate his, and perhaps the fatal plan of exposing him to the air has made

me the murderer of my child, yet I acted by advice of medical men, to listen to his hurried breathing, to look at his emaciated frame, so thin that he cannot sit without pain, in this whole city I do not believe there exists a being so wretched as I, former blessings only serve to heighten the contrast.

Affliction is so new to me that I cannot struggle with it. Oh! if the Almighty will try me this once, and will spare me this dreadful trial, I think I may promise never more to commit one of the sins by which I have drawn it on myself. Pride, presumption, and vanity shall cease for ever. I never think but in prayer; but hitherto my prayers have not been heard. Joy, hope and happiness, fade before my eyes. Still my darling has no complaint but the whooping cough, yet how can his attenuated frame endure it much longer. Dr. Poole hopes, and I cling fast to any ray of hope. May God have mercy upon me, and save me from this dreadful dispensation—this, of all others, the hardest to bear. What can life offer to me once the soul of happiness, now the object of universal pity. The very chambermaids as I pass say, "God help you." The offspring of shame and guilt, the child of poverty, whose parents often consider it a burthen, escape. They, without care, without attendance, get over all the maladies of childhood, which my poor boy to whom life had so much to offer. He seems (may God grant it is only seeming) to sink under so common a malady. I give up all desire to see him talented or popular. I ask but his life—his life on any terms. You know I never anticipated evil. I never even dreamed of the possibility of its occurrence. Just conceive for one moment what I must be enduring. May the Almighty expiate my offences with a lesser punishment than this. I have suffered enough to make me an altered creature, that the trial may not be completed, wretched, inexpressibly wretched as I am now. The time may come when I shall look back on the ray

of hope which I, at present possess, as on comparative joy ; yet life and reason are left to those who have lost all, and Christians must not shake them off. I never succeed in any attempt at occupation except to read a few chapters in the Bible.

There is a restlessness in intense misery which shuns alleviation and rest. What was I six months ago, and what am I now ? All that is most opposite is comprised in these two periods ; yet there is hope: his lungs are not yet affected—his appetite is good. May God give him strength to hold out; may the Almighty from this hour abate the virulence of his disease. If I can but escape this heavy affliction never more will any trifle grieve me. Yet there is one consoling thought,—God is just and merciful ; and although I have deserved a great deal, surely not such extremity of misery. Don't you think that God will be merciful to me, particularly when I will try and make a good use of what I have already gone through. This resolution I will surely keep. I will change my whole life, and make others the better for my improvement, if God will spare me this once. If I do escape, and fail in my resolves, be sure to tell me of them. Dr. Poole is more of a friend than a physician ; he is a very good and a very religious man. His conversation sometimes calms me ; he has met with misfortune, but not to be compared with that which threatens me. He has lost a son, but he has another left. I have only one. God who can work miracles will perhaps at length hear my prayer, mine will then be a chastened happiness, not a feverish effervescence. Yet who knows whether happiness and I may ever meet again. I still ask for your prayers, and I thank you all for your wish to be with me. If my child should rally sufficiently we will visit you. Alas! he is so weak that I know not how he will bear the journey of to-morrow. I have some fear that we must make two days of

it. God give us all strength, him of body, and my mother and me of mind ; she suffers for me almost as much as I do for myself.

I thank you all for your sympathy. I can still feel grateful. Believe me, my dear aunt,

Your affectionate niece,

C. OSBORNE.

We go home to-morrow thinking the pure air of Newtown may do something for us. At the end of four months my child's complaint is as violent as ever, his breathing worse. May God help me and save him. Who is there now with whom I would not change? With any one but the guilty. I would take anybody's burthen but my own. God knows I intended to bring up this poor child to be useful to his country, to be religious and virtuous. All is now of no avail. Early promises, anxious hopes, fond prayers, fond hopes, fade before my eyes. That which I once could not contemplate in idea for one moment is now for ever before my eyes, hopes the fairest the brightest perish in the tomb.

Newtown, May 12, 1824.

MY DEAR AUNT,—Since last I wrote I have endured misery which surpasses description. One dreadful day we thought *all* was really over, and all the family were sent for to Waterford. How little have I in my days of joy anticipated such a dreadful situation. The dear sufferer, however, thank God, rallied, and we have him here. He bore the journey very well, lying on the seat of the carriage, but the next day he coughed incessantly, alas! We cannot give him nourishing food and strengthening medicines ; they would but nourish the fever that consumes him. That fever, however, thank God, lessens ; it is intermittent, and if Providence will for once hear my prayers I may still be spared a calamity to which I cannot even affect to be resigned.

The weather, one day so warm, the next a cold easterly wind, adds to my misery, my dreadful apprehensions ; do not pray for strength, for patience, for fortitude. If it be Heaven's will to afflict me, the best hope would be, that I should sink under the blow. Think what affliction must be to me—how deep, how overpowering. Never was there a human being who could less endure it. Think what a sunny existence mine has been ; then reflect on the darkness which must succeed if God will not hear my prayer. How deep, how overflowing would be my gratitude if an escape from such heart-rending misery could be purchased by a life of mortification, of toil, of poverty. How I should welcome it all! My child, my poor child, my only son, the object of all my best hopes, my warmest prayers, my doating love. Oh, may God in his mercy spare him. Let me not be doomed to such a dreadful fate. My dearest, dearest boy. Father of Heaven have mercy on me. Surely I have not forfeited all hope of mercy. Surely, as he has begun to mend, my darling must continue to do so. Will not God strengthen his feeble frame, and destroy the virulence of disease? My darling child ; I who was once so happy. Yet I think he will recover. Why should he not? Other children do, and I am not to be the most wretched of mothers. He is dreadfully emaciated ; so have others been. His fevers do not proceed from affection of the lungs ; it is irritation of the windpipe, and a great discharge of mucous when he coughs; but as the mucous is there we must not use antispasmodics. It would be dangerous to stop the cough. Common whooping cough medicines may not be used. As he has no ailment necessarily mortal, why may he not be spared? I think the medical men have better hopes. May God strengthen them. Let me have faith in prayer. Everybody, that is, all good people who know us, pray for my child ; and if bad people do pray, surely their prayers will not be heard against ours.

My beloved boy; could I but hope to see him as he was when you were here.

I am grateful to you all for your kind sympathy. Everybody feels for us; everybody has been very kind. You cannot conceive how the whole country for miles round, rich and poor, are interested, but what avails it!

I am sorry to hear of my uncle's illness, and I am very grateful for his kind wishes. Ours is a wretched family. Let me be thankful that hope is left. Believe me, my dear aunt,

Your affectionate niece,

CATH. OSBORNE.

"The subject of the following letter was thus announced in the *Clonmel Advertiser* of Wednesday, May 26, 1824:—

'We have much regret to mention that about nine o'clock on Sunday morning last Sir William Osborne, Bart., died at Newtown Anner, near Clonmel, after a tedious illness, in the eighth year of his age. This interesting child, who evinced talents much beyond his years, and has left a disconsolate mother (Lady Osborne), and many admiring friends to lament his loss, is succeeded in his title by his uncle, Mr. Henry Osborne, now Sir Henry Osborne, Baronet, and in his estates by Catherine, aged six years, now the only remaining child of the late Sir Thomas Osborne, Baronet.

'The mortal remains of Sir William will be interred in the family vault in St. Mary's Churchyard, Clonmel, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock to-morrow morning.'"

In her last illness Lady Osborne desired that the remains of her husband and son should be removed to the country churchyard of Killaloan, and her wishes were carried out. Hers lie there also.

June, 1824.

YES, my dear aunt, I have preserved my senses although I have seen the being I loved best in the world draw his last breath, the being in whom, from the moment of his birth, all my hopes have been fixed. But what a reverse, what a change from happiness to misery. It is true I can turn my views to another world, but it is so very hard in the summer of life to lose all hope of enjoyment here; all views, hopes, wishes for the future be buried in the tomb. Child of hope, of expectation, where are the rejoicings that resounded at your birth! Alas! the very recollection is washed away by the tears that have fallen on your grave. How proud I have felt at his early talent—how proud of his future distinction. I thought he would have been spared to be the good landlord—the pious Christian—the excellent son—the polished gentleman; and I, his idolizing mother, have seen the hearse that bore him to the grave. Mine is no common affliction. It is not the petted child—one of a large family. It is my only son—the object of every hope, of every passion, of endearing adoring affection, one with whom every minor feeling was connected; and, although worldly views are nothing compared to the loss of such an angel boy, yet they were so entwined with his idea as to have added to the whole. Every former source of enjoyment is now connected with one of wretchedness. The fine weather, six weeks ago, would have saved my darling boy.

The very elements conspired to destroy him. Death—death amidst all the large families, and no victim be found but my poor precious blossom. Snatched from all his prospects, he can never breathe the perfumed air of spring; alas! it is the damp, unwholesome dew of the grave that wastes the cheek of my poor William. Then the feeling that he might have been saved had he been taken to Cove

early in the spring. He might have lived; yes, I think he was murdered by his doating mother. I ought to have made all sure by sending for Crampton. Now he is gone, I think not by the visitation of Heaven, but through the mismanagement of others, and I shall never hear his voice again—never see his smile. If Heaven would grant one prayer, after denying the prayers of months—if Heaven would send the spirit of my darling boy to comfort his wretched mother, I should be comforted; and as I have been afflicted beyond the common lot of mortals, why may I not hope to be comforted in a peculiar manner. I will hope and watch, for I expect it. My dear, dear child, this is all I can hope from you—will you not give it me? Let nobody presumptuously say "such a misfortune will not happen to me, because I could not survive it;" let them look at me, and prove the toughness of the human frame to support the worst of mental sufferings. If my life could have saved his, or if I could have perished with him. Alas! what can I do but submit? When I can persuade myself that I suffer merely through the will of Heaven, I can force myself into something of religious enthusiasm, and turn to the promises in the New Testament for consolation, but mourning brings with it the idea of my treasure lost, through mistake murdered! The sun, the hateful sun, which would not shine to restore him, how it glitters on his tomb; how Nature laughs at his burial. My darling, the strawberries you wished to ripen will never be eaten by you, the garden you desired to be prepared for you to work in when you should recover, you can never see. Why did you die? Was it . . . with an empty title, or did you in death prepare the boy for the final accomplishment of all their views. Catherine may soon follow . . . had been in Clonmel . . . the death of my children could take fortune, situation, everything, and give me back my darling

child—my dearest hope. When I have turned pale at the description of wasting disease, it was perhaps a presentiment that I should see the object of my best affections gradually sink into the grave. Here have ended all my hopes in this world, and I assure you I am trying to turn them to another. Nothing else will do; how can I exchange my view of life, how can I forget the hopes of years. Let me exist under the hope of meeting him in Heaven. I think I should be less unhappy anywhere than here. I wish I could be amongst you all; perhaps you could think of something that would do me some good—yet what can do me good! I am better when I shed tears, because that relieves me of a burthen, but they don't always come. I am sorry, too, when I have complained of Heaven. The clergyman who called on me, and Mrs. Riall, and everybody seems shocked; but if you knew how I have promised and prayed. How grateful I should have felt to Providence for his restoration, and how hard it is to find out a good reason for his death; for whose life all the country, high and low, have prayed. You would scarcely wonder, and still less blame me for complaining; did you ever know a child who had been always healthy, die of the whooping-cough before ? I never did. How could I expect it should befal me. Perhaps you will all think that we killed him by taking him out in an open carriage, but if you knew how well he was wrapped up, and only drawn before the door, sheltered by the house. Still he breathed the air. But I was desired to take him out, and how could I help it? He had had the disease some months; perhaps it was the will of God. I wish I could be sure that he was not murdered here, and I wish I could see his spirit in Heaven as surely as I feel my own loss here. Oh, Aunt Warde, is it not a sad thing to feel the whole face of nature changed, that everything that used to please

has become a source of wretchedness. The place in the beauty of summer—where is its little lord? The estate—he to whom it belonged, what a narrow place he occupies! All views are worse than dead, they are subjects of reproach. Had not my presumption undertaken the management of his property, we should have lived in England; my boy would not have taken the whooping-cough at that season, he would have been alive. It is in vain to disguise it—he was in one way or other murdered.

What can comfort me. What a wretch I must have been, if such a being were to perish merely to punish me. Such a life forfeited to my sins to try me. Poor darling! for several days he had been puzzling himself to think of a present for his sister. His death has made her an heiress.

I am told that my leaving home now would have a bad effect on her affairs. As soon as I am allowed to move I shall ; for I will never engage in business, beyond signing my name. Would to God I never had ambitious views for my darling. Presumptuous expectations, fond hopes, fallen with my angel boy. The day before he died he told me not to leave him to dine, as if he had a presentiment how soon we should part.

If Uncle Warde can bring one of my cousins, I think I should be comforted by their presence. I wish I could go to you—how different a visit from the last. You must imagine my mother's sufferings. My selfishness has been all engrossed with my own. I am in every respect the worse for my affliction—changed in temper, in character. Sorrow has hardened my heart. I feel so much for myself that I can scarcely feel for others. I am a wreck—a miserable broken plank of a vessel, that rode proudly on. I will, however, hope to glide through time, and reach a happy

eternity. I must thank God for many friends, and you for all your kind affection and sympathy. I thank my uncle particularly; he is indeed very kind.

Believe me, my dear aunt,
Your affectionate niece,
CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Newtown Anner, June 27, 1824.

MY DEAR MISS PALLISER,—I am grateful for the sympathy expressed in your letter. I am sure you all feel for the sad calamity which has befallen me. How little, when we last met, did either of us anticipate the change that was working in the prospects of one so gay and happy.

I am changed, indeed. Mine is not the affliction which expends itself in violent emotions, and wears itself out at last; it is that deep dejection which leaves no prospect that the tide will ever turn again in favor of earthly happiness. The best and fondest hopes of years are buried in the tomb, and I can never turn my views to other objects. Every minor consideration was connected with my dear lost treasure. I was so proud of him; of his early talents, his sweet disposition, the pleasure I had in attending to business for his advantage. What can life be to me but a routine of listless duties. I have seen the creature I loved best in the world draw his last breath. He whom I thought I could not have parted with to send to a public school, I have sent to his grave. A year since, had I been led to anticipate such a misfortune, I should have said that I could not survive it; but God, who did not see fit to avert the blow, has given patience to bear up; and I do bear it with a calmness which astonishes myself. Several persons have been anxious to administer the only consolation such afflictions will admit. Dr. Bell and your friend Mr. Woodward came to visit me. Mr. Woodward's eloquence and tone of deep feeling have

made a strong impression on me. I like to hear him speak on the subject of religion—the subject on which I used to think so little. It has now become the only one I can listen to with interest.

We can only lose sight of the loathsome images of the grave by fixing our thoughts on the hopes of a bright and glorious immortality. The lightness of heart I once could boast has left me for ever. The consolation that I cannot even now long inhabit this world; that I may hope to meet my darling in heaven, is a comfort of which the world can never deprive me. I have given up any hope of happiness here.

Your brother Hugh told me that your sister has caught cold by going down stairs too soon after her illness. I trust it has occasioned no serious relapse. Your family are amongst the few individuals I really wish to see. I have more than once found your brother John in conversation with my poor little boy. How little I then dreamed of the misery that awaited me. He will feel for me as you all do. The voice of my darling son will never be heard again. If my heedless life should have drawn down this blow on me, by gaiety, at least I can never offend again. Believe me, my dear Miss Palliser,

Your affectionate friend,

C. Osborne.

What a lesson am I to those who form presumptuous hopes. William I hoped to have reared a paragon, and he moulders into dust, leaving no memorial but the hair which I wear in my bosom, and the grief we bear in our hearts.

Newtown Anner, August 22nd, 1825.

My dear Margaret,—We are all indeed very differently circumstanced now, from what we were this time last year.

To contrast such a past with such a present, is sufficient to to tell all that in outward circumstances can be told; but God has been to me merciful—turning the tide of my hopes and affections into a channel where they can spring up beyond the reach of time and affliction.

I am become so completely convinced of the unimportance of all matters connected with this life, when compared with the prospects of another, that I think I could endure any future affliction with composed resignation. All the change that could be made has taken place in me; and let it be! God forbid, that I should ever return to my former state. I would not purchase back my former gaiety, if I could. I am satisfied to be always composed, and occasionally cheerful. It is to tame the spirit, to wean us from the love of the world, to transplant the affections from earth to heaven, that afflictions are sent. Where they have not this effect the heart becomes indurated, moral sensibility is destroyed, and the sufferer is not consoled but forgetful, when death has robbed us of the being we love; but religion will *not* lend her aid in conjunction with the ordinary concerns of life, she will *not* come in, by the bye, she must do everything. She must be all in all; and her support suffices to enable us to "run with patience the race that is set before us."

I am indeed a new creature "old things are passed away, all things are become new to me." The Sun of this world has set; but the dawn of immortal life is begun within my soul, under God I have to thank Mr. Woodward for converting the language of murmuring and despondency into the tone of resignation and hope. I owe Dr. Poole a greal deal for the benefit of his conversation during my darling's illness; but when I found that my prayers had not been answered, and that he died, my views of religion were changed into complaint, and it was not until Mr. Woodward, under the guidance of heaven, presented it under a new aspect, that

my heart became softened; and Jane, I daresay, has told you that I am now better than I could have hoped to be—in short, as I wish to be—during the remainder of my pilgrimage on earth. I am afraid I shall not be able to go to England before November, as I may be detained until then by law business; duties must be performed. There are trials as well as afflictions in life, but in November we shall meet, not with the joyous feelings with which we reached Yalding three years since, but still with heartfelt gratification. The little baronet, with whom Richard so often joked, will not be there, but the eye of faith can behold him in heaven, and we shall dwell together in eternity. Then the sufferings of time are all to be overcome by a Christian, because the heart is with the things which "are not seen." His hopes are laid up in heaven. My thoughts run so constantly in this strain, and my correspondence has all had the same tendency; so I forget how to write in any other way. You will not, I hope, think it dull. There is but one subject which should be a matter of equal interest to all of us travellers; it is the country to which we are travelling, and we must not be so much occupied by the weeds and flowers of the world as to forget that the journey draws to a close.

Jane seems as contented and cheerful during this period of dulness as she was last year in our days of enjoyment, when we sprang on our horses, with hearts so light and hopes so gay. Aunt Warde and my Uncle have been very kind in sparing her to us, to cheer us in our sadness; and I consider her presence as having been of great service to us, by diffusing a tone of cheerfulness through our little circle, which it could not have had if left to ourselves. I feel very grateful to her for giving up her visit to Mrs. Baines, where her time would have been passed in less seclusion. My friend, Doctor Poole, comes to see us sometimes. He is a valuable acquisition. Providence has been gracious to me, in raising

up two such friends as Dr. Poole and Mr. Woodward, to advise and instruct me. Jane has told you of our success at Waterford. The opposite party, with Papist craft, threatened to disturb the verdict. We hope they will not be able to do so, but we cannot know till November, but if we can go to England before, we shall, as it will give me great comfort to be amongst you all again; my poor William is gone, therefore his mother can never more enter into the pleasures of the world; but he is an angel in heaven, and his mother can sometimes smile and talk like others. His body lies mouldering in the grave; and never, for one instant, is the recollection of his blue laughing eyes absent from my mind; but his spirit blooms in Paradise, and my thoughts can follow him there. Pray not, then, for me that I may resemble myself in times past; but pray that I may so live by the light of the Gospel, as to obtain through the merits of Christ a place in heaven, an eternity of bliss with him who is gone. I would not cease to think of him who was so promising and so loved, but I desire to think of him in heaven and therefore to loathe all that savours of worldly amusements, because they can only be enjoyed when the mind is gay and satisfied with the present world. Give my love to all your circle, and thanks for dear Jane. Believe me, my dear Margaret,

Your affectionate Cousin,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Newtown Anner, November 20.

MY DEAR MARGARET—I believe you have heard that Mr. O'Shea has applied to have the verdict set aside which we once believed had decided on our claims to the disputed lands for ever, we shall know to-morrow or next day whether it will be necessary to try the cause over again or not, or in other words, whether we may rest in peace or be compelled

to struggle in war with the weapons of civil law. I hope I do not say with pride, but I believe that few individuals have ever awaited the termination of a business of some worldly importance with more settled composure of mind than I feel in myself at this moment, but I can scarcely feel a sufficiency of interest on the occasion, my temptations do not at present lie on the side of wealth. I am quite convinced that physical as well as moral comfort must belong to a moderate share of riches rather than to their abundance: the man of five hundred a year can procure enough to eat and drink and a sufficiency of clothing, the man of five thousand can consume no more, his servants and idle acquaintances commonly demolish the rest; and such is the indolence that has crept over me that the task of superintending servants and preventing robbery has become so extremely irksome that I should feel any pecuniary sacrifice light which could procure me a freedom from care, provided it could be obtained with a quiet conscience, which it cannot if the repose be purchased by the neglect rather than by the absence of a disagreeable duty. The necessity for exertion is one of my crosses, and certainly that which I am the least willing to bear; but I had not intended this strain of reflection, it is decidedly irrelevant to the subject on which I intended to write, namely our journey to England. It is impossible for us to leave Ireland until my mother's business shall be concluded, mine is almost completed and will be entirely in the course of a fortnight. I hope nothing will occur to prevent our setting out when all is arranged. My mother grieves at the delay from England. . . These roaring winds make me tremble at the prospect of the cold stormy voyage; but I ought to consider it, and I do consider it as a trifling inconvenience, how criminal it would be to mourn over the inclemencies of the skies, with every convenience and comfort which circumstances admit when so

many are exposed to their rage without an alleviating external circumstance to enable them to be borne; this is so trite an observation that it deserves an apology, but I may learn to apply it to myself, and when we meet all the pain and difficulty will be forgotten—you will find me as cheerful and as capable of enjoying all the composed pleasure of quiet society and conversation as ever, although I have for ever renounced the gaieties of life, but I feel such an inborn conviction of the happiness of my sweet boy and such confidence in our re-union that though I love him as fondly as ever I consider our separation as merely temporary and that his existence is simply changed and not lost. The conviction I speak of is solely that of the heart and is quite distinct from the belief which is communicated only through the medium of reason. I expect to have many interesting conversations with Richard on the most important of all topics. You would like Mr. Woodward, his fine mind and interesting conversation resulting from the deeply spiritual turn which that mind has taken, and frequently enlivened by playful humor, render him the support and delight of all who come within his influence ; I consider his acquaintance as a blessing, and for his friendship I can find no stronger word.

Jane is at Mr. A. Riall's with Anna ; I suppose she will write herself as she desired me to forward my letter to her. I feel every day more and more thankful for the deep consolation which I have derived from the influence of religion, and although I have constantly to mourn over the absence of many Christian tempers from my mind I am at least thankful for the ardent desire to possess them, and for the wish (although very different is the power) to try my actions by the standard of the New Testament. I am far indeed from the humility of a true disciple, but the strictness at least does not disgust me, and so far from feeling a disposition to gloom by the habit of religious reading,

I have attained to a cheerfulness of spirit which I once thought could never be mine. The less religion compromises, the more interesting it becomes. It seems more a reality to the mind when we consider it as the object to which all others must be postponed. Instead of a cold, lifeless duty, it becomes the bright medium through which every object is viewed. It does not lessen any really innocent enjoyment to say, "all this, and heaven besides;" but it diminishes any affliction to think that it may contribute to render us fitter for a bright and glorious eternity. Good night.

Wednesday Evening.

In consequence of the illness of Mr. Pennefather, the argument relating to our cause has been deferred, and will not be resumed until January, but this will not postpone our departure, which will take place as soon as our mutual business can be arranged.

I hope we shall all meet in health and cheerfulness; and, if it be God's will, I hope we shall meet in the course of two or three weeks. Poor little solitary Catherine is looking well. We must not let her be spoiled among you. At present she is not much indulged. James and I have taken a long ride to Fethard, and enjoy the comforts of a good fire after the sharp air. I have often thought lately, whilst I freely enjoy every physical comfort, how shocking it would be to suffer the loss of any one of them to affect my temper. Mr. Woodward often observes that whilst we turn with disgust from the self-infliction of some of the pious Roman Catholics, how little careful we are to substitute a higher, because a more spiritual, religion for their grosser sacrifices; and this idea often recurs to my mind with some benefit. It often presses on my conscience, when a spirit of un-Christian zeal has led me to express my dislike to the Popish

priests. I ask myself, what do I do for God? and the answer is, nothing. I suppose Jane has told you that the children have been removed from my school by the priests. I have both felt and shewn more anger than I could be warranted either by Providence or Christianity, and certainly more than I should have done had I been actuated in what I attempted, solely by a desire of pleasing God, and not by a wish to obtain the esteem of man. With love to all your circle, I will conclude my sermon. Do not suppose that I always preach; I trifle as much as any body; but to sit down in sober earnestness to write without any temptation to trifle, which excitement sometimes gives, without high spirits to betray me, and to correct the gaiety which will often come uncalled, I consider quite an unnecessary effort; and whether I write or speak, I do it according to the mood in which I find myself at the moment—be it sad or cheerful. My feelings are far from sad just now; they are the essence of sober, grateful repose; and I must only pray that the source of all my soul's enjoyment may spring up into everlasting life. May God bless us both.

Your affectionate cousin,

C. OSBORNE.

Newtown Anner, November 15th, 1826.

MY DEAR AUNT,—I am delighted to hear that Mary and Richard have at length entered a state, which, to them at least, promises a great deal of happiness. Their attachment has been of such long standing that there will be no discoveries to be made in each others characters. No slumbering antipathies (as Lord Byron expressed it) to be awakened by time and circumstance. I hope and trust they will be happy. I have always wished the match to take place, and I think it very suitable, and very promising. When we consider what human nature is, and how few persons there are with

whom it is pleasant to be closely connected, a marriage which does not introduce a number of new relations has great advantages. I like the idea of their living at the Parsonage. I passed my time so happily there, that the associations connected with it will always be dear to me. Your description of the wedding is very lively and entertaining. We thought of the party on the nuptial morning. The weather was very fine here, and I thought of the old saying "Happy the bride whom the sun shines on." It was not so fine with you, but I hope that the sunshine of religion will always animate and enliven the hearts of the truly amiable couple who sealed their fate that morning. I have established one of the Protestant families at the lodge, whom I mentioned in my last letter. I think they will be a kind of safeguard to us. These poor Protestants are very intelligent, and listen with the greatest attention to the Scriptures, which I read to them.

They meet in one house, and form quite a congregation. My taste for Greek continues. I am reading Lucian's Dialogues, and I have read in the Testament, Matthew, Mark, John, and I am now reading Luke.

I find it interesting as a pursuit, although I do not consider it to be very useful, as I am sure the Testament is sufficiently well translated, but there is a pleasure in conquering difficulties for which we can scarcely account.

Anna has written to Jane; and, I suppose, has told her all the news of the neighbourhood. I am going to send her letter to Lord Donoughmore to be franked. I have no news to tell. I believe I told you of our Church Missionary Meetings, which the Roman Catholics have attended. There will be another next week, and I really hope it will do some good—particularly if they should attend this, as their priest has forbidden them. It will be one step towards emancipation from his tyranny. The Woodwards, Pallisers, and

Pennefathers are our principal associates. They have lately left the country, although the Pallisers will return for the next meeting. Don't you think it a good thing for the R. C's to hear Protestant sermons. It is, in fact, getting them as a congregation. It is a matter of great interest to know if they will come to the next meeting. I shall say nothing of Catherine, as she means to write to you herself. I have heard but once from Jane since we left England; and I generally feel that, in writing to one of your circle, I write to all, therefore, I think, having more time than I have, she might write again. However, I do promise to write to her very soon, although she seems to prefer Anna as a correspondent. Have you read the story of Isabel. I recommend it as very interesting. It is by the author of the "Favourite of Nature," &c., &c.

"The Lord Donoughmore Lady Osborne speaks of was Richard, Earl of Donoughmore, who assisted Lavalette in making his escape, and was distinguished in other ways."

My dear Margaret,—I am very much surprised at finding by your letter that you consider me as having written very seldom. I am fully convinced that some of my letters must have miscarried in consequence of my practice of sending them to Lord Donoughmore's. His lordship is not a man of methodical habits, and as he never burns old letters and papers, he has heaps of them by him, under which letters frequently lie unopened. This has been the case with two letters of my mother's. The discovery was made from the circumstance of one containing a bill which, not being acknowledged, enquiry was made, by the result of which it appeared that the letters had never come to hand; and months after Lord Donoughmore discovered it in a drawer. From what you say, I consider that some of mine

must have shared the same fate, as I assure you that more letters have left the house addressed to yours than have reached us from your family. In future, however, I shall send mine to Miss Hutchinson to get franked for me. Anna, I assure you, has written several times, and you say that no letter has been received from here. You say you wish to hear more about our family than about people of whom you know nothing. What can I tell you? Of Catherine I have nothing to say, except that, thank God, she is healthy and improving in her education to my heart's content. She has mentioned to Aunt Warde that we think of going to Paris; this, however, we shall not do until after having passed some time in London. Then I purpose to take her to Paris, where she may acquire a perfect pronunciation of the French language. I prefer taking her so young, because I can the better preserve her from contaminating society now, than I could do some years hence. She will require more help in her education than any woman can pour into her intelligent mind—the intellectual treasures which ought to fill it. Alas! I think but too much of these things. What are all the stores of learning and knowledge compared to the pearl of great price. I thought I had got rid of my value for talent and attainment, but the temptation is perceptibly increasing. Catherine gets on in her Latin remarkably well; in music, too, of course. She is cheerful and very healthy. My mother's health is much better than it was last winter. Under Providence we are indebted for this to a very skilful medical man. We all look forward with great delight to the prospect of seeing all our dear friends in the autumn. May God preserve us all in health and strength to meet in joy and peace. You complain that you feel you have rather lost than gained ground in religion. One or the other must be true; for there is no standing still. I grieve to say that I have the same tale to tell. Yes; in the midst of sermons

and expositions, and everything to kindle and animate, my heart is a like a stone. My snares are not the same as those you speak of. Mine is the ardent, enthusiastic pursuit of knowledge—not that I consider the pursuit forbidden, but it ought not to engross the heart and affections. Society has become irksome to me, with the exception of about three people out of my own family. Of these, Mr. Woodward is one. I scarcely ever stir from home ; have grown quite negligent in my visits to the poor; quieting my conscience with the assertion that nothing could be done for Roman Catholics. To be sure, the poor Protestants assemble in my chapel, and I instruct and examine my servants regularly. Much, too much, of my time, however, has been spent in literary leisure—in the delights of oil painting and study. It is a task to me to leave these pursuits, whilst souls are perishing around me. I have, however, been roused from my stupor by a sermon which I have lately heard, and, with God's help, I awoke to exertion. My conscience has long reproached me. Do you remember the Miss . . . whom you saw with me in London? One of them married Mr. . . . I had a letter from her yesterday, in which she announced that her father had lost his fortune by the absconding of a man whom he had trusted. He bears it, she says, with Christian resignation. . . .

Anna spends all her time in reading and talking, and James possesses a great store of knowledge; and between us all, there is such a flow of conversation on intellectual subjects, that the mind is as much unspiritualized by that as by anything else; and when the day is done, I feel how little of God there has been in all we say, in spite of all the great appearance of religion, from the abundance of devotional exercises. Should this be so? for we ought to be devoted body, soul, and spirit. I rejoice to find my dear Aunt Warde is so much better. May God preserve her in health

and strength, and send us a happy meeting. No one knows of my writing, so I have no message from any of the party; they are all in bed. My eyes always prevent the night watches, although I am an early riser. Give my love to Uncle Warde, aunt and cousin. Did you receive a letter which I wrote about three months since? The times are awful, indeed! Why do the bishops not come like that Christian hero, Mr. Percival, to propose a day of fasting and prayer throughout the kingdom? Why don't they make a stand against Sunday newspapers? Did you hear of the attempt to murder Mr. Synge, a noble creature, to whom the world offered every allurement, and he left it to become a mere drudge. Layman as he is, he lives in a wild part of Ireland. He has civilized his immediate neighbourhood; has made, by God's blessing, a hundred and fifty converts from Popery, and has built a church for them at his own expense, in which he reads and preaches himself when he cannot get a clergyman.

Possessing a large fortune, he has nothing better on his table than "home made" wine. No carpet on his floor; and when he has been remonstrated with, he said, "Whenever you can prove to me that every poor person in the country has a blanket to his bed, I will put one under my feet." He was riding to visit a sick person late one evening, and attended by a servant, when they were attacked; five balls struck him, one of which, over the heart, must have been mortal, but it struck in the shield he wore, and that shield was the Bible. Several hours he lay weltering in his blood before assistance could be procured. He employed them in preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. Blessed be God, he is recovering, but his servant died of his wounds; died rejoicing in the hope of glory; died thanking God that he was taken and his master spared, because his master could do more good in the world. Does not your heart kindle at

the recital? Mine does. What a weak, useless wretch am I? What has Mr. Synge done? Surrounded by a peasantry, speaking no language but Irish, he has taught them English, taught them to read, taught them the faith of Christ; and a clergyman who preached to them lately, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Brown, told me that he never preached to so intelligent a congregation; and this he does at the peril of martyrdom; for he has often been attacked by the base population, although his attention to their temporal wants extends to all; everybody that wants it gets a meal at his house. The number he feeds is great indeed. He is really an incarnate angel. Even those who have no religion revere his character. You may depend upon the truth of every word. I have long known Mr. Synge's character. Once I met him in Dublin. There business had brought him for a day, and he flew back to his duties. He has no society in the wild spot in which he resides. You will not think this detail tiresome, although it is about a stranger.

This man was educated in fashionable society, but, by the grace of God, he is what he is.

"She forgot to end this letter."

Dublin, May 1, 1828.

My dear Aunt,—I address you in the midst of a scene which I daresay twenty years ago could have found no parallel. This house exhibits a spectacle of religion—being the one sole object of true vital importance. Everything turns upon it. The conversation is either immediately on vital religion, or something connected with it. You feel that it is not only the real business of life, but you see that it is the *ostensible* business of life. We have frequent visits from men of talent, of piety, and everything seems to tend towards what everybody endeavours to do, to build up each other in the faith.

Mrs. . . . once so determined a stickler for the world, has now completely given it up; and whilst this town offers every temptation to gaiety and dissipation, she and Miss . . . keep their ground steadily; they give up all.

Miss P.'s sister, Lady . . . is going to give a ball, and Miss . . . who is fondly attached to her, fears giving her pain by refusing to go, and yet her conscience disapproves. Her anxiety makes her quite ill, but we do our utmost to confirm her in what she thinks right. She went with us to a beautiful lecture this morning, delivered by a very celebrated preacher. It seemed as if he knew her case; he spoke to it exactly. He drew such a beautiful picture of the comforts, the happiness of religion, even in this world, and then described, in glowing colors, the strange perversion of seeking happiness out of God, of going into scenes by way of relaxation, to forget God. He spoke of those who deemed it right to fulfil every social duty of life, who would shrink from the idea of not loving father or mother, or sister, and yet could regard with cold indifference the Saviour who died for them. He then proceeded, in the most energetic manner, to unfold the true meaning of the text which refers to loving father or mother more than Christ. Miss . . . applied it to herself, and wept; and I trust she will not, against her conscience, go to her sister's ball, to the triumph of all worldly people, and the deep regret of the religious. We had passed the morning in visiting a female bridewell, and a hospital, where I read and spoke to the women. Such scenes are inconsistent with the waltzing and rougeing which would be met with in the gay scenes of this now-dissipated town. I really wonder how people will insist as they do that it is not necessary to talk and think so much about religion, and require us to consider everybody as Christians who have been baptized into the name of Christ, and consequently in a state of

salvation. Everybody whom we see running their giddy round, and this requisition, in the very face of our Lord's declaration, that 'straight is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.'

The society of this family is peculiarly suited to me. I am sorry to say I meet with no sympathy at home. I do not doubt, and I confess with grief and shame, that the failure I have met in bringing my own family to religion has proceeded from my own deficiency in the fruits which religion should produce. They see my faults, and they do not see the sorrow I feel on account of those faults, and so religion is brought into disrepute. It is in vain that I warn . . . not to look for human examples, but to take her religion from the Scriptures. She will have nothing to do with religion, because religious people are not perfect; and it is melancholy to see her so careless about the things of eternity, and so devoted to a world . . . I am sure if you were here you would enjoy the society of this happy family. You would like Mr. Mayers, the converted Jew, who is almost constantly here. He is a young man of extraordinary talent and deep piety. You would like Dr. Singer, who is a very superior, well-informed man, and a sincere Christian.

There are others, too, whose names are less celebrated, but who are very pleasing. Then we have our country neighbours, the Pennefathers. We dined at the Baron's yesterday, and I had great interest in endeavouring to ascertain how far Lord de Vesci, who sate next to me, agreed in opinion. I found out that he is a favorer of bible-meetings, &c.; but I did not ascertain how far he considers it right to give up the world. He is, however, sincerely anxious for the reformation of the country from popery, and he spoke with great pleasure of the improvement of religion among Protestants.

Dublin is very full; the crowd of carriages is quite an amusement to me, from its novelty. The shops are really excellent, and society of every kind, religious and profane, to be had. In short, Dublin is quite alive with fashion, on one hand, and piety on the other. I like Dublin; it has many advantages. Near a very beautiful country. Near the sea, cheap and convenient; I should not dislike to live there. I continue to like Madame de B. I hope to bring her over decidedly to our way of thinking, with God's help. Catherine is well, thank God. I hope there is some chance of prevailing on you to come to Newtown; how happy it would make me! The elder . . . are settled in Kildare-street, and we meet as often as the . . . used to meet when we were at Tunbridge Wells.

Mrs. Philips (Margaret) is staying in Kildare-street. She looks extremely delicate, and has lost much of her beauty. . . . I am afraid I have teazed you with my own sentiments. But you know one can write of nothing but one's own world. We have a young man here who has given away £8,000, left by his uncle, to different charities, and retained only £50 a-year for his own support.' I think it happy to have such fruits to point to. When I think of the privileges I enjoy in living under such religious advantages, I tremble to think of the inadequacy of the fruits I bring forth. I promise, with God's help, to act up more to the light I have than I have hitherto done. I trust we may all meet before long in peace and happiness in this world; if we do not, we must at least all meet at the Day of Judgment. And may we all be found at the Saviour's right hand, to dwell together for ever in brightness of glory. May God bless you, my dearest aunt. Assure yourself of the deep affection which I shall ever feel for you in time and for eternity. May God preserve you in health, and if it be His will, grant us to meet once more here below. Religion is

such happiness. Earthly pleasures are spoiled even by the consideration of their fleeting nature, but earthly pleasures are enhanced by the thought of those joys which will last for ever.

Believe me, my dear aunt, to be

Your most affectionate niece,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Pray give my best love to my uncle and cousins.

Darling Hill, 14th December, 1828.

MY DEAR AUNT,—I had not intended to limit myself to half a sheet in writing to you, but Dorah Pennefather asked me to send her letter to Anna, which must curtail mine to you; perhaps I may have the happiness of seeing you sooner than you expect, for as Madame de B. has decided on remaining until March, I think it not unlikely that I may pay my visit to you between this and then, as I should not like to place C. under her charge again. She must have been spoiled by her residence with the . . Had she been what she is now, Lady G. could never have spoken of her in the way she did. From all I hear of the . . they must have been very strange people—the daughters of the family engaging in romping matches with young men from Oxford; and this from Madame's own account. If I could settle in England, Dr. . . 's house would be exactly what I should like; it would be very delightful to be so near you and your dear family. But duty must keep me here except for a short visit; and the establishment of the packets between Waterford and Bristol, facilitates communication very much, so that I hope we shall meet more frequently.

My health has been completely re-established by my visit here; thank God! I never in all my life felt in better health

than I do at this moment. I feel very anxious about you, my dear aunt, the account Anna sends me of your uneasiness in breathing. I hope you are very cautious of taking cold. I believe there is nothing against which you should more cautiously guard. What a comfort it is to you and all of us that should friends and health and all fail, there still remains that "one thing needful," which shall not be taken from us. It is that which, to the thinking mind, can alone render life supportable! Suppose all things at their best, and life teeming with prosperity, what can be looked to but a rapid slide down the hill we have toiled to ascend. I feel this truth experimentally; and I thank God that all does not end here. I can understand your regret at losing the . . . and I hope they will be replaced by persons whom you can like as well. C. is a dear little girl, and I hope growing up very amiable. Anna says something about my uncle being displeased at the papers not being sent. Did he wish to have his own newspapers returned, or would he like the *Clonmel Journal?* I have kept his, and can send them when I return home. With regard to Catholic Emancipation, I feel satisfied to leave the question in the hands of Providence, well assured that God can support His own cause and guard His own Church. I am only too much tempted to feel very angry with the Roman Catholics; and nothing does me more harm because at variance with the gentle spirit of Christianity. We have spent a remarkably pleasant time here, reading and drawing; and always whilst the party were engaged in drawing or working, something good was read aloud, either "Scott's Bible," or "Wilke's Essays."

I have given up "Homer," finding it not good for the mind; and instead of translating a heathen poet, I have found profit every way in learning the Gopel of St. Luke by heart in Greek. I know ten chapters and part of the eleventh; and I spend some happy hours in this way. The

dwelling over Scripture, as you must do, to learn it by heart, impresses it so on the mind. I passed such a happy Sunday over the seventh chapter of St. Luke. That exquisite chapter is so calculated to inspire the mind with love and admiration of the Divine Being to whom we owe our whole heart. The Pennefathers are a most amiable family, Susan particularly; and as for Mrs. Pennefather, I believe her whole idea, from morning until night, is to do her duty to God and her neighbour. She has no other business—no other pleasure. We are going to Westgrove presently. I like the idea very much; Mrs. Riall and I suit each other so well.

The Miss D's. are particularly amiable—one very clever. They have made up our party here. It is with regret I leave them to go to Mrs. Riall's. Believe me to be, my dearest aunt, with the deepest affection,

Your most attached niece,
[No name].

Pray give my love to all your dear circle.

My dear Jane,—Although I am so limited as to paper, I think it better to write a little than any longer defer my long-talked of letter. I hope Anna sent Fanny Baines a little Latin psalter which I intended for her. I trust that sweet girl has quite recovered from her long illness, and that Mrs. Baines is well and happy. I wish you would induce them all to pay me a visit, and come with them yourself. We find the Goughs a pleasant addition to our Society. The family here are very amiable, and so happy within themselves, that I feel so sorry to leave them, although it is to go to Mrs. Riall's. There is a Miss . . . here, once governess to Miss . . . a very sweet good person. I should like her very much as a governess, were she sufficiently efficient.

Mr. Woodward was very attentive to me during my illness, and his society often a great comfort. His dislike to the Reformation Society has curtailed our intercourse with itinerants in the religious world; they no longer come to this neighbourhood, which I cannot help regretting; but I believe this will not always last.

I have heard that you have grown very grave. I am sorry to hear it. You who were always so pleasant a companion in a family circle, to lose your spirits would be a great pity. I like Anna's account of the parsonage, and I rejoice to hear that Richard and Mary are so happy. God grant that I may find you all well and happy. Believe me to be, my dearest Jane,

Your most affectionate cousin,

CATH. OSBORNE.

1829.

Mr. — now sees that every feeling in Ireland is swallowed up in priest idolatry—the Irish are not (as Stuart says of them) they are not Roman Catholics, they are not attached particularly to transubstantiation, to purgatory or to any peculiar doctrines of the Romish Church, they are simply and blindly and exclusively devoted to their priests, however ill they may treat them, or however wicked they may be, a kind of mysterious sanctity is invested in the office which the foulness of its ministers cannot sully or destroy. I will contrive to send you an account of the late proceedings at Fermoy, and I request that you will read them, my uncle particularly, and let me know what he thinks of hundreds of Irishmen allowing themselves to be flogged out of a meeting by one man, but because he was a priest, commended, and that was enough. . . . Have you ever tried our Polyglott scheme of reading the Scriptures with the marginal references, you can conceive nothing more interesting. With regard to

light reading, I find anything of the kind which is not connected with religion very injurious to my own comfort, and therefore I abstain from it, without pledging myself to do so; but I enjoy à religious story very much now and then. It is very foolish for people to object to that mode of religious instruction, when our Saviour taught in parables.

"Mrs. Young wrote the Life and Times of Paleario. Her daughter married the distinguished Professor Matteucci, whose loss is mourned by the world of Science as well as that of Italian politics."

Mrs. Young is a great acquisition, and a very great comfort to me. She is a very superior person indeed. My thoughts are much engaged at present about the establishment of a dispensary in this immediate neighbourhood. The dispensary of Clonmel is of no use to the country poor, because the surgeon cannot visit them in their dwellings. Mrs. Young accompanies me to all the cottages, and I find her very useful in prescribing cures and assisting in various ways. In spite of the reformation meeting, I believe that I am very popular in the neighbourhood, though not in the town of Clonmel. I have been giving away a great many blankets, and not confining the gift to my own poor. My mind is much depressed about poor ——, indeed I can think of nothing else; this operation dwells upon my mind. I have such a horror of the knife, and then, trifling as it may appear, the sudden and painful death of Jane's favorite dog, Pompey, killed by some mistake of the apothecary in sending wrong medicines, has shocked me much.

Mrs. H. too, my trustworthy cook and housekeeper, is going away on account of her health. I thank God that this life is not for all. I see everywhere sickness, and sorrow and death. It is some consolation to me that we are more successful among the Roman Catholics. The school here is particularly well attended, the only Protestant school in the

country at which Roman Catholics do attend. Two days have elapsed since I began this. Poor —— is almost gone; her mind is in somewhat a better state; she talks of trust in her Saviour, but does not seem to have clear ideas of her own unworthiness, no sense of penitence for her past sins: her neglect of her children's religion, her having married her daughter to a Roman Catholic; it was but a few days before her illness she was jesting on the subject. I feel deeply depressed, in short you cannot think what sickness and misery and dirt come before me. This morning I stood close to some peculiarly dirty wretched beggars, and the smell of them made me quite sick, so that I cannot lose the impression, I fancy that I have the smell about myself. Poor —— by fatigue and anxiety seems in peculiarly bad health; and what with consumption, scrofula and accidents among the poor, nothing can exceed (except real affliction) the melancholy aspect of things. —— is pronounced beyond the reach of cure even from the operation, and as pain has ceased, probably mortification has commenced.

Poor C. feels a great deal, her letter was written before ——'s illness. Poor creature her pain is coming back; I fear that she has much to suffer. I wish to write to my cousins, but I am so very tired that I must try to keep quiet before I go again to that poor wretched dying creature.

God bless and preserve you all, &c., &c.

"The nephew of Dr. Hemphill so highly eulogized, now a practising physician in Clonmel, attended Lady Osborne in her last illness, and his skill and kind friendship was a great comfort to her daughter during the trying time of her illness."

Fethard Glebe, December 14, about 1827.

My dear Margaret,—I have been very uneasy about Catherine whose cough has lasted nearly a month; but thank

God, my mind is now tolerably at rest about her. Her complaint has been just of that nature to excite acute alarm for an only child, although it would scarcely have been noticed where there are half a dozen. She has never had the least pain or oppression. She has never lost her spirits for a single day, or even a single hour. Nothing but common cold, yet I have her on a milk diet, and the first physician in the country, Dr. Hemphill, of Cashel, to attend. He comforted me by saying, that he thinks her a healthy, promising child, with a remarkably well-formed chest; but the least thing that is the matter with her always disturbs my mind inconceivably. I have shown great weakness and want of trust in Providence, and I feel myself on that account independently of every other, quite unworthy of the comfort I have received from her visible amendment. She is literally enveloped in flannel; flannel jacket and trousers, and stockings; and the worst consequence of all this will be the making her a hot-house plant, which must be the consequence of all this caution. The penalty she must pay for having no brothers and sisters. This is the night of the great fancy ball at Castletown. A great party go from Newtown. I am happy in escaping a bustle so uncongenial with my feelings. The Christmas's are all there. I should feel very awkward at not being at home if I did not know them to be as well amused without me. The country has been quite wild about this ball—nothing but dress talked of. I must think and feel more and more that these vain amusements are quite inconsistent with serious views of religion—with the obligations taken on ourselves on receiving the Sacrament, to devote our souls and bodies to be a holy, living and acceptable sacrifice; and, in short, as Mr. Woodward justly observes, it is not the scene in which we should desire to meet our blessed Redeemer, were He now dwelling on earth as once He was in the form of man. It is not the scene in which we could reflect with

pleasure on our death bed. I wish —— could be brought to see these things in their true light. I do not despair; she does already admit that such pursuits are inconsistent with devotion, and it is to be hoped, that admitting that, the religious principle will at last be sufficiently strong to induce a devout practice. It is most true, that if the people of God be a peculiar people, they should not walk in the steps of those who have chosen this world as their portion. It is not where the name of God would be a mockery that they should be found. I have been wandering between this house and Derryluskan, unwilling to take Catherine home until she is quite recovered—unwilling to remove her from Dr. H's vicinity. . . he really investigates and knows what he is about. Crampton says that nobody in this neighbourhood need send for him when they have Dr. Hemphill. My late anxiety has made me quite irritable and I feel to writhe under self-reproach and uneasiness. I feel as if I dishonoured the profession of a Christian. Which of us does not do that? But I mean, that I have in a more peculiar way come short of all who desire to profess themselves candidates for a better country. In short I feel myself as guilty as . . .

[Here the letter breaks off unfinished.]

Holyhead, Wednesday, Oct. 25th.

My dear Melesina,—We have to thank God for a very safe and comfortable passage. Jane, Anna, and I were perfectly free from sickness, and your brother would not have triumphed over our miserable looks, as he does when speaking of ladies landing from a packet. We had the wisdom to remain upon deck ; my mother and little Catherine who went down to the cabin did not fare so well as we, who have been pronounced excellent sailors. I am glad to have despatched business ; my own feelings would lead me to speak of the regret which continues to possess me for having

quitted Ireland, and of the last pleasant days we passed at your dear Glebe. I have grown very silent from the interest that I feel, and dreaming over the past, and indeed we are all more inclined to muse than converse. I have but a few moments to spare, my letter must therefore be very short, but I know you will be very glad to hear of our safety, and that annunciation induced me to address you now, rather than defer it until I could say all that I wish. Do not, however, forget my advice, be assured that I speak in perfect sincerity, when I tell you that you have more powers of conversation than you believe yourself to possess, but that they will wither and decay if you do not make use of them. Let me find you "enjouée" when I return, and I assure you that it is a most important branch of a woman's duty to contribute to the cheerfulness of her family circle.

I have read many of Wesley's sermons during our journey. I mention this to shew your dear father that I at least try to begin well. I think constantly of his kind and excellent religious instructions: when can I hear them again from his own lips. I need not tell you what I felt in hearing the last sermon at the dear Church of Fethard. I may not write more, but believe me, my dear Melesina,

Your affectionate friend.

Pray remember me to Mr. Woodward and all your circle.

My dear Melisina,—I wrote to you from Holyhead a letter for which a school girl should have been put in the corner, but it was penned amidst the hurry and bustle of setting out for Mona, amidst the interruptions of settling with an innkeeper, in changing Irish money, teazed by being summoned to dine, to attend to the importunities of a Welsh harper, and the advice of everybody in a breath. Pray tell Mr. Woodward that we travelled with one pair of horses

(except for the distance of thirty miles where the inns being solitary and the people arbitrary they made us take four horses, but the leaders did nothing), and we really moved faster with a pair. I am pleased with my own economy, and the roads are so good that as we had no luggage I felt no scruple on account of the animals that drew us. We went to church at Oxford, heard a sermon at St. Mary's which might have been preached in a pagan country. It was a tolerably good essay on the immortality of the soul, Plato and Socrates were quoted more frequently than the New Testament; but then it was not term time, and our Principal apologized for the inferiority of the preacher. I did most highly disapprove of the doctor's leaving Church before prayers, and I was not at all edified by the "Let us pray" for the names and dignitaries which preceded the discourse.

We were obliged to travel after Church because Mrs. Principal's father being ill, our stay at her house would have been inconvenient, and they thought themselves obliged to prohibit our dining at the inn. I hope we committed no sin in travelling on Sunday; I felt uncomfortable in doing it, but it seemed to me the least of two evils. We had besides several reasons for our wish to reach London. We passed but one day there, devoting it to the toil of shopping, and were glad to leave its smoky dingy atmosphere for the pure air here, and the kind friends who rejoiced in welcoming us, the scene by which we are surrounded, is truly English.

The smoothly mown lawn, the calm still water, and beyond it a richly wooded, highly cultivated country, intersected by neat hedge rows, backed by the gently swelling hills of Kent, in the middle distance the village church, and tall wind mills, the roofs and some of the houses just peeping among the trees. Yesterday we passed up the church aisle between rows of little boys in snow white waggoner frocks, the elder peasants arrayed in the same garb, sometimes of a dark color,

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but always exquisitely clean. Yalding has lost nothing of its simplicity, the farmers retain their early hours, and their daughters with all their finery manufacture their own pies. My cousin is very much beloved in the parish, he prays by the sick and relieves the wants of the poor. All his time is devoted to the business of religion, and although he is sometimes impelled by the voice of his father to leave his sermons or his Bible to play a rubber, it is quite evident that he gives up a real pleasure and yields to what he believes a duty, and being opposed to his own inclinations he does not consider it a sin. I am very sorry that with all his excellence he is unreasonably prejudiced against the Evangelicals. Judging of them by some vulgar emissaries, he suspects that their mode of enforcing certain doctrines leads to Antinomianism. He has met with some amongst the lower orders who had misunderstood their opinions, and persisting that they have been born again, and under grace, do not scruple to get drunk and break God's law in many instances. He maintains that whilst those of the party who have been blessed with a superior education, endeavour to shew their faith by its fruits, the humble peasant who has lent an ear to their doctrine imagines that a barren belief secures his entrance into heaven. You may be sure that I combat all these opinions, which proceed from his ignorance of the religious world, but he has not been accustomed to argue, and only mildly repeats that much mischief is done by their interference in parishes.

I do not extend the good opinion I entertained for Richard to a certain rubicund clergyman who dined here the other day, who told good stories against the saints, and interrupted whatever I said by a joke ; he sneered at Bible Societies, and talked of orthodoxy until I longed to ask him whether orthodoxy meant playing at cards, and attending balls and plays, but I did not dare through fear of my uncle. The same rubicund clergyman related that one day Lady ———

having observed in a large party that they might feel proud of being English, the saint said, that pride was not made for man, and some other person remarking of an absent individual that he was an honest good-hearted fellow, Mr. ——— informed the company that "in the heart of man there dwells no good thing." I was beginning to say that from the high opinion I had always heard expressed of Mr. ——'s understanding I should not have expected such injudicious conduct, and here my witty opponent interrupted me by asserting that the expression I had used was the same that had been used by the Dean of Carlisle, and that it was a party term, that Evangelicals possessed a sort of freemasonry by which they might be distinguished, and then laughing at his own brilliancy, he slided off to the whist table. All the aspersions which have been cast on the Evangelical party have even more determined me to identify myself with them and labour with all my might to convince Richard that they really preach morality as the fruits of faith. Having said so much against my rubicund friend I must add that he is said to be very attentive to his parochial duties and to preach good sermons, but he breathes too much port wine and good cheer to be considered religious by me. Richard says that it is pharisaical for me to say so, but I have a great deal of religious conversation with my amiable aunt and Sarah and Margaret; they are deeply impressed with the subject, quite inattentive to it except the accustomed forms. We all read the four lessons for the day together, and the Psalms, and sometimes I read out one of Chalmer's Sermons to the ladies, George and Strother engaged in their studies in another room, Richard absent on his parochial duties, uncle fidgeting from room to room setting us all to rights. Margaret tells me that if the Dean of Rochester had been at ———, as he is a very popular preacher, my uncle would have teazed me into going to hear him that he might have scolded me all the even-

ing for leaving the parish church ; but, however, he has had the comfort of giving me lectures long and frequent about my driving all the way to Fethard Church fatiguing my horses, and travelling about instead of walking quietly into Clonmel. As I have no excuse to offer which he would understand, my only resource is in silence, or in some good-humoured reply or laugh at some of his oft repeated witticisms on the subject of itching ears, &c. He is a very good man, his principles good, and his heart kind, but with a tiresome and defective temper. I am often reminded of my own aphorism: "That while men value trifles for the sake of the trifles themselves, women only value them for their effect on men, or their temper, or on their feelings." I have not been induced in the most remote degree to part with any of the maxims of strictness, which I had laid down; on the contrary having lost the good spirits which I had when you have seen me, I am never tempted into light gay conversation; but I am always composed. There is no object of excitement here, sometimes peculiar circumstances bring back in all its vivacity the grief which I felt at the loss of my darling boy, whom I never forget; of this nature was a visit from my —— Wells aunt, who brought the little cousin with whom my lost angel used to play, the sight of him affected me extremely. But I do not allow any depression of spirits to prevent me from contributing my share to the amusement or interest of the party. I remember that where cheerfulness is not a gift its exercise becomes a duty; there is always I mean a necessity for exertion. We may not indulge our own feelings to the annoyance of others—this is the sacrifice woman pays for her exemption from some of the toils of life; her sphere lies within the limit of her own fireside, and something more than mere passive obedience is required ; there must be the exertion of unfailing good humour, and constant attention to please. Happy then are

they who have an object to please! who is capable of rewarding their efforts and of appreciating them? who exhibits neither caprice nor ill humour? who is so consistent that what will please him to-day, must please him to-morrow? so good, that rendering yourself acceptable to him, you render yourself acceptable to God. This, dear Miss Woodward, is your happy case, how pleasant to have an object to study to please, and who deserves more than we can bestow. You are happy in having such a father, and I trust you do appreciate the blessing; if anything could brighten the conception I entertain of it, the comparison with others, which forces itself on me does but elevate to the loftiest summit, my respect and admiration for dear Mr. Woodward. I could say much on the subject of my own deep regret for having left you all, but I have written to amuse and not depress. I shall be so happy to return to you again, and I do not cease to look forward to our meeting. I hope we shall be a great deal together. Let me know if you find any difficulty in deciphering my epistles; I am anxious for a reply to a volume which I addressed to Mr. Woodward.

Believe me my dear Melesina,
Your affectionate friend.

Remember me affectionately to Mr. Woodward and Miss Darby. ——— has prejudiced Richard against me, by telling him of my having joined in abusing the clergy; the high Church are abominably pharisaical, they consider me as a dissenter; I was quite affronted last night.

April, 28th.

My dear Melesina,—I am quite ashamed of having suffered so much time to elapse without writing to you, but this has not proceeded from any disinclination to the employment, but that I did not think myself entitled to despatch

so many letters to the same family when I did not procure franks; although I am always happy to receive a letter, but as I do hear people not otherwise over prudent complain of postage, I conclude that I must not be too liberal with my epistles. We found a very large family party at Tunbridge Wells, but the "soirées" were very troublesome. A regular emigration taking place in moving from one house to another accompanied by our means of employment. I found a great interruption very little suited to my oyster like inclination, which always indisposes me to a change of place except when impelled by some powerful attraction. After our return from Eltham, there was some interest in sketching excursions performed in different kinds of vehicles. One warm day to avoid walking, we all moved on donkeys, and made rather a ludicrous appearance, our long Spanish cloaks covering the animals completely except their feet, so as to convey the idea of monsters exhibited on the stage. —— had no cheerfulness except what we contributed, its chief merit consisted in the advantage of doing as we pleased, but I have sometimes doubted whether this Republican mode has not more disadvantages than comforts, different interests require a head to direct them, &c. I sometimes sighed after the dictatorship of the "padrone" of this abode; when no two people composing our democracy, could agree on the important topics of "where we should go," and how we should go when an excursion was planned—still the restraint which is cast over this family party when ——— is present, makes us regret the freedom of the other society, but when he is away we all breathe more freely and talk louder. He is so very kind-hearted, hospitable and friendly, that I pity him for the restraint his presence occasions. I pity him for being deprived of the comforts of equal intercourse. The ——— have been away, and only returned last week; I dined there yesterday by myself to meet a very

large family party; and I felt quite dejected at the idea of going, for I think to be a stranger amongst a large family party gives one a very chilling sensation. But I was pressed to meet the lively and talented Mrs. ——— who was a Miss ———, and therefore I went; she is very handsome and agreeable. I prefer her infinitely to the whole family put together, ——— not excepted; she is so ingenuous, no measured expression, she always speaks exactly what she thinks:—

"She studies not the meanest to eclipse,
And yet the wisest listen to her lips."

I felt very sorry when the gentlemen came in to share in the conversation which Mrs. ———, and I held with Lady ———; poor Mr. ——— had no opportunity to introduce his stories about death beds and amputations. Mrs. ——— says that ——— is constantly startled at her sayings, and she longs to beat him for showing that he is so; he is to take orders next month to the great disappointment of his own family, who meant him to be prime minister. I said that he had done right,—for I believe that he had ambition to be mortified, and he had wisely done it himself, but from everything I have seen and heard, I think that his change of profession proceeds from want of perseverance, and that he would not like the drudgery of the law. Lady ——— who seems to me the soul of ambition, consoles herself with the idea of his being distinguished as a popular preacher. I can trace through the religious varnish the worldly coloring which distinguishes all her motives, or I am much mistaken in suspecting it. I would give something for the power of believing sometimes in appearance; when people talk to me of their desire that any member of their family should be of service to their religion, I sometimes suspect their motive when the desire is strongly connected with the gratification of human pride. I would have them honestly confess the

motives by which they are guided. I think we should conform ourselves to true vital religion, not make it conform to us ; but this people will not do whilst they conform to the world. What signifies the renunciation of its gaieties, whilst they hold to its petty objects of false glory? Upon the whole, since I have learned to look upon Lady ——— as on any other lady, without seeking for anything out of the way, she improves on me as a companion, she is decidedly clever. Miss ——— is at ———, she is pretty, but too reserved to please much on a first acquaintance. She and ——— are the only unmarried persons in this family; I have seen two of the married brothers with their wives, and Lord ——— has shewn the best taste in his choice. Everybody who belongs to the good is flying up to London to attend the religious meetings, which Jane long ago settled to be their dissipation. I am afraid that three with whom I am acquainted are somewhat disposed to blame me for not going also, but as I must be here a certain time, I do not choose to do anything which would unnecessarily delay my return. If the meetings had not taken place until we were passing through London I might have been able to go to some as we must pass two or three days there, but I believe all those that would be interesting will be over before the 14th, which will be our day for setting out on our return home. I am sure you will all be glad to see us, and Jonathan will forgive us for showing that we are better than he intended us to be.

Mr. Woodward knows why I have deferred my return. I am very impatient to see you all to renew our former interesting conversations. Jane says I am more demented than ever. I can fancy the delight with which I shall see you all at dear Newtown, everything looking green and fresh and beautiful, the room perfumed with flowers—those beautiful presents which God seems to bestow on us to

gratify our tastes in decoration at a small expense, and in a way which is open to the poor as well as the rich. It is sweet to me, the gay little gardens which surround every cottage here, the wallflowers seem to blow more luxuriantly here on the cottage walls, than in the borders of the rich, the whole country breathes all the fragrance of a Kentish spring; the cherry orchards white with blossom, the neat hedge rows in their fresh green, and the nightingales in full song seem to speak cheerfulness and comfort; do you know that pretty song of Rogers', which has this verse:—

> "The village church among the trees,
> Where first our marriage vows were given,
> With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
> And point the taper spire to heaven."

They were all going out for an evening walk, but I preferred staying at home to write to you and dear Mr. Woodward. The more you could see of the world the more you would be convinced of the kindness of Providence in giving you such a father, he must always shine by comparison. I find that I have grown more fastidious in judging the excellence, the talents, and agreeableness of men since I have known him. I have not met with anyone whose society I have been able to prize. Going about to different places as I have done lately it is curious to observe the difference that a few miles create in the objects of interest in different families, all appearing equally frivolous to the bystanders, and equally important to the actors, whilst the only subject that would be equally interesting to all is generally left out entirely, or, in fact, just simply glanced at. Mrs. ——— seems very pious and joyous too. I think she is in natural character a most flattering likeness of me, but no delusion of self love could veil from me her superiority. I have talked to you of the spring and the nightingales, and the . . . I have not much news to give you, unless I

were to tell you of an election for a coroner, or any other branch of rural politics. I pass my time chiefly in drawing; albums are as voracious as ever, when I wish to take sketches of the scenery of early youth, besides the family is too large and talkative to allow of much reasoning reading. I don't find that I gain many new ideas. I want a few sparks to be elicited by the attractive influence of the circle of Fethard Glebe. I continue to fill my pages with nothing, and I almost fear that this precious epistle will be difficult to decipher, although I am not guilty of such bad taste as to apologise for it, according to a rule I received from my dear old English master, when I was very little. I heard of his death with grief. When I was at Chief Justice Best's my cousin Caroline learned of him, and speaks of him with great regard; but it is probable he never had such an enthusiastic admirer among his pupils as I. The only quarrel I ever had with Margaret Warde was about his name, which I would not allow her to call ugly. I heard of Eliza Riall's death with great pain. I did not expect to feel it so much, having seen so little of her, but there is always something affecting in the death of the young. I cannot learn to speak of death like Mr. ———, to whom a deathbed is as gratifying a scene as to an undertaker; the one carries the throes, the agonies, the mental struggles of the dying to the dinner table of his friends, the other their bodies to the grave. Let us exult in the expected joys of heaven, but do not let us sadden the hours of social intercourse, by dwelling on the last mortal throbs; besides it may have a pernicious effect on certain minds. I can quite conceive Miss ——— on her deathbed so anxious not to be outdone in assurance, as to send for the whole county of Cork to view her triumphant exit, glorying in the interest which the published account of her death would excite. You see I have not forgotten that lady yet, mind when she

pays you a visit that I am to be asked to meet her. I will try to rally her out of her presumption, I am afraid I speak too lightly, but I mean no harm, and Mr. Woodward is not so strict towards others as the dabblers in religion, who show their own piety by censuring others for their deficiencies. I think too much of that prevails in the religious world; they decide instantly who are and who are not religious, and condemn indiscriminately as persons out of the pale of Christianity all who do not attend Bible meetings.

Anna is at this moment pitying you for having to read so long a letter, and she does not know how prosy it is. Well, we will be very agreeable at Newtown. I shall be so glad, so very happy to have you all there again. Good-bye, my dear Melesina, give my love to Miss Darby and Jonathan. I hope he will be as glad to see us return as he was grieved for our departure. I do not hold the doctrine, that painful sensations are stronger than pleasurable ones, where the shadows are deepest the light must be proportionately strong.

Yours most truly and affectionately,

C. OSBORNE.

MY DEAR AUNT—I will not let Jane's frank go without a few lines from me to express the strong hope I have that my uncle will not forget his promise to take into consideration the possibility of visiting Ireland next year, and if possible to carry it into effect. I am anxious to shew him that we can promise him at least as much variety and the same inducements we had before. I shall always remember with gratitude the kindness and hospitality with which he treated us during our very long visit.

I felt very sorry to part with you all; with friends so affectionate and in whom the tie of relationship serves as a strengthener to friendship which has been formed from

infancy, and seems entwined in our being, but I hope we shall meet before long—a journey now, however long is a mere party of pleasure.

Mr. Gordon passed yesterday evening with us; he is as violent against popery as ever, but he professes to have become more charitable. I expect the carriage back to take us out every minute, so that but a little time remains for me to write. We do not go through Oxford as it would be thirty miles out of our way to Bath, which I am anxious to see, and besides we may embark at Bristol, but this is a point to be determined there. I learned the unpleasant accident which happened to your carriage with much regret, but it is so very providential that you were not hurt, that we have still more cause for thanksgiving than for regret.

I must say good bye as I go to prepare for setting out.

Your most affectionate niece,

C. Osborne.

Jane is gone out bonnet hunting for you. I leave my mother to lament over the loss of our trunk.

My dear Aunt—We have not as usual to commence our letter with a simple detail of a quiet easy removal from one abode to another in these days of comfortable travelling, for we really have met with more adventures than one: two by water and one by land. We were detained for some hours at the Severn ferry waiting for the tide, and then the passage was so rough that one side of the boat lay in the water and we were all excessively frightened with the exception of Anna who enjoyed the motion. The passage is three miles long and sometimes very dangerous, but it was curious to see the contempt of the sailors for our alarm ; in vain I entreated to be put on shore, and my mother told them that they could save themselves by swimming whilst we

must be drowned. "No, ma'am," said he at the helm, "we will all share the same fate." However, we all reached the shore in safety; but the boatmen would not bring over the carriage until next morning, so we had nothing to do but wait patiently. In the midst of my prayers for safety I found myself during the passage repeating these lines,

"Now who be ye who cross Loch Gyle,
This dark and stormy water?
O, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter."

We could not reach Milford Haven, however, before Friday-night, and we sailed the next morning. We had scarcely cleared the harbour before we heard the vessel was turned back because the engine was out of order; I felt both alarmed and disappointed at the intelligence, but they fastened the vessel to a hulk and set about repairing her; we sailed again at eleven o'clock with a contrary wind, and after proceeding four hours, I saw the captain with a most ominous expression beckon to have the sails put up. I suspected the misfortune which had occurred, but a faint hope led me to ask, "if the wind had changed, since they could use the sail." "No," said the captain, "but the engine is out of order again and we are going back." I cannot describe the agony of terror which seized me, the sea sickness left me directly and I thought only of being blown up by the explosion of steam. My mother was spared this fright by being in the cabin, but she had the grief of learning that we had returned to Milford, and that all her sufferings had gone for nothing. After passing eleven hours in the steam packet we had to land at the point from which we started, we had all been very sick, and it was no pleasant prospect to undergo the same on Monday. I blustered a great deal about the accident—blamed the captain, counselled Mr. Leech, the agent employed by Government to superintend all the vessels; he

was however very civil and altered the routine of the packets to accommodate me, sending the newest and most approved vessel on Monday at my request. We had a passage of eleven hours, suffering dreadfully from sea-sickness, for the wind blew a storm. There was a little lively Mr. ——, a nephew of the banker, who attached himself to our party; he would talk to me when I was more dead than alive and longing to get rid of him; he congratulated himself on the fineness of the vessel, the glory of the waves, and above all, his good fortune in meeting with us; he was very civil and attentive, and Anna liked him—she being less sick than I. He followed us even to the cabin when we were in our berths, chitter chatter incessantly.

I have not yet done with our perils, after having brought the carriage safely over the narrow rough roads of South Wales, on the fine broad road between Dunmore and Waterford the spokes of the wheels were split, in consequence of the driver running a race with one of Bianconi's cars. They persisted in spite of our screams and entreaties to stop, the driver crossing to intercept the car, to the extreme danger of our lives and the passengers legs. One of them caught hold of the carriage to save his, and if our prayers had not prevailed with the car driver I know not what would have happened, he gave up the point, but in the concussion two of my carriage wheels are spoiled. When Thomas scolded our post-boy for his conduct, his reply was, "Sure, I was not going to let a common car with a parcel of pig-drivers get before a lady's carriage," and thus to this idle pride we might all have been sacrificed. We arrived here this morning, and we feel very grateful to Providence for our many escapes. My mother still complains of sea-sickness, but the rest of us have recovered although it is only now that I have lost the feeling. I learned with great regret that Mr. Woodward is in Dublin, I had my fears that it would be so.

He is gone up to celebrate his daughter's marriage with Mr. Crofton, it takes place the day after to-morrow. Mr. Crofton is a very amiable young clergyman, and the match exactly meets the wishes of the friends of each party. He is nephew of the Mr. Dunne who married Miss Thomson of Grosvenor-square, making the strange renunciation of her fortune. By-the-bye, I enquired about Mr. Parnell who sold a large estate in compliance with that text of Scripture, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor." It was done as I supposed with all due precaution, devoted to permanent public charities, he has reserved for himself £150 a year. These particulars I learned from Mr. Gordon—the fact is well known; these are genuine fruits of religious charity practised by important sacrifices. I cannot think without pain that so great a distance of sea and land lies between us, but I hope my uncle will remember his promise to think about bringing you all over next year. I grieve that we do not live nearer. This place is in great beauty. The flower beds gay with ranunculuses, anemonies, Persian iris, stocks, &c., numbers of cabbage roses blown; the laburnums are already in seed, except the large-leaved late laburnum that blows beautifully. Strother has gained the prize for classics and a scholarship. Mr. Chevalier speaks very highly of his abilities, he was second in mathematics. Little Catherine and Hacket were mutually delighted at their meeting. Strother has been here two days, he talks more than he did and is much improved.

Hackett has been displaying her wonders to me all day. She has had all the curtain linings newly dyed; and Prudence has been shewing me her diaper darns in the table cloths, to resemble the pattern. Then I have engaged a laundry maid, and talked to Kearney, and done a great deal, besides writing to Mr. Woodward, and fretting over his absence; and my mother has been down in her night cap and dressing gown to tell me that it is twelve o'clock.

Give my love to Uncle Warde, and tell him that his little favorite often talks of him, and so she does of you all. She suffered less in the packet than any of us. Strother was as long coming from Holyhead as we were from Milford; ours was a very fine vessel. I ought to tell you that the result of my enquiries about the steam engine has been to prove that we were not in the smallest danger on Saturday: we might have been stopped, but could not have been blown up. The accident which occurred, was owing to the machinery being old. The vessel we tried will be condemned. Good night, with love from everybody to everybody,

Believe me, my dear aunt,

Your affectionate niece,

CATH. OSBORNE.

"The following letter, by referring to the Bishops of that time, ought to prove the vast change for the better, that the present day exhibits in the bench of bishops, for it would be difficult to deny the truth of Lady Osborne's remarks on some bishops, judging by their records."

MY DEAR MARGARET,—I shall not be able to procure a frank for this letter, as you know that franks cannot be procured until after the election, the Peers have lost their privilege until that period. I can enter into your feelings about temptation increasing as years increase, for I have often found it so. The best advice I can give is one I am resolved to follow, it is, to place the standard of Christian attainment very high, and to keep up constant watchfulness and prayer to obtain it; not to be discouraged by repeated failures, but as often as you fall get up again.

I have met in the course of my life two very pious men, one in very humble life, both of whom on being asked in a very serious manner have admitted, with deep thankfulness,

that they have been enabled by Divine grace to subdue all defects of temper. I felt this to be great encouragement. I well know they spoke the truth; what has been done for others may be done for us, except by our own fault. Another piece of advice I must give you is, to resign the follies of the world, such pursuits as you cannot ask God's blessing upon. I do not think that any person can be really and happily religious who does not renounce card playing, theatres, and all other pursuits where Christ is not. We must also keep clear, as much as possible, of trifling conversation, particularly such as where sin enters, as unkind constructions upon the thoughts or motives of others. I am sure whilst we keep any darling sin we shall never obtain the blessings of sanctification. God expects us to help ourselves, he does not *force* His grace upon us. I think we all compromise too much license in conversation, when we must give an account of every idle word we speak; we must not only seek, but strive, or, as the Greek have it, "agonize" to enter into the kingdom of heaven. My conscience is wounded when I write; how have I agonized, what have I done? Nothing! nothing! My Saviour died for me, but he did not die to save us *merely* from the *punishment* of sin. No, but from the *power* of sin, we must be new creatures. I am not a new creature, I want holiness. How I must seek and pray, and strive to obtain it; believe me that watchfulness, prayer, and earnest endeavour are necessary. I have been hitherto the weakest and idlest of believers, one far removed from the blessing of full redemption.

One of the good men I spoke of was a poor miner at Bonmahon; the other is a gentleman, who had been for years in the army, a captain, and became converted to God. Whilst he lived with his family it was all well, although he underwent great persecution in the regiment, but when he went abroad he could not endure the conversation of the

mess; he left the army, and became a Wesleyan preacher. He is an Englishman, married to the daughter of the Irish Colonel who was killed in the rebellion; he has sons at Cambridge and one at Eton. He is one of the most polished gentlemen I ever saw in my life, but that is the least of his merits, he is the happiest Christian, his religion makes him so happy; it is not the treasure in the field, but the rich pearl which he carries about with him. His visit has done me great good, for I had been losing ground. He seems to feel a love for the soul of every human being, and certainly the Wesleyans have more of that than the Calvinists. His name is ——; if you ever meet him, court his acquaintance. Mr. Woodward was delighted with him. He was at Maidstone some time since, but has left it, as the Wesleyan preachers do not remain more than two years in one place.

Catherine is, thank God, quite well. If we should ever travel, is it not better that she should go whilst she is young enough to be kept out of the world, than when she is too old to be so easily managed? She will be less tempted now than she would be some years hence. I see no harm in visiting occasionally other countries. God is everywhere, and there are pious Protestants even in France. Aunt Warde herself went to Boulogne; why should she think it wrong in me to go to Paris? If it appeared to me wrong I would not go. I hope that dear Aunt Warde's health improves, her intellect is as acute and vigorous as ever. Nobody writes better letters. May we all meet in health. I look forward with great pleasure to having you all with me in London. I shall I hope stay over the May meetings. I am afraid my letter will not be very interesting to you. I really have nothing to say of our party, we go nowhere, I have such a reluctance to leave home.

I have given up all my acquaintances except a few friends,

and even those I seldom visit. I go to Derryluskan about once in three months. I attend Mr. Woodward's lectures every Wednesday, but never sleep at Fethard. The times really are very awful. The revolutionary spirit in England and the O'Connell spirit here, and popish spirit too. By-the-bye, a very nice young Englishwoman applied to me for a situation who had been perverted to popery, in England too; she comes from the diocese of Norwich. . . . Will you be very angry if I say that the Bishops are seldom, O how seldom, pious men. I believe a clergyman being pious is a great obstacle to his advancement. I know some sad facts of the kind. However, many pious men have been raised up in the Church; and we hope their prayers may avert its downfall. The Church Building Act is a very bad one, which the Bishop of London is trying to bring in.

Pray give my love to my uncle, aunt and cousins. Believe me, my dear Margaret,

Your affectionate cousin,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Pray read the Polynesian Researches.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—I have not yet had an opportunity of making any enquiry about the family you mentioned, I shall be able to set enquiries on foot to-morrow, please God, when I intend to indulge myself by going to Fethard Church. I shall ask Mr. Woodward to have the questions put in the proper channels, and see if anything can be done for them in different ways. I have not seen him since I heard from you, as I never move out of this neighbourhood. I have no acquaintances beyond it, Mr. and Mrs. Woodward have a great many. I have not much hope of anything very material being done to assist this poor family here; every body having so many claims, and for the ordinary class of

rich people, the worldly, they would rather assist a popish priest than the orphan family of a protestant minister; I am sick of the despicable time-serving system of the country; I will myself subscribe for this poor family, but what is the use of a temporary subscription; I wish something permanent could be done. It is a curious fact that nothing is so difficult as to procure situations, even of the lowest description, far less such as would suit the well educated. I assure you I feel at times quite heart-broken at knowing there are people ready to do anything, for whom I cannot procure the humblest situation. My out servants generally consist of young, untrained people, whom we have to teach their business, but I cannot persuade any body to take those who are not ready trained when my own establishment is full.

I cannot conceive how servants are ever made, as nobody in the whole world will ever take the first of them but myself. These thoughts are full in my mind from the disturbance I have about the family of my late schoolmaster. It is distressing not to be able to procure a place for any of them, a widow and seven children, and nothing to subsist upon but the small pension which I allow them; he was one year with me and then died, leaving the family destitute.

I have no doubt about the dangers of the Church, and I think the Bishops have had a great hand in bringing it on; had they lent their assistance to the popular religious societies I think they would have won all hearts to the Church, and have kept off dissent; they would have had such sway in the societies, large assemblies must have a great deal of worldly feeling, the rank and influence of the bishops would have given them weight, but their foolish jealousy kept them out, and they are now nothing but the mere "tools" of a party; they will vote as ministers wish on this reform question; should their order be put down they may say with

Cardinal Wolsey, "Had I served my God as I have served my king He would not now have forsaken me." . . .

I cannot give you a good account of my own state of mind, I have been leading a very selfish life, sadly so, quite devoted to study; you know with some interruptions, this has always been my bias, it is now quite a passion, and I sometimes lament that I must see so many people to take up my time from my beloved classics. Then again, my conscience goads me—what is the use of all this? What an useless being am I? And yet, when I consider the intellectual improvement amongst the lower orders, it seems as if Providence expected from us that we should cultivate our abilities to keep ahead of them. There is a hedge school near this where Hebrew is taught, and a ragged boy came to Mr. Woodward to borrow a Cicero and Livy, in the original.

Catherine has a slight cold, and though it is trifling, yet it makes my heart ache, I have such a horror of a cough; take my advice and don't neglect George's, of such long standing, remember what I told you of Tom Fitzgerald, and lungs which are delicate; it is consumption that I dread beyond anything—tell me of fever, anything but consumption.

I have written you a long, and not interesting, letter; writing is not my forte; I can talk better than write; I never had so little relish for society as at present. It is quite a source of regret to me that I cannot help seeing a great deal of company from peculiar circumstances, yet I never, or very seldom, go from home, and I redeem time by my early rising: accordingly, my diligence is rewarded by making progress in my studies, but, alas! I do not gain ground in religion; I feel that I live for myself, and not for others. I trust in God that I shall find dear Aunt Warde well when we go to England. Poor Margaret Barron, how

I pity her going to Scotland, she seems to feel it so much. Take care of your health, it is a religious duty. May God send us a happy meeting. Remember me affectionately to Mrs. Baines.

Your most affectionate cousin,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

You have afforded me the greatest pleasure by telling me that I live in Mrs. Baines and Fanny's memory.

"Nothing but living in Ireland could enable anyone to understand the power of the priests, for once people invest mere human beings with infallibility there must be an end to all liberty and certain rectitude.

All Lady Osborne's efforts for the good of her neighbours were met by the most violent and unceasing opposition on their part."

Newtown Anner, Oct. 2.

MY DEAR AUNT,—I have a very good apology to make for not answering your last letter, but at the same time some reason for suppressing the apology, though I believe I may as well tell the whole at once. The fact is, I have been ill almost ever since my mother went away, but am now, thank God, recovered. I did not wish her to know it for fear of making her uneasy. I had a very severe cold which confined me to my own room, indeed for some days to my bed; though, indeed, I think the people about me made more fuss than the cause deserved. I was, however, admirably nursed and attended. You know how strong my Protestant feelings are—so strong that I am constantly tempted to treat popery with opprobrium and contempt; but I do not agree with you in wishing that emancipation should be withheld from the Roman Catholics. I think if half of the Irish members were papists they could do no harm against the

protestant host; and so many well disposed persons of our religion desire emancipation for the Romish cause, that they are prevented from discouraging the agitators belonging to that anti-christian church; and I think when once the only reasonable grounds of complaint have been ceded to them, we shall find all good protestants united under one banner. Nor do I consider their admission to an equality of political rights as at all affecting religion. Alas! no political body can set up so holy a standard as to be enabled to exclude the admission of error. We can neither reject the infidel nor the Socinian, why then must we refuse the papist? Lord Donoughmore says he knows quite well the party will not be satisfied with emancipation; but he says they have a right to it, and if we must fight them, let us fight them when we are right, and not when we are wrong. He said to some of the leaders of the Association who dined at Knocklofty, "You call yourselves the Irish Nation; why the rank of the country is Protestant, the wealth Protestant, almost all the talent, and nearly all the integrity of the country Protestant, how then can Ireland be a Roman Catholic nation"? My own opinion is, that emancipation will afford the system rope enough to hang itself. In some respects I like the Brunswick Club, and I glory in the protestant spirit which my own dear country has evinced; and although I consider emancipation as very desirable, I feel tempted to prefer the members who vote against it; in short my reason is for it and feelings against it.

The country is now quite quiet, and with God's help will continue so. Mrs. Carey came to see me in my room the other day. Pray tell Anna that she regretted very much Killaloan's loss in her. Mr. Woodward told me of his little joke about the parish, in a letter to her, which I send with this. The Pennefathers and Mrs. Riall regret her going very much. I have been, and am still, in a great dilemma about Madame

de ———; my mother will tell you all the reason I have for parting with her, but her manners have become so bland from the fear of losing her situation, that I cannot find it in my heart to do what I know to be my duty in dismissing her; but Catherine's mixed feelings of contempt and dislike furnish another very weighty reason for sending her away. It is a sad thing that such unchristian feelings should be associated in a child's mind with her governess. She is I fear an artful woman, not religious, nor does she profess that integrity and solid principle which will constitute a fine character in the eyes of man. She has lived in the family of a *fox hunting* clergyman, and of course this house must be little to her taste, quiet and retired as we are in our habits. On second thoughts I will send Mr. Woodward's letter to London in case my mother should go there first; I envy her and Anna the happy meetings they will have with you and all our dear friends. Sarah will be sorry to hear that her travelling companion has lost his wife. Mrs. Hancock was the daughter of my friend Mrs. Strangman; on her account I am very sorry. Mrs. H. has left six children.

Catherine has behaved very amiably and affectionately to me in my illness. She is a very dear little girl, and has a great deal of good sense and feeling.

Anna will present Margaret with a copy of Doddridge from me. It is a work which cannot be read too often, and I hope she will like it.

I beg that you will give my best love to my uncle and cousins, and believe me, my dear aunt, with the deepest and most unchangeable affection,

Yours,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

MY DEAR AUNT,—My mother says truly that meetings are the dissipations of the religious world; but is it not well that there should be such an end, such an object in view in an assembly of professing Christians, such an acknowledgment that God reigns where people meet to speak of the circulation of His word, the spread of His Gospel, whilst He is at least left out of the question in a ball room. The speech of the Jew was very interesting; he is an extraordinary young man; he gave us a short history of his conversion, which was very gratifying—the meeting was held in the church, it was a Church Missionary meeting, even James was highly pleased with the speeches; we all thought it too short. The Bishop of Waterford has issued a prohibition against any clergyman out of his diocese preaching in it . . . . . With regard to meetings, I think they are great means of bringing people to the love of true religion and the Scriptures; but I think where the love is deeply implanted they are not the chief food of the mind; they are among the means of religion, but not religion itself. I intend to write a very long letter in a day or two, I am obliged to leave off now. I fear you will think me very dull; my reading and conversation all turn on grave subjects, so that I should be at a loss at present for something lively to write about.

Lord ——— is a very amiable man, not talented, but extremely anxious to forward religion, and does among simple minds more than a very clever person.

We have a great deal of visiting amongst Pennefathers and Pallisers, and certainly meet people very superior both in piety and intellect to what the general run of society affords.

I forgot to observe, when speaking of meetings, that amongst their other advantages, they are fine schools of eloquence for the young men—eloquence exerted in the most important of all subjects. The speaking to-day was

admirable, and the meeting ended by a hymn sung in the very best style—it was really beautiful—Bishop Heber's Missionary Hymn.

Mrs. A. Riall is as agreeable as ever, but we do not see so much of her as we wish. She came here yesterday and would return to-day . . . The ladies here have a monthly bazaar on an excellent plan; they sell drawings and various elegancies and take out the money in clothes for the poor; it is the best thing of the kind I ever heard of, turning to such good use their leisure moments, and having in exchange clothes to give away themselves. The jail and House of Industry go on admirably, how I wish you could see them; our various employments are anything but dull, and often lead to delightful society. Anna and I have begun a very interesting way of studying the Scriptures, by reading the original references in a polyglot. The coincidences and parallel passages are a great confirmation to one's faith. The Jew told me that his Israelite brethren believe in the miracles of Jesus, but they say He performed them by the help of Satan, stealing the ineffable name of God out of the temple. What a testimony is this admission to the truth of Christianity. He said a great deal more which you would like to hear, but I reserve them for another time. He has promised me to write a book entitled "Proofs of Christianity from Judaism." With love to my uncle and cousins, believe me to be, my dear aunt,

Your very affectionate niece,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

October 4.

MY DEAR JANE—I could not find . . . Catherine's letter, so I have still an opportunity of writing something more. ———, after being given up by the medical man, has had some very favourable symptoms, which would lead

us to think her recovery not only possible but probable. She had seemed by dint of ceaseless attention to have been awakened to a sense of spiritual things, and we had hoped that she was in a happy frame of mind, but she showed a most evident desire for life, in her anxiety to have every thing tried which could possibly remove the disease . . . I lead a life which certainly has not much of self-gratification in it; my whole time from breakfast until I go out to visit the poor being taken up in talking to beggars at the window. I have been giving away a good many blankets, and the whole range of people in the country seem to think that they have claims on me for one. The considering and weighing their respective cases is the most tiresome and distressing of occupations; but if these little sacrifices win the hearts of the people, so as to enable me to be of use to their souls, it is all that I ask. Anna is unremitting in her attention to the school, and there are now forty Roman Catholic children, an increase since I wrote the letter to Aunt Warde, which goes in this packet, it would seem almost incredible, but I have not since found time to finish and seal up the packet, such is the constant bustle between ———'s illness, with whom we spend a great deal of time, the beggars, and business. It certainly is a great sacrifice to duty to live in Ireland, unless one's convenience would allow us to shut out the dirt and misery of the people.

Mr. ——— is going to leave me, and I have a general feeling of depression about me; were it not for looking to another world this would be a scene of misery.

We occupy the new library, which is a delightful room, so very cheerful, and it would be a comfort to occupy it in the morning, as the beggars do not enter the garden; but conscience will not let me rest whilst the blanket claimants are at the windows of the drawing-room. The drawing-room is papered with very beautiful gilt paper, which is of little use

since I have given up society. I often think of the peaceful pleasant mornings we used to spend at Yalding and contrast them with the bustle and clamour and smell of the poor people at the window.

Mrs. ——— is a very superior person, only too fond of the French, and is for ever contrasting them with the English and Irish. I think with too great a disposition to find fault, she looks out for defects, in the first instance. Dugald Stewart, the great metaphysician, says that persons of fine taste never criticize; they are so delighted with expatiating on beauties that they do not stay to look for defects; and I remember reading of Mme. de Staël that she never criticized. Mrs. ——— has rather a shrewd understanding and great strength of mind than a fine mind and lively imagination; she does not relish Mr. Woodward, abhors speculation, and detests metaphysics. Believe me to be, my dear Jane,

Your most affectionate cousin,

C. Osborne.

———, a bustling manager, has urged me to a minute attention to household affairs, which does not accord with my natural disposition, and this induces care and anxiety such as I cannot approve, and too often a spying into defects, which leads to constant new expenses in order to remedy them. There is something very catching in the habit of looking out for faults, and very pernicious.

I have grown fidgetty, and, from not being expert, I am twice as long about a thing as anybody else would be. Then I have precisely those vexations which are the most trying. It is too much the case with us to forget that little matters require the aid of divine grace as much as those which are more weighty.

Without any decided illness, I am neither so healthy now nor so strong as I used to be. I think it probable that mine

is a very good life; but I feel disposed to apprehend premature old age—a ride of ten miles knocks me up. I can be of little use among the poor at present, except at intervals; perhaps God may grant me health and strength to be of some use in my generation yet. It is good to be reminded of our utter worthlessness in ourselves.

We have been twice to the Pallisers', but really have no satisfaction in conversation when it turns upon one never-ending subject, the nature of the Millennium. Mrs. —— is violently opposed to the personal reign. The Pallisers favour it. I have acquired a great dislike to being away from home, and after passing one day at Derryluskan I returned home, leaving Mrs. —— and —— promising to go back for them the next day but one. I did not, however, return for a week, and when I left them they were engaged in a contest about Millenarianism, when I returned they were carrying on the same argument still; besides being neutral on the subject, I have a great dislike to hearing the same things vehemently repeated. It is much against the truth of the personal reign, in my opinion, that old established biblical Christians and scholars, like Mr. Simeon, Faber, Dickson, Dr. Singer, and others, are generally, nay universally, opposed to it, whilst wild speculatists, as Irving and women, uphold it. I have no doubt that a millennium is approaching; but I do not see sufficient grounds for thinking that it will be a personal reign.

Much, indeed, do I wish that you would contrive to come to Ireland; surely one or both of your brothers could bring you, and it would make me so very happy to see you. I am sure the change of air and scene would do you good. Mr. Burnet passed a few days here sometime since; his conversation was as profitable and agreeable as ever. The other day we had a visit from Mr. Rowe, a very pious Minister. We had a missionary meeting in Clonmel, which I persuaded

a party of officers to attend. I am sorry to say the speaking was neither so good nor so profitable as usual. Mr. Woodward being absent, and Mr. Rowe so disturbed by the improper conduct of the Roman Catholics that he made a speech of scarcely five minutes. Don't you think that the result of the Waterford Election has proved that the late Act has rather diminished priestly influence. In spite of the violent efforts made by the priests, all the respectable Roman Catholics voted for Lord George; the party is thus divided, and they are now quarrelling amongst themselves, they are consequently weakened by division, and we may hope for success. I thank Miss Lucas for her gum seal. Catherine is well. Miss Stuart is a good creature and devotes her leisure hours to teaching the poor. My mother is not strong; but I hope her general health, except that she coughs, is good. I recommend you to read Buddicombe's Christian Exodus. I hope that dear Aunt Warde is strong and well. Believe me to be, my dear Margaret, with love to my uncle, aunt, and cousins,

Yours most affectionately,

C. OSBORNE.

"To which of the various expected rebellions this letter alludes the editor is not sure; but she well remembers when Lady Osborne was away from home and her daughter was about seven years old, being taken up out of bed and conveyed into Clonmel, to be deposited there in safety with a friend who had a Bank, at that time, in the town; in consequence of an imperative order from Lady Osborne to that effect, resulting from notice having been given that a rising was to occur that night."

Knocklofty Glebe.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—My mother has told my aunt how much we were hurt by a letter from Aunt Akers, and she

has told her the cause why we have hitherto expressed ourselves so guardedly about her illness; it was your desire that we should. The idea never occurred to my mind that I could possibly be suspected of feeling anything but the deepest and warmest interest about the health of my Aunt Warde, whom I love with such deep affection, and whom I have always loved in time and hope to love through the countless ages of eternity with that affection which knows no change nor shadow of turning. I hope, please God, to go to England next autumn, and take a house in London for the winter; and then I trust it will please God, if we are spared through the troublous times which I fear await us. It is seldom that I leave home now; but I am on a visit for a day or two with a lady whose talents are equal to her piety. We are full of course of the expected rebellion. I sent you a *Mail* and we send another to-day. I do not take the paper myself, but I will ask Mrs. Hill to send it. I return home on Monday. I have been promised a house in Clonmel, on the first symptom of insurrection. The fearful run on the Banks has begun, and I think that it will be now or never that the rebellion will occur, although O'Connell seems to desire to put it off. I trust in the protection of heaven and shall stay in Ireland. I am obliged to conclude now, because an opportunity has occurred of sending to the post which will save Mrs. Hill from sending on purpose three miles on a wet day. Believe me to be, my dear Margaret, with love to my uncle, aunt and cousins,

Yours most affectionately,

CATH. OSBORNE.

"Mr. William Archer Butler was one of the most distinguished pupils of Dr. Bell's school mentioned in the following letter.

This letter also shows how Lady Osborne found that

nothing could fully gratify her intellect and satisfy her heart but religion, which takes in the whole range of God and man."

Newtown Anner, June 25th, 1827.

My dear Aunt,—I hope you will understand that I am always too happy to hear from you to wish you to wait for a frank. I think our correspondence has been far too limited of late, and I think that friends who love each other as we do should communicate more frequently. I am sure that if I were to wait until I had something new to relate I might never write at all, as the story has always been between us. We see no new faces and engage in no new scenes. Our gaieties here consist in a large and attentive congregation in Killaloan Church, and we hope and wish for a fine Sunday as much as some people do for a fine day when a party of pleasure is expected to take place. Mr. Woodward preached here on Sunday week to an overflowing congregation; every pew was crammed full, and people were even seated on the steps of the altar, and the clerk's seat was full, and this in a little country church where the populace were Roman Catholics, and the situation so retired; it is literally like Paradise blooming in the desert. Our ordinary preacher Mr. Carey is a man of talent and preaches admirable sermons. We have Dr. Bell sometimes; there is no evening service, so the day closes by a party of pleasure to Fethard Church; such is our way of living. Anna and I have been very much at Westgrove lately. It is a nice comfortable house and in a very healthy situation. I always think it peculiarly agrees with me; then it is so free from noise and beggars; but the trees are all young, and everything looks trim and new. I felt on returning home from our last visit that the grandeur of our large trees, and the rich luxuriance of our shrubs, which really vie with the trees of the forest, and the milder

climate of the valley much more than compensate for the bracing air of the more hilly situation, and even the idea of practical economy which a small place offers. This place is in great beauty, the shrubs offering such delightful shade, the garden so gay with flowers, and the greenhouse in full blow. I was never so fond of being out of doors as I am now, or enjoyed a garden so much. Our retired mode of life gives ample leisure for the discovery of all the perfections of home. James is in ecstasies at the astonishing crops; the hay, wheat, and oats all so good, everything very plentiful in expectancy, but money miserably scarce. James is a complete farmer, always talking of vetches and lucerne. We have great reason to be thankful to Providence for the promise of an abundant harvest, witnessing as we still do so much suffering from scarcity. You speak of seeing in the papers various accounts of the reformation in Ireland, in one column Roman Catholics become Protestants, in another Protestants become Roman Catholics ; but this you ought to be aware of, whilst nothing on our side is ever asserted which is not strictly true, the opposite party never scruple to assert the most glaring falsehoods ; proofs of this come under my own eyes, and the writer in . . . is a Roman Catholic. I trust in God that our cause will prosper, a spirit of enquiry has been for some time afloat, and as it is the cause of truth I think it must prevail. What you observe is most true, as we advance in life we feel more and more how rapidly earthly objects are fading away, how truly they are all vanity ; and when the discovery is really made that there is nothing in this world worth giving the heart to, the mind must sink into desolation and despair unless it seek comfort in religion, and it is the want of this vivifying principle that causes so much languor and dejection in old age; after a youth of cheerfulness, even of gaiety, something is required to fill up the place of youth and its attractions, its animal spirits, its

lively hopes, all ending in withering disappointment, hope then must be fixed on eternity, it has no materials to act upon here, everything has been tried and failed.

I should like very much to see the Parsonage, as it will be when fitted up for the reception of Richard and Mary. I always loved the Parsonage. With how many sweet associations it is connected. How happy I have been there! It is sad to think the past can never be recalled here.

Mr. Woodward's idea is that whatever we have enjoyed here will be revived in eternity, sin only excepted; and the soft and tender melancholy, yet not unpleasing, with which we look back on our past scenes of happiness seems to favor the hope delightful as it is. C. is looking forward to her birthday on Saturday; she will be nine years old, and expects to be very happy. Alas! I fear it will be like every other, a season of disappointment; but at that age when one thing fails, the soul is vigorous and fresh, and quite ready to begin a new race with equal confidence of success. She is well, and goes on improving in her education.

My mother, I am happy to say, is better than I have seen her for some time. Anna is quite happy in the society of —— ; the two young ladies meet almost every day, and there is a constant intercourse of notes between them. I am glad she has so pleasing and satisfactory a resource. The —— have returned from Dublin more full of prejudice than ever, delighting in the views of the R. C. party, and triumphing in Maguire's eloquence. They have long been hail fellow, well met! with Mackey. . . . . Mr. Woodward's newspaper correspondent. The —— are in England, some people say in debt, but the large establishment they have left here disproves the assertion. I hope when you write next that you will have the kindness to particularize every individual of your dear circle. How I wish you would all come to see us!

How happy I should be to see you here ! We have given up our little Thursday meetings, there being a fever amongst our little colony of Protestants, and besides in this busy season we do not wish to tempt poor people to lose any part of their day's work. I wish you could go with me to the jail, you would find every prejudice vanish before the propriety and order of the establishment. You speak of a chaplain doing the business, but you forget the culprits are R. C.'s, and consequently would not listen to a clergyman of our persuasion. I was very much gratified by the display of oratory in Dr. Bell's boys the other day. An exhibition of the kind is admirably calculated to do good; the boys composed most of their own speeches. I beg my love to my uncles and cousins. I suppose Sarah is happy amongst her pinks and roses; I trust that Margaret is well and cheerful. Is Jane still at Eltham? and how is Fanny Baines? Pray tell me everything, all is interesting to me, even to the . . . and the . . . Take care of yourself, my dearest aunt. May God bless you.

Ever most affectionately yours,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

"The editor remembers hearing that the tariff for changing religion that would have been accepted according to the offer made by the aspirants was 2s. 6d. a week, and a leg of mutton on Fridays, which they supposed would be a peculiarly acceptable item, as Friday is a fast day. So great were the sufferings of the poor at that time, for certainly they are usually most loyal by nature to the religion they are taught."

Newtown Anner, March 13th.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—I had great pleasure in receiving your letter to-day. We had been very uneasy from the

length of time which had been suffered to elapse without hearing from dear England, and we dreaded lest your silence should have been occasioned by the illness of some dear member of your much loved circle. Do not suppose that I have ceased to cherish the remembrance of early ties, they are as fresh and vivid to my heart as in the days of early youth. Other ties may have more excitement, because we fear to lose them, they must be supported by the exercise of our mental powers; we must play the agreeable, and we dread lest these powers should fail; but those friends who have grown with our growth, we may rely on this, every change of time or circumstance, the loss of cheerfulness, of health, or even temper, will not entirely wean them from us; the impression has been so deep and solid, that although it may be for a time defaced, it is always in the closest recesses of the heart, and the least rub will restore it to its brightness. I can recal with the deepest interest the happy days of youth, particularly that happy year we passed at the parsonage. I love to hope that they are not finally lost, but will be restored, without any alloy, in another world. If you suppose me to be in possession of the happiness which religion in full exercise bestows, you are sadly mistaken; I have too many faults, too little of the mind which is in Christ Jesus to be happy, too much of an unsubdued nature. I don't think I ever had so many faults as I have now, for the spring of life and gaiety is gone, and religion is not so practical in my soul as to have substituted the peace of God in its stead. Trifles, the merest trifles, constantly affect my happiness, and I am often a prey to the deepest depression. My temper, too, is more irritable than it was, and I have always had but little the power of self-control. I have had too much power, been too much spoiled, opposition in what really interests me is too keenly felt, I can often scarcely understand it, but this is not always so,

sometimes my views are far more bright and cheering, and I can realize some of the comforts of religion; but I must confess that any unhappiness of mine is not of a religious nature, it is all from worldly causes, it is from not having religion enough to correct my own faults, and indeed all my depression now is always brought on by faults of mine.

I have a request to make of Richard, his compliance with which will indescribably oblige me. It is to preach a charity sermon in Yalding, for the poor of this parish. You can have no conception of the dreadful distress which prevails here, in consequence of the drought last summer, which destroyed all the potatoes. This time of the year food is generally very plentiful, but now every poor man's provision is exhausted. We really expect the poor to die at our doors. People once in the most decent circumstances are reduced to beggary, and the universal failure of rents increases the difficulty of assisting them. The times are really awful; numbers come to me offering to turn Protestants if I will give them money, ignorantly imagining that such conversions could gratify me, poor creatures! You have no conception how morally ignorant they are, with no religious instruction, Latin prayers, no Bible, no sermons preached, except in Lent, and then chiefly in abuse of Protestants; but I need not fill my pages with a description of mental evils when corporal sufferings are before my eyes, and men's bodies are perishing before anything can be done for their souls. Plague, famine, and the sword, as Mr. Daly said in his speech, raging through this unhappy country. When the gentry meet, it is not to discuss topics of mirth and cheerfulness. The most thoughtless are engaged in talking of the miseries of the poor. You may not have heard of this fearful famine, perhaps the distress may be greater here than it is elsewhere, one thing is cer-

tain, for months a shower of rain did not fall with us, and the consequence is the poor have nothing to eat. I hope Richard's kind heart will lead him to do what I ask him, and if the distress has not yet been publicly talked of, he can mention that he has heard it from me, and perhaps, too, his parishioners may be the more inclined to contribute what they can spare when they find the request has come to them from the good opinion entertained of them by one who has spent some of her happiest days amongst them. They may depend on the funds being well applied. When you warn me against the jail as a place of danger, it is because you do not know what a jail is in the present day. Would to God there were many places here as regular, orderly, cleanly, and healthy as Clonmel jail. The vaulted chambers, lofty and airy, large fires, stone floors, clean enough to eat off. The women dressed in uniform, and quite clean; there is even a shower bath provided for them, and owing to the care of the matron even the worst description of persons quiet and attentive.

May God grant that our little efforts may be of service. I know the word service sounds a little strange, but it is only in the sound, at all events. Anna has attended but once when I could not go; I go alone on every Monday. Another business of mine, which will seem to you more strange is, that of attending at the House of Industry on the wretched women, the lowest, the most degraded of our sex, but they, too, seem touched and softened by these trifling attempts to do them good, and I have seen some moved to tears on speaking to them. There, of course, Anna never will go, the attendance there is not pleasant; amongst other things the room is very large, and there is no fire, the cold is sometimes very great. There is something exquisitely painful in the contemplation of these poor, degraded creatures; I love to read to them the account of the woman who bathed our

Lord's feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.

This is certainly a most melancholy world, wherever we turn nothing but suffering; evils mental or physical in every quarter. If it were not for the hope of a happy eternity how could the reflecting mind bear it all, and were it not so if Providence showered down every earthly blessing what misery it would be to leave them all if we had not a brighter country to go to—even prosperity here would be a curse.

Good night, I will add more to-morrow. I must give you one more melancholy picture :—I was visiting not long ago a family of decent Protestants, whom I had thought above the world ; they had never asked for assistance. The day was very cold—I found them without fire ; they had no money; all their provisions—the potatoes from the portion of ground which had always lasted the year, all done. These are very industrious, honest, respectable, intelligent people. Is it not melancholy ? I wish Aunt Akers would kindly exert her influence to have a charity sermon preached at the Wells when the season begins. A few shillings a-piece collected from a charity sermon in church makes up a considerable sum from the number of contributors and need not fall heavy on any.

I am very sorry to hear that my aunt complains of her chest; I hope she will not neglect to take advice; health is too precious to be trifled with. I am sorry to find that Mary complains, it does seem peculiarly distressing to suffer from bodily weakness at a period of life when she would naturally expect all to be bright and smiling just after her marriage. But alas! such is human life, a perpetual alternation of hope and disappointment, happy they who view this world only as a passage to another.

Do you take an interest in the progress of reformation here ? I was lately active in the work, but have met with

so many disappointments from the detection of mercenary motives that I have given it over, and content myself with those religious activities which lie more immediately in my own province. I could fill my paper with anecdotes of opposition from priests; of a dead body being forcibly carried off to be buried like a dog because the poor woman died a convert to our pure religion; of the body being found, the military called out; but my very soul is sick of it all. At first I was excited and interested but now I am disgusted. I do think there is a stir in favor of Protestantism. The word of God is slowly doing its work, and Lord Farnham with his moral agents and God's blessing has done much. If you should ever be called upon for a toast give "Lord Farnham and the Reformation in Ireland." We hope too that much good will be done by increasing the circulation of the Testament in the native Irish. A poor man who had been converted to Protestantism by reading the Bible in his native tongue, wrote to Mr. Daly in the following remarkable manner :—"My parish priest used to call me a good and sound sheep, but now the good and sound sheep has leapt over his reverence's wall, and I hope will soon be branded by the Shepherd and Bishop of souls." Does my uncle feel an interest in the public affairs of Ireland? Give my love to him and my aunt and cousins. Have you read the priest's letter to Mr. Woodward, and the answer that is signed by B. D. L.?—was by Dr. Bell.

I ought to apologize for the solemn tone of my letter, but in such times who can be gay, who can trifle? I entreat you to read Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion, the most cheerful and interesting of religious writers. Pray read it, and believe me, my dear Margaret,

Your most affect. cousin,

CATH. OSBORNE.

I had forgotten to tell you that Mr. Woodward hates controversy so much that he was sorry to be forced into it, but his parish was so hot on the subject that he could not have avoided answering the priest's letter.

1829.

My dear Margaret,—I was very much shocked at hearing of Lady ——'s death, and I pity her poor husband very much ; he will feel it in every way from her having been so useful to him in transacting his business, as well as from the sudden breaking up of the ties of affection. But why does my dear Aunt Warde speak as if there were anything strange in the confidence that religious people express in the happiness of their departed friends. Surely such a state is clearly pointed out in Scripture as being the privilege of those who die in the faith of Christ : to deny this is popery ; it is the very essence of popery to detain its votaries in a state of bondage, of doubt, and distrust. Surely faith requires us to believe in the promises as well as the threatenings of the Gospel : therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God. It is from not being satisfied to rest all our hopes on what Christ has done for us that people are not sensible of the great privilege of the Christian's assurance of his salvation.

We passed a few very pleasant days at Bath. Mrs. Young is coming to stay with me, she is a very superior person, and has circulated in France three thousand copies of the Holy Scriptures, *not given*, but sold for the Bible Society. Mrs. A. and G. seem to be on the happiest terms possible. Mrs. A. has insured her life at a considerable expense so as to procure for G. £200 a year at her death, and G. seems to have everything she wishes for, even those ornamental expenses in portfolios, &c., which she would not like to buy. This shows great kindness on the part of Mrs. A., and G. seems to feel the kindness of Mrs. A.'s conduct too.

Mrs. Young, though differing from both in religious views, seems to be much loved by both. G. appears to me to be sadly opposed to religious strictness. She has all the old fashioned notions which most people have discarded that professors of peculiar strictness are likely to be guilty of crimes of great magnitude. I never saw any one so prejudiced. Mrs. A. is not, I think, prejudiced. G. is very agreeable, although it is sometimes distressing to hear her speak upon serious subjects with levity. We spent a very pleasant week at Bath ; it is a place which I should like very much ; the country around it is beautiful. Elizabeth's abode is beautifully situated, and her children are lovely little creatures ; she herself seems cheerful and happy. Mr. ——, a very amiable man, extremely attached to Mrs. —— and disposed to attend to her advice . . .

I began this letter more than a week ago, and have been so very much engaged that I could not go on with it. Mr. Finch and Mr. Gordon have been here and are gone. Mr. F. is a great favorite, his soul is quite absorbed in the object so near my heart. It is certainly a fine trait in a young man of very large fortune, and possessing, as Lady —— told me, the finest place in England, to devote himself as he does to the service of his God, frequenting meetings, often tumultuous, where he must hear over and over again the same things. There were three held in Clonmel which I think with God's blessing will prove to have done good. An R. C. told me himself that numbers who attended said they were convinced by what they heard that it was their duty to read the Bible. One meeting was held for the purpose of exposing the Douay notes on the Bible, some of them inculcating the murder of Protestants, which notes by O'Connell's interference have been expunged, as well as many others, as also Dr. Doyle's swearing before Parliament that the notes were of no authority, all this clearly proving that the R. C. Church

has never expounded the Scriptures, consequently that they have no infallible guide. The meeting seemed much struck. The two gentlemen seem admirably qualified for controversialists, so clearly did they explain every argument.

Numbers of Roman Catholics attended at the meeting held on Saturday ; great good humour and attention prevailed amongst many hundreds ; a few children made a little noise. Mr. Gordon's speech was quite magnificent. At the close there was a cry to put Lady Osborne in the chair, but it was merely a good-humoured joke. Some of the Roman Catholics as we went out expressed their approbation, and asked for Bibles. May it please God to open their understanding. I have several instruments at work. I beg that you will assist us with your prayers, not merely private prayers, but you will meet together and make the success of our efforts a subject of serious believing family prayer. "Prayer moves the hand that moves the world." There is much going forward in this neighbourhood. Surely God will bless the variety of instruments which are starting up in His name.

There is a school where upwards of thirty young men meet to learn to read the Scriptures in Irish, Nicodemus-like at night; besides this a poor man with his wife and several children came to me one day as beggars, the man a reader of the Irish Scriptures, and the whole family Protestant. I am building a cottage for the family, and am sending the poor man himself from house to house to read the Bible in English and Irish to the poor.

Mrs. A. Riall and her clergyman will contribute something to his support, and he will sometimes go to her parish; he is to itinerate, and when persecuted in one city, will fly to another, he had excellent recommendations as to character. I think Providence sent him to me; nothing is worth living for but to glorify God by doing good to the souls and bodies of men. Mrs. A—— and G—— pass the winter in

South Wales and come to us thence, consequently it would not suit you to come with them; but I hope you will come with one of your brothers.

I cannot tell you how happy it will make me to see you here; is it not a great blessing that the Irish are really studying, beginning at least to do so, the Scriptures; this is a most interesting country, may God make the desert blossom as the rose; I am painfully interested about it. The Pallisers have been very active, and the priest preaches against them by name in the coarsest and most odious manner; such conduct can only injure their own cause. Anna has received Jane's interesting letter; I wish you were all amongst us. May God grant us all before very long a happy meeting.

I hope to hear that all our dear friends at Yalding are preserved in health and happiness.

Believe me to be,
My dearest Margaret,
Your most affect. cousin,
CATHERINE OSBORNE.

I like Miss ——— extremely. I think her very pious and an excellent governess. Pray remember me affectionately to Uncle Warde and my cousins. Tell my uncle that Miss ——— is attempting the conversion of his old acquaintance, ———, who listens to her, and has begged for a Bible.

"The Editor cannot say whether it was before or after this letter was written that a circumstance occurred which was alluded to in a letter (unfortunately mislaid). Lady Osborne was driving into Clonmel to attend a Reformation meeting with two gentlemen, one of whom was Mr. J. E. Gordon; both had come as a deputation to the meeting.

Stones were thrown at the carriage, and one struck Lady Osborne on the head with such violence as to break the tortoise shell comb that fastened up her hair, thus perhaps saving her life.

Mr. J. E. Gordon was a well known character in the religious world, and sat as M. P. for Dundalk. Deputations to speak for various religious societies were often in the habit of coming to Ireland to plead for them, and nearly all of them made a halting place at Newtown Anner."

Newtown Anner, 7 o'clock.

My dear Margaret,—I am very sorry that our correspondence should have declined so much. I wish, as we meet so seldom that we wrote oftener; although I trust that our affection is of too long standing, and too deeply rooted, to be diminished by time or absence. I, for my part, cleave to early recollections and associations with unchanged and unchangeable interest. Nothing can displace them in my mind. You who live in so quiet a country, and where public events scarcely reach the individual, will hardly comprehend the agitation of my mind on a public question, but here we live in such a world, that many circumstances which might appear too remote from private feelings deeply to affect, becomes so wrought up with one's inner interests and affections that we cannot separate them. The event to which I allude is the establishment of Reformation societies over Ireland. All the friends with whom I have for some time been closely connected in opinions and sentiments, the promoters of Bible and missionary societies, all are engaged heart and hand in forwarding the work of the reformation, and in this peculiar manner. I said all my friends, but that was a *mistake*, I wish I could say all; the friend with whom I am most intimately united is a strenuous opposer of the system.

Mr. Woodward considers the plan ill judged and useless, and although I have tried all I could to think with him, I cannot help differing; in fact my whole heart is in the cause, and yet to avoid any public display of difference, I abstained from attending the meeting which was held in Clonmel. A step which of course has been much commented upon; it has greatly annoyed the Pallisers, and all who know me even by name amongst those who are interested in the cause. I do not know whether you will understand that this is a great trial to me; I feel it like a member of the House of Commons who has been led by private affection to abandon a cause which his principles would induce him to support. I almost feel as if respectability, dignity, and even conscience had suffered. I did not feel the matter so strongly at the time of the meeting as I have done since, but the very arguments which I have entered into with simple sincerity of soul in hopes of being led to think like my friend, have ended in confirming and strengthening my once almost vacillating opinion. All this ought to lead us to feel more deeply the value of interior religion; those calm walks which lead to peace, to study the cultivation of inward purifying influences which are to be found in the well of water leading to everlasting life, and for this cause I can only say with the learned Doctor Gamaliel, "If it be of God, none can overthrow it." I passed a few days lately at Derryluskan in a very cheerful, quiet manner. We have an excellent institution in Clonmel, to which all the ladies of the country contribute drawings and various little articles for sale, and the value is returned to them in clothes for the poor, by which means a double charity is done; you support the Clonmel bazaar and you assist your own poor with the fruits of your labours. I should like very much to see Richard and Mary in the Parsonage. You know I still retain my early love for the Parsonage, the remembrance of the happy days we used to

pass there; I recollect with tender interest even the walks over the ice, when so fresh in youth and gaiety I used to walk daily over to the vicarage, so glad to see you all. Many a happy hour is deeply imprinted on my recollection —many a cheerful scene. I love Mr. Woodward's idea, that the past will be recovered in another life. There have been many hours which I should wish to live over again ; if there were nothing else to drive us to religion. If there were no peculiar trials to contend with, the mere lapse of time, the apprehended decay of nature, would be sufficient, everything is getting worse for this world, nothing can improve. We become less and less capable of enjoyment. How melancholy it is to see those who must soon leave them clinging more and more closely to the dross and dregs of this present world.

I hope to hear good accounts of dear Aunt Warde, and I trust that you are well and strong. You cannot imagine how much I feel myself braced by the use of the shower bath. I wish you would try it. The best way of using it is to stand in a little hot water and have the water which pours over you quite cold; but the heat which is communicated by stepping into warm water is ascertained to be the best preparation for the cold which is to follow. I find my animal spirits much improved by the shower bath. I wish you and Mary would try it—it is found to be good for everything, and I really implore you to try it—it is like a charm and is considered the most effectual preventative against taking cold; persons who are naturally liable to take cold all agree to this after trying it—do be prevailed upon. My next letter shall be to Jane, for I am anxious to break this continued silence.

Anna has been staying in Dublin; she only returned a week ago. She was there for three weeks with the Pennefathers and was treated by them with great kindness; she gives a very interesting account of different things going on

there to promote improvement in society—an orphan school which seems the most delightful thing in the world. The rich and pious Mrs. Latouche devoted all her time and talents to it, and treats the children as if they were her own. Every kindly affection is drawn out and everything is done to make them happy. Whenever a lady who supports the institution is known to be ill, not a smile is to be seen on the countenances of any of the children; having no parents their hearts turn with devoted affection to their kind benefactresses.

I am going on with my Greek studies as regularly as a school boy and hope to be a good scholar in time. You do not speak of my uncle ; I hope he is well. Give my love to him and my aunt Sarah, Richard and Jane Ramsey and George. Jane will hear from me next week. I am looking out for a governess for Catherine. I have been led to this from the conviction that teaching produces a bad effect on mother and child. Catherine and I are heartily tired of each other and glad to separate by the time our lessons are over. I am thinking of a governess who has been educating a young lady in your neighbourhood, Lady G——'s daughter ; perhaps you could find out something about her.

Ever, my dear Margaret,

Your most affectionate cousin,

CATH. OSBORNE.

"Some time ago the editor would not have inserted the very strong expressions Lady Osborne uses against a most aggressive and tyrannical system; in deference to the strong feeling of benevolence she had for every human being, lay or clerical, to whom she could render a service, but now that priestcraft and Ultramontane sympathizers are proceeding to wholesale and practical wrong and political violence against Protestantism, the editor has no scruple about expressions

denouncing a system that violates the text, "the letter killeth but the spirit maketh alive;" while with subtle inconsistency it holds the esoteric doctrine of *Intention*. Protestants though partial to individual Roman Catholics cannot relish a system that pronounces theirs to be damnable heresy.

See Seymour's Mornings with the Jesuits, referred to in the article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Mr. Ffoulke's remarkable pamphlet—"The Church's Creed, or the Crown's Creed?

This remark was written before the Bill was passed which has aimed such a blow at the civilization and prosperity of Ireland, depriving it of £70,000 a year and the poor in wild districts of some of the greatest succourers of their temporal privations and sufferings."

March 10.

My dear Aunt,—You have indeed fully answered my queries respecting your feelings with regard to the great question now pending. I read your letter to Lord Donoughmore, and although it is in opposition to his own sentiments, he was much pleased with it. He praised it as being a very excellent letter, although he said very prejudiced. I am very glad that the University of Oxford has not shewn itself time-serving to the ministry. I am glad they prefer principle to the natural desire of preferment. I believe that Sir Robert Inglis is a religious character, for *The Dublin Evening Post* calls him a swaddler. I therefore hope they have chosen well. Lord Donoughmore blames Mr. Peel for having offered himself again as a candidate for Oxford; it is on truly liberal principles that his lordship favors emancipation, he is a very highly principled old man, and in spite of his laughing at the "Saints" he bears a high testimony to the character of the evangelical clergy, and says it is not for

their vices, but for their virtues that those in authority over them set their faces against them—this is his opinion, not mine, for I was ignorant of the fact. Lord Donoughmore is a man who judges without the bias of party; he sees the wrongness of all, and I believe that whether his own opinions are mistaken or not he is quite devoid of interested motives. Did I tell you what he said to the leaders of the Catholic Association? You call yourselves the Irish nation. Why, the rank of the country is Protestant; the wealth of the country is Protestant; almost all the talent of the country is Protestant, and nearly all the integrity of the country is Protestant—how then are you the Irish nation? There stand on the roof of Knocklofty House two busts, one of William III. the other of Queen Mary. Lord D. desired me to tell you that he has put them in mourning. He has consented to Miss Hutchinson going to an anti-slavery meeting, which will take place on Thursday; the eloquent Mr. Burnet is to speak at it, and whether it does good or not to the poor slaves I trust the truths will be uttered on that platform, which may do good to all that hear them, provided God's blessing accompany them. I do not consider Catholic emancipation as a religious question. I think it is rather a political one. We cannot exclude the Roman Catholics on religious grounds whilst we admit Socinians, and there is no barrier to keep them out. I believe that Popery, although a construction of the devil to spoil Christianity, has had amongst its votaries some of God's children. Fenelon, Paschal, and others; but Socinianism, cold blooded Socinianism, is not only diabolical in its construction, but its very foundation is laid in hell; but as a system I abhor Popery. It is a great trial to me that my own footman refuses to join in my family worship as an unholy thing. That the man who eats of my bread, looks upon me, who really feel an anxiety to save my own soul and the souls of

others, as a heretic, sinking into perdition. These are great trials to flesh and blood, and these considerations operate so strongly that the evangelical party in Ireland, tried in this way, almost to a man, are opposed to emancipation, upon personal feeling, I believe, although *they* do not know it themselves; but I think myself that the arm of the law cannot uphold religion, it is of a more spiritual nature. Look at the gross ignorance on religious subjects displayed by some of our hereditary legislators. Hear Earl Grey assert, "Protestanism is the source whence the reformed religion sprung, and received the means of its growth, maturity, and permanence." When one of our most eloquent senators asserts, that "consubstantiation is one of the doctrines of the Church of England." These men are true Papists.

The doing away of the forty-shilling freeholders is a better thing for Protestantism than the exclusion of the Papists themselves, as it will throw the elections into the hands of Protestants.

The Romans preferred choosing a king from the body of the Sabines, and the Sabines electing one from them. I think the cloven foot of Popery will do less mischief than the smooth face of nominal Protestantism. Talk of oaths, how a man who has taken the oath Lord Grey has done, before he could take his seat, could make the speech he has made, I am at a loss to conceive. People do not consider how many real infidels there are who are not professed infidels, and that a nominal Protestant is as much opposed to the religion of Jesus Christ as a Papist; still their advantages are not to be compared. A Protestant is within reach of the means of grace; humanly speaking, a Roman Catholic is not; he excludes the Bible, and is excluded from its doctrines; consequently, to him the God of the Bible must be unknown. Were I to yield to the natural feelings of my soul I should not only exclude the Papists from Parliament,

but I should turn them out of my establishment and my employment, but Christianity has forbidden me. I dare not do what nature prompts; they hang about me as a trial, and though a something within me enjoys every movement that tends to depress them, religious principle obliges me to repress these feelings, but they are ever rising.

I assure you that you have nothing to apprehend in the way of Catherine not taking exercise, she rides her uncle's pony, which is remarkably sure-footed. I find riding essential to her health. When she does not ride she is never thoroughly well, and this is very much my own case.

I am finishing my letter in Mrs. Grubb's back parlour, which I am sure you may remember, and I write in a great hurry, for I expect Mr. Burnet from Cork every moment. Since I came to Clonmel I have received my mother's letter, with Aretas's addition. I shall reply to them both in a day or two. I look forward with delight to passing some time very happily with my dear English friends. Believe me to be, my dear aunt,

Your most affectionate niece,
CATH. OSBORNE.

Give my warmest regards to my uncle and cousins. I intend to pass a few weeks in London, and to give C—— the advantage of the best music master, her talents richly deserve it.

"Lady Osborne and the Editor witnessed one of the monster processions organized by O'Connell that led to Catholic Emancipation. They saw it from a pew in Fethard Church whence the street is visible, and the masses of people with huge banners marching in solemn silence had a most extraordinary effect.

O'Connell, as one man, for a just cause got up a great

national cry—a mode of tactics that has been adopted in later times by political coteries. When in need of a grievance they manufacture one in their own drawing-rooms, and then stump the country, telling their audience that their manifold aspirations, like some chemical agent, have been condensed for their comprehension, and have sent *them* forth as spokesmen for the benefit of the country. Whereas, having in the first instance manufactured the article, it has been rarefied and dispersed by the heat of their own ambition, and there is as much reality in the fact as there is actual mirth in laughing gas."

My dear Aunt,—I did not think it necessary to write to you from London as I knew Margaret regularly corresponded with you, and you are aware what a number of letters I am continually obliged to write; I therefore thought I would wait till my arrival here before I addressed you. We passed three very pleasant days at Mrs. Baines; you know how kind and hospitable she and her husband are. I like their present situation very much, as being very healthy, and at the same time commanding a very fine view, although I should prefer a view bounded by hills to one over so flat a country. I like the horizon to be limited, the picture to be framed in by high ground. I felt very sorry to leave Mrs. Baines and Margaret to go to North Cray amongst strangers, especially as I did not feel very well the day I went; but as we drove up to the door I saw the M——'s carriage arriving before us, and Mr. Gordon with them. I received so kind and hospitable a reception that I soon felt myself quite at home. It is a beautiful place, a delightfully furnished house, and a large cheerful family. They live in excellent style; but what is far better than all, they assemble a long train of servants to prayer morning and evening. I think

that a blessing rests upon the house where a family altar has been erected and is duly attended. I was sorry to hear from Mr. Gordon that you had a bad attendance at your reformation meeting, I am afraid too that you had no good speakers.

I met Mr. F. Noel, and Mr. Cobbe at a Church missionary meeting on Wednesday, there were a great many people at it, your friend Mr. Cooper amongst the rest. I was quite surprised at his recollection of me, it is so long since we met, and then only one day at your house. He is the first who has ever asked me after my dear William since his death; he expressed a hope that my little boy and girl were well. I told him that I had only a little girl now—I had both when I last saw him. He said, that for the moment he had forgotten my loss.

I brought a letter from Mr. Gordon to Mr. Tucker, who is to call on me. The speakers at the meeting were very fair. The objects of the Society, and the information given, always interesting—of course, none of the speeches at all came up to what we heard in London.

Did you hear that Mr. —— injured his health by fasting during the pending of the Catholic question, in order to contribute his mite to avert the calamity ?

We saw Jane at Sevenoaks, who was looking very well. I asked her whether she expected me, and she said . . .

Fanny Baines appeared to me quite recovered. What a very beautiful girl she is, and very clever and agreeable. All their children are very handsome—I mean all Mr. and Mrs. Baines'. There was a young man at Mrs. Benson's with enormous moustaches, who wore his dressing gown all the morning—a very gay one indeed. He had to bear the good humoured raillery of the whole party ; he certainly looked very much out of place in the circle. Lord Bexley and Mrs. Vansittart dined there. I was much pleased with

both, and went to see Foot's Cray on my way here by Mrs. V.'s invitation.

Lord Bexley has made it a delightful place ; he has thrown the portico into the house, and several rooms into one, and pillars erected to supply the place of old partitions. I look forward with much pleasure to joining your party at Yalding. I do not think 'twill be quite so soon as Catherine's birth day.

I understand that you are expected at Shooters Hill next week! Little Aretas and Isabella, have occasioned me to make divers blots and errors, as they are about the table at which I am writing, and we have had a great deal of messing, &c.

I beg to be affectionately remembered to my uncle and cousins, and believe me to be

My dear Aunt,

Your most affectionate niece,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Newtown Anner, Feb. 15.

MY DEAR AUNT—I am sure you must be in great alarm about the present prospect of affairs. I fear that emancipation unqualified will be granted, and the union of popery and infidelity will produce fearful results ; we are, however, in the hands of a wise God who will direct all things to the real benefit of His children, and this must be our support in the tumult which I fear to be approaching. It appears to me that in their anxiety to prevent a rebellion in Ireland, they will run the hazard of inducing rebellion in England, for if anything like the spirit which pervaded Pennington Heath be found throughout Great Britain the people will never submit to the triumphant power of popery.

I have thought sometimes that a sort of qualified emancipation might have advantages, so many wise and good men

have desired it that I have felt it would be better to follow their opinion on this head, and then if the papists desire anything further their good men would be on our side and we should have to contend only with our enemies and not with our friends; but I am thankful that the weight and responsibility of these matters does not rest with me. I have not to decide, but I think that it is a melancholy thing now to find the papists taking up the tone of loyalty and the Protestants laying it down. I feel quite anxious to know your opinion on these matters, and beg you will write to me directly. I want to see how you reconcile your ministerial feeling with your anti-emancipation feeling; one thing is quite certain, that in this strong war of party feeling it is incumbent on Protestants to let their light shine before men and to offer up their prayers for the preservation of the Protestant Church. I never felt so anxious about public affairs as at this crisis. I wonder what will be done. I look forward with much delight to the happiness of seeing you all in the spring. I leave much interesting occupation and many duties unperformed at home by going to England, but I think it is also a Christian duty to visit my dear friends in England. . . . You see the neighbourhood is much altered. All the people were so gay when you were here—but such is life! The Pallisers are going on well and happily. Old Mr. Palliser's sand of life runs low, but his spirits are more cheerful than ever; his temper equable; his nerves firm; his judgment unshaken. He prays continually he says, that he may glorify God in his death. Old Mrs. Palliser, too, as she advances in age, having found peace with God, improves in serenity. The whole family exhibit a picture of social love and happiness, for they are all of one mind, &c.

I beg my love to my uncle and cousins, and believe me to be, my dear aunt, your affectionate niece,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

My dear Margaret,—I am sure that I must have appeared very remiss in writing so seldom since our return; but the ordinary plea of want of time is quite true in my case. If I had no other business but to attend to beggars, to spinning women, and the poor cottagers, I should have hardly any time left for visiting my schools, for attending to Catherine, and for some of the pursuits of taste and literature; but when to all the rest are added the management of a large estate, with its complicated accounts, the superintendence of a large establishment which I really now attend to, it is scarcely to be conceived how soon the day is over without my having employed one hour in a mode congenial to my taste. I suppose that I have not devoted two hours to my drawing since I returned, I have made but half a sketch and whenever I prepare to sally forth to complete it I am always interrupted. I feel as if this species of irksome occupation were a punishment on me for not having sufficiently appreciated the leisure and tranquillity I enjoyed in England. Mrs. Arthur Riall passed a few days with me, and she declared that the number of persons talking to me at the window made her feel quite nervous; in short I must feel that nothing but the hopes of happiness in Heaven can reconcile a mind that seems to long for something better; than a life of petty detail and tiresome duties; bow many are the calls from above to consider the vanity of earthly hopes; first, the rude grasp of misfortune loosens our ties here below, then the soul begins to feel experimentally what it is to wake and sleep, to wake again to listen to tedious complaints, to witness sights of dirt and misery, to feel that refined taste and powers of thought and feeling are nothing, that the coarsest composition could cut out flannel petticoats, write tickets as well as we; there is, however, in the fulfilment of these second rate duties a soft contentment, if we feel that we have at least a desire to do all things for the honour of

God, which the most delightful pursuits could not communicate without it. If we could believe that the retirement of a convent could be acceptable to the Guide of the universe, it would be sweet to the mind laboring under the pressure of life's cares, but we are called on providentially to an active course, and it must be fulfilled. We always pass Sunday at Fethard, remaining until after the evening service. Mr. Woodward preaches both sermons, in the evening he preaches extempore, and his fine talents are so constantly employed on religion, that the fluency and elevation, and energy with which he preaches must be wonderful to those who do not know how deeply his thoughts are engaged. I am a great admirer of extempore eloquence, although there are few who succeed; yet a good sermon without book certainly seems to flow more from the heart than a studied composition; still there are few who ought to attempt it. One proof of the want of time with me is the fact of my having only returned three of the many visits paid me on my arrival. Wednesday is to be a calling day, and to-morrow —— dines here with two of his brother officers, old acquaintances of James. —— regiment has succeeded the ——. It brings me quite a tribe of connexions, and I think there is a something irksome in the idea of meeting strange connexions. —— is good natured; his name gives him a claim on my regard; he is not lively or amusing, but his shyness may wear off; he is of course gentlemanlike. The Perrys are not yet returned from Tramore. We saw none of our acquaintances in the 84th, they were absent when we arrived. Miss Palliser and Margaret are still in Dublin. Mr. and Mrs. P. were in Church last Sunday, but they return immediately to their other country place. It is curious that they should have such a predilection for so barren a spot. Mrs. P. promises a quick return, but I don't believe her; the Pennefathers are not in the country; I have not yet seen the Coxes. Castletown is

too far off for a call; if I ever have time I will send word that we will drive and sleep there.

I have not for some time heard anything of our old acquaintance ———. In short I have been living quite out of the world. The Bartons of Grove, as the Clonmel paper told Jane, are at Tramore whilst their house is painting. Mrs. Bousfield has been fitting up Mrs. Keily's house on the quays in a most superb style. She and Colonel Bagwell will live there sometimes, because Marlfield, and Oaklands, and Eastgrove are not a sufficient number of residences. Jane will be surprised to hear that Miss Butler and I have become quite intimate, owing to her anxiety to turn Protestant, and go to Church, which she cannot do at home. She is clever and agreeable. She passed some days here with the Woodwards. She is delighted with Mr. Woodward. She seems very sincere in her religious feelings as far as they go, but she carries a little Popery into her system. Mr. Gordon has written to me a very clever letter, but a very alarming one. He talks of coming here. In my reply I told him that I would be happy to see him, and so would Mr. P. and Mr. W., but that we would not sanction any public meetings, being persuaded that the country was not in a fit state to receive them, and I urged his desisting from any further attempts at proselytism until Providence had opened a way, being convinced the Bible cannot be forced on a people who will not admit it. I told him Mr. Woodward said he had better turn his views against the irreligious spirit of Protestants. I don't know whether my letter will please him, but it was a very kind one though full of advice.

We have had beautiful weather since we have been here; within the last few days it has been unbearably hot. . .
C. has received my aunt's and Richard's joint letter, she was much pleased with it. I have not yet procured her a governess. I have written to . . . about one besides

trying in Dublin. If I can't get a Protestant foreigner I intend to be satisfied with an Englishwowan who has lived abroad. I am going to write either to aunt Akers or Mary in a day or two. I have been so remiss that I have never yet written a congratulatory letter to Mrs. Crofton. I owe Warwick for a carpet which I purchased when at Maidstone. I have not received his bill. I owe Mr. Pout a small bill which I will pay at the same time. What a comfort it is to sit down! I often think of the strangeness of my being involved in such a life of bustle.

Believe me to be, my dear Margaret, with love to my aunt and cousins, and my uncle, whom I beg you will remind of his promise to bring you all next year,

Your most affectionate cousin,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

C. is looking very well ; everybody thought I had grown fat on my return, but fidgetting makes me thin.

MY DEAR AUNT,—I am delighted at the good account you give of your health, and trust that God in His goodness will preserve you in health and strength many many years longer I am sorry you did not attend the Reformation Meeting at Maidstone ; you could have gone to Chilston at any time, and you may not have another opportunity of attending a meeting of the kind : it is certainly delightful to see the distinguished of the land engaged in such a work. I feel very unwilling to believe in the spread of Popery in England. Surely the English have been too long enlightened,and have entertained too just a dread of the demon ofsuperstition to be taken in by a parcel of priests: I cannot believe it. I am glad you like Mr. Gordon; he is certainly a very clever and agreeable man. Does Uncle Warde like him? I think him a very zealous servant of God; and, although not

a pattern of christian meekness. I know it is His pleasure to employ instruments of various temperaments for different works. I have very little to tell Jane of Dr. Poole. He was here about a month ago, and in very good health. He promised to pay me another visit in a week, which he has not yet accomplished.

Mrs. —— is not so agreeable as she was. Matrimony has made her grow grave. . . . This would be a very dull life if it were anything but a passage to a better; the same hum-drum story from beginning to end.

Pray remember me to the Cobbes. I am much obliged to them for their kind recollection of me. It will give me great pleasure to see them again.

I shall be very happy to see Sir Henry and Lady Fitzherbert. It is so delightful to see a face from England. You may depend upon my paying them every attention in my power; and I shall thank you to tell them that I hope they will come here on their first arrival. I was very glad to see the Principal: he is looking very well, and I found him a remarkably unprejudiced person. He says that if he lived in Ireland he would support Bible Societies. I am sorry he stayed so short a time—only one day. My mother is quite grieved too about Mr. Chevalier's illness. I hope he is not in any danger. . . . I continue my Greek studies, and am very far advanced in Xenophon—I mean that I have read many pages of it. You know my passion for languages. I shall begin Latin soon, please God. It is necessary to moderate these studies, lest they take too strong a hold of the time and thoughts, and take the place of better things. Catherine is looking remarkably well, thank God; daily improving in her education. She is getting forward in Italian, and is a very fair French scholar. She will, of course, if she be spared, learn the dead languages.

I beg to be affectionately remembered to my uncle and cousins, and believe me to be, my dear aunt,

Your very affectionate niece,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

"The following letter was written to the widower of that aunt to whom she had so often poured out her inmost soul She had an instantaneous death from heart complaint at her niece's house in London while on a visit to her there."

Wilton Street, April 24th.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I felt very sorry to leave your hospitable dwelling and your afflicted circle, whom I hope it will please God to comfort with the best of all consolations. Whether in quitting or returning to Yalding Vicarage it is impossible for the mind not to dwell with sad regret upon the kind and gentle being who was always so glad to see us and so sorry to part from us. Dear aunt Warde! her memory will always dwell in my heart. Catherine and I occupied the room in which she died last night, and felt only tender sadness and not the least of that terror which at her age the character of death often inspires.

I was pleased to see so much strength of mind in one so young. We have often thought and spoken of the dear circle we left at Yalding, and many a prayer has been breathed that the conviction of the happy immortality my beloved aunt is enjoying will pour balm into the hearts of her afflicted family. Miss King wrote a very kind note to Anna making the most particular enquiries about your family. She called yesterday, so did Mr. Finch, Mr. Dillon, and Dr. Thorpe. I hope to hear good accounts of you all. We found Catherine, thank God, in excellent health, and looking remarkably well. My mother is very poorly. . . . It is observed that there are a great many people in mourning now.

I beg to be affectionately remembered to all my dear cousins, and believe me to be, my dear uncle, with many thanks for all your kind attentions,

Your very affectionate niece,

CATH. OSBORNE.

Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, June 7th.

MY DEAR SARAH,—Although your account of yourself upon the whole is a melancholy one, yet it gives me pleasure to find that you have returned to your usual employment. Next to the consolations of religion, I am sure that an effort to take an interest in some pursuit, is the best possible mode of learning to endure suffering; and certainly the goodness of God has bestowed upon us a vast number of delightful objects of pursuit. We are all here very busy about natural philosophy, and find the day too short for all we have to learn.

Our comfort is much impaired by anxiety on my mother's account; I consider her state of health very precarious; and I know not how soon it may please God to deprive us of her.

Dr. Arnot, however, does not seem to be alarmed; and it is my hope that God will spare her some time longer. My mind possesses a strong affinity for happiness; to choose the bright side is my natural bias. It is not a sort of dogged cheerfulness, but a susceptibility to every impression; and, as by the goodness of God, there is more in the world to delight than to grieve, a more frequent presence of pleasing than painful objects; if the mind be in a healthy state, its general feelings will be happy. There is the beauty of nature, and we have a great deal in the Regent's Park; it is quite as much the country as any gentleman's park, and the enjoyment is enhanced by the consciousness of being near to many sources of profitable entertainment. The Scientific Lec-

tures, three times a week, are I think worth being in London for; they will terminate in July. I am very much obliged to you all—to Jane in particular, who did so much for the bazaar. Your contributions were much admired, and I was desired by Mrs. Vansittart to present the thanks of the lady patronesses to you, for that magnificent contribution.

Do not, my dear Sarah, allow your thoughts to dwell on the distressing past. Think of your dear and excellent mother as a bright and happy spirit hovering around you, and delighting to see you engaged in pursuits whose tendency will be to improve you in an intellectual and spiritual sense. I am sure it would grieve her, if a happy spirit could grieve, to think that you were cherishing sorrowing recollections, unavailing regret, which speak a repining spirit.

The only circumstance to be regretted in our new abode is the distance not only from Mr. ——— but indeed from any good preacher, we are obliged to take a long hot walk every Sunday to hear Howels, who is magnificent. In the evening Anna and I went last Sunday to a large Church in Albany-street. The total ignorance of Scriptural truth, the miserable theology, struck her and me with surprise and sorrow, and he is a young man too. I rather suspect from the tone of his preaching that he must be a Socinian. This neighbourhood is very badly off for preachers. The only clergyman in this neighbourhood who preaches the grand Scriptural and Protestant doctrines of justification by faith is a very high Calvinist, and consequently I do not like to hear him. The other Churches are miserably supplied; that in Albany-street is an awful exhibition of the conduct of our bishops, who will not ordain such a man as Mr. H—— because he has not been at the University, whilst they will admit such an ignorant, nay, positively perjured individual, when the Articles of our Church are considered. As to the

man in Albany-street it is positively fearful. The Bishop of Norwich is the only one who gives the least promise of ordaining Mr. H——; the rest refused because he had not a University degree. The foolish men rather than give up their "ipse dixit" will leave a man like Mr. H—— emptying our churches instead of filling them as he would wish to do if they would let him. I am much obliged to Margaret for her kind wish to be with my mother; I wish she had come up with my uncle, I should have been delighted to see her, and perhaps the change of scene might have done her good. Notwithstanding all the profitable circumstances to the mind which a London residence affords, I shall be very happy to join your circle at Yalding, and although the absence of dear Aunt Warde will create such a blank, yet I shall see her in spirit and enjoy the society of you all. My dear cousins, believe me to be my very very dear Sarah,

Yours, and most affectionate,

C. Osborne.

Tell Jane how much I thank her for the frock she is working for Catherine.

Burlington House, July 14.

My dear Sarah,—Although you did not ask me to write soon, I conclude that you will not be sorry to hear from us, although I have nothing new to tell, and you accuse me of not being a very satisfactory letter writer. I have certainly not the pen of a ready writer; my fluency of pen bears no comparison with my fluency of speech. I have little to say except to express my regret for having left you all, and my thanks for Uncle Warde's kind attentions during our agreeable visit, and for all your kindness and attention.

I hope we shall see you, if only for a few hours, before we set out for Paris. We found Aunt Akers in tolerably

good health, for her, and everything goes on as smoothly as possible, and very pleasantly. Mr. ——, the Church Missionary Secretary, preached a sermon in the church yesterday afternoon.

I think him by no means a good preacher; his delivery is not good, nor do I think he has sufficiently popular talents for the situation he fills. He told us what I knew before, that this society was the sister and not the rival of the old society; the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel being for English colonists, and not for the heathen. The —— seem to think that our efforts should be confined to the colonists, and nothing done for the heathen. Had Gregory and others held this opinion, we English might still have been heathen. I confess the prejudice which still subsists among so large a body of the Church is a matter to me of the most intense surprise, more particularly as some bishops have joined the society, and that churches connected with our Establishment are formed wherever the missionaries of this society plant themselves. I wonder whether people wish that all missionary work should be done by the Wesleyans, the Independents, the Baptists, if they object to a Church Missionary Society.

I have had a great deal to say to Miss H——, and am convinced that she is just as rational as other people. She is very amiable and very generous, and in the best wisdom excels many of those who laugh at her; she appears truly pious. I confess myself surprised at the manner in which I have heard Mrs. —— describe her; I think her abilities on a par with the rest of the world.

Colonel Phipps and Mr. Pownoll were at the Church Missionary meeting; the Colonel dines here to-day. Mr. Pownoll made a most animated speech; I wish you could have heard him—his appeal was most earnest and powerful; his speech was worth all the others. I am happy to say Mr. —— is

not one of the secretaries of the society; I think him one of the dullest speakers I ever heard.

The heat was almost unbearable. I was pleased to learn by the report that Bidborough and Southborough last year sent £129 to the society.

Is it not a great deal for such a small place? There was a Mr. Hough, Chaplain to the East India Company, who spoke of a brother clergyman who went lately amongst the Syrian Christians mentioned by Buchannan; he found they had no printing press, and he wished to teach them to print, but he had never seen types cast, and he referred to an Encyclopædia; he read the detail to a goldsmith, who undertook to cast them, and the thing was done. Mr. Hough mentioned that there were twenty-five churches on the Madras station who had long been without European teachers; these were the descendants of churches planted by the good men whom the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel first sent out.

I began this letter yesterday, but was interrupted to go to Bayham Abbey. We passed several hours there. . . . The day was delightful, and we enjoyed it very much.

I have sate down three times to-day to write, and have been interrupted each time. First, to go to the meeting; next, to dress for dinner; and lastly, to go down to dinner, and presently I must get ready to walk. Lord —— is certainly going to be married.

&c., &c.

"Subsequently to her brother-in-law, Colonel Phipps."

Paris, September, 1833.

We have become acquainted with a very nice French family; the daughter is a very accomplished young lady, and extremely well brought up. We meet very frequently.

We have also formed an acquaintance with ——, whom it is probable you know. She and her sister are high religious professors, but they do not please me. They speak in such a die-away tone, and they are so harsh in their judgments. Speaking the other day of a lady who had had an accession of fortune, they blamed her for rejoicing in the idea of keeping a carriage. They said that her first thought ought to have been, "What can I do for God." Now, as I know they have a carriage themselves this censure is very unfair.

I greatly like Mr. Frederic Monod, whom we have heard at L'Oratorie.

"Lady Osborne had a particular objection to cant."

December 18, 1833.

My dear Margaret,—I am very much obliged to you all for the interest you express about my health. I really do think and hope, with humble gratitude to God, that my head is better. I have scarcely suffered at all these three days, although my head is in a kind of ticklish state, and I cannot bear the motion of a carriage or the air of a warm room, or stooping. Yet I have felt so much better since Sunday, and 'tis now Wednesday, that I have great hopes of recovery . . . I have given way to the complaint as little as I could; I mean, that I have continued my usual employments as much as possible.

I am extremely obliged to Uncle Warde for the trouble he has taken in selling my horses, 'twas much better to sell them than to keep them idle. Herz has dedicated a set of pieces to Catherine; the first opportunity I have I shall send them. I have taken two dozen, and they cost a serious sum, seven francs and a half a piece.

I have been much disappointed in the intention I had formed of seeing something of the society of the religious Protestants in France, my health not permitting me to join their parties, and I know that Protestantism has profited much by the last revolution. New chapels have been established, Bible and Missionary Societies flourish. In the time of Charles X. no new chapels were permitted. Louis Philippe is a good man, an excellent husband and father, and one who pays his debts, unlike Charles. I do not know whether you heard that a year after his dethronement, a priest, by the direction of the Archbishop of Paris, proclaimed King Henry V. in a church; I think it was the quartier du Luxembourg. The people indignantly destroyed the church, but spared the pictures, writing upon them in chalk, "respectez les beaux arts."

We have lately become acquainted with a very delightful person, Mrs. Steele, a very pious person, with charming manners. Mr. Lovett has a lecture in his house every Wednesday. I have been there but once, owing to my dread of hot rooms, but I hope, please God, to go next Wednesday. It is a lecture of a peculiar kind, every body is encouraged to ask questions and express their opinions on the points discussed in the chapter. Mr. Lovett is a very fine preacher, but his health is very bad, he spits blood.

We see nothing of the Sabbath breaking this metropolis is famous for, as our quarter is quite a Goshen. Between Catherine's masters and my head we have been but twice to the Louvre. It is, however, a great treat to visit the glorious gallery, 1,400 feet long, full of noble pictures. Anna is divided between oil painting and embroidery, even I try to embroider, but I do it infamously. Anna and Catherine extremely well. Jane's friend, Miss ——, lives in Paris. I am sure it must be she, she has taken lessons from Kalkbrenner on the piano, and is a celebrated performer. She is

the daughter of an Irish physician, and is very handsome. I am sure from the description it is Jane's friend.

I cannot sacrifice my oil painting, nor do I think my head would be the better for it if I did. You see Mrs. —— suffers, and she neither paints nor studies.

Dr. Arnott agrees with you in thinking my complaint nervous, but I have not believed it. Like you, he considers it of the same nature as the cough, but I do not think nervous medicines do me any good. The complaint came upon me in Brighton. We are here in very good air, and I cannot think the place disagrees with me. I think the disease, whatever it is, has been coming on for a long time. In London I always awoke with a headache, but as it went off in the course of the morning I did not mind it. The journey to Brighton seemed to fix it. I am better, and I hope to continue so. Believe me, my dear Margaret, with love to my uncle and cousins,

Your most affectionate,

CATH. OSBORNE.

It seems to me that we are more likely to meet here than if I had gone to Ireland.

"After this visit to Paris Lady Osborne proceeded to Geneva, where she formed a friendship with Monsieur and Madame de Sismondi."

"In a letter from Lady Osborne full of domestic details the following passage occurs which the Editor deems worth inserting on account of the present crisis of the Church" :—

I have bought a handsome horse for myself that I may ride with Catherine ; perhaps the relaxation may do me

good. It is impossible to be in this quarter without feeling stimulated to do good to the people. Mr. O'Callaghan works away although he receives no tithes, but he has a private fortune. For our part we pay all the tithes for the tenants. I wish the House of Lords had passed the bill prepared in 1833; it had no appropriation clause. The clergy might have been comfortable.

"Another passage in this letter speaks of the weight and responsibility of small and great cares being almost heavier than she was equal to.

Lady Osborne was thrown off an Irish jaunting car when she met with the accident referred to.

From this letter it may be concluded that subsequently such tenants as were granted leases paid the tithes, but in fixing the rents they were not considered, and in almost every case throughout Ireland the landlords only, paid the tithe rent charge after the Tithe Composition Act."

1836.

My dear Margaret,—I thank you for your kind enquiries after me. I have, thank God, experienced no ill effects from my accident, but my poor nose is far from well; the wounds on the bridge continue to throw up proud flesh, and Dr. Shiel to whom I shewed it yesterday says it must be touched frequently with caustic. I have a strong suspicion that Dr. Sloane who has hitherto been attending me, has not seen the necessity of this, and therefore I mean to have Shiel, but he won't come until I have first spoken to Dr. Sloane, for while I am waiting Dr. Shiel says that it will never heal until the proud flesh be removed. I fear I shall be marked but that is the worst that can happen to me. I had certainly a very great escape that I did not break my nose or put my eyes out, but I can't deny that I regret the marks.

I have been giving away blankets and flannel, and I am so tormented by groups of ragged poverty that my mornings are devoid of peace and comfort. We have had to pay £700 for tithes this year, a serious diminution of income. I wish the Lords had passed the bill proposed in 1833; it would have been a great relief to the landlords. My opinion is that they are very considerate to their tenants, the exception is where they are otherwise; but they are not rich, their property is always heavily mortgaged for the fortunes of younger children. Mr. Woodward is very anxious that the tithe system should be done away, and clergymen paid by Government. He says that he believes that tithes have been an obstacle to the spread of the reformation from the unkindly feeling engendered, and he thinks the present attitude into which clergymen are thrown in being called upon to prosecute is the worst thing in the world. He has determined rather to bear the loss. The reason why we have to pay so much is because the tenants have not leases. The house is not yet finished, the mechanism for hot water not having come home, but it is beginning to look well. The book cases in the hall are very handsome. I have been spending so much upon furniture that I tremble at the idea of the bills. That extorting fellow ——— still holds out. We are all indignant at his getting his demands, but I fear it will come to that or we must lose the Phipps' in the neighbourhood, and I have set my heart on their coming. We passed a few days not long ago at Mr. Congreve's. Mrs. C. is a delightful woman, and expresses a great affection for us. I think her friendship a valuable acquisition ; she is a truly estimable person ; there was a very large party staying in the house. We have a great many invitations to stay out, but Catherine hates leaving home except for a few hours. I am, however, determined before the Phipps come to spend a few weeks in Dublin. I have now actually sent for Dr. Shiel as Sloane

has never come. I conclude the same thing has occurred as that which happened when you were here. We believe that Mr. Archdall is to get some of the money so generously contributed by the English, although it is not usually bestowed on curates. The clergymen about this neighbourhood are not, I hope, in actual distress. Mr. Woodward only gets tithes from the Protestants, and as these tenants have leases they do not like us to pay for them. I cannot make out how he gets on as he does.

Mr. Rhoades, now the clergyman of Clonmel, is a delightful person, he came here quite disinclined to all that was going on in the religious way—the Church Missionary and Bible Societies. He has now become a zealous supporter, and the consequence has been a most astonishing improvement in Clonmel. He is married to a woman of fortune ; they are independent of tithes ; they have a nice glebe house, and the Protestants pay their share, but the R. C. nothing. I suppose you have heard of ———, the priest of ———. What a wonderful event! two thousand parishioners may be considered as having come over ; at all events they have adhered to a priest who has renounced all the errors of Popery. I shall not close this until after Dr. Shiel has been here in order to tell you what he thinks of my poor nose ; it cannot fail to be marked. I hope you will come over with uncle Warde and Ramsay, and pay us a long visit this year. Give my love to my uncle and cousins, and believe me, my dear Margaret,

Your most affectionate cousin,

C. Osborne.

"When Lady Osborne first thought on the subject of the National Board of Education, her views were as detailed in the following note, but she attended a great meeting at Exeter Hall against the system, and in listening to the argu-

ments brought forward, she made up her mind in favor of it; her taking action, as in this note, not being the result of deliberation, but impulse. She came to the conclusion that it was well children should learn to read, even though the Bible might be withheld in learning to do so."

1837.

My dear Margaret.—I am very glad that you happened to send for . . . as it gives me an opportunity of sending some papers for circulation both at Shooter's Hill and Yalding, indeed wherever they can be circulated; will you ask Mr. Baines for me, if he will have the kindness to sign the petition at Exeter Hall; Hatchard's, 187, Piccadilly, or Nisbet's, Berners-street, against Mr. Stanley's anti-biblical system of education; Mr. Stanley confessed in the House that if Protestants were unanimous it must be abandoned. I hope that Mr. B. and his eldest son will sign it, or if they cannot go to any of those places themselves, if they will authorize me, I will get it done for them.

Newtown Anner, September 26, 1838.

My dear Margaret.—We landed on Sunday morning at Waterford after a very rough passage, with Catherine and myself suffering much from sea sickness, very unusual with us; we found Mrs. Congreve delighted to see us, and very anxious to keep us longer with her; however, we returned here on Monday; we disappointed the people who had been waiting to receive us by arriving so late; the letter which was forwarded to us from Yalding, was from Lord Lansdowne, written under the impression that we should not leave England so soon. He expressed his regret at missing us. We find this place in great beauty, not a single trace of autumn, the foliage peculiarly rich and luxurious, and the school children having made most wonderful progress in every

branch of their education, and in neatness and cleanliness and in needlework; the house in great preservation, looking clean and bright as if just finished, in short all things most satisfactory.

On Tuesday we dined at Oaklands and found my mother very glad to see us, and better than when we left her. Anna and her babies in high health and spirits. Pownoll having got over all shyness, most amiable and affectionate, the dearest little fellow in the world; I gave him Sarah's kiss; he talks a great deal, and promises to love me very much.

There had been an impression that Lord Lansdowne was coming to us on the Monday, and James had the precaution to provide us with every kind of fish, neither he nor Colonel Phipps remained to see us, fancying that he might arrive before us, but Strother stayed to receive him alone, so you see how he has got over all shyness . . . Baron Pennefather called to day and expressed his approbation of my having gone out with Catherine. He said he had thought me wrong in letting her go to a Clonmel ball without me, and that had she gone out in London without me, a slur would have been cast on one or the other of us. Mr. ——— judges differently. He considers dancing a sin, and looking at it, countenancing sin. How is poor dear Richard? I am longing to receive some account of him. Dr. Arnott approves of Hastings as a residence. He highly praises Dr. Paris, but thinks it very material that Richard should comply with the advice of his physicians, and not take it upon himself to change his medicines because strong ones have been ordered. His complaint is a serious one, and cannot be removed without active remedies. He must not adopt the opinion of every old man and woman, but abide by his physician's prescriptions; change of system is destructive. I hope that uncle Warde will soon obtain assistance in his clerical duties, it must be very fatiguing to him to do so much alone.

Catherine is having her other picture, almost a profile framed to send to him.

I hope when we go to England again we shall see more of you; we are much beset by callers already. Pray give my love to my uncle and cousins, and believe me to be, my dear Margaret,

Your affectionate cousin,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—I am just enjoying an interval of repose after having had the house, as it often is, full of company. Lord and Lady Dunsany, and Miss Plunkett, Colonel and Mrs. Palliser, and their two eldest daughters left us this morning; they have been staying with us since Wednesday, and we have had a dinner party each day. Then we only returned from Derryluskan last Saturday, where we had been staying with the same party, and not long before that we had Lord and Lady and Miss Bloomfield. Mr. and Mrs. Christmas and Emily, Lady O'Brien, two of her sons, and two of her daughters, and Louisa Woodward, all staying in the house at the same time. Then we were staying at Lough-cooter, at Dromoland and at Tramore, so that I feel to have no rest for the soul of my foot, particularly . . . I am so tired of this sort of life that I sigh at the recollection of the repose we had at Geneva; however late we go to bed I am always up at 7 o'clock, that I may have some time to myself, as I get tired of doing company all day. You will perhaps wonder why I let the thing go on, but the fact is there are many people whom I know continually coming into the neighbourhood, and I feel bound to ask them. The Bloomfields are delightful people, they are very religious; Lord Bloomfield is quite devoted to schools and religious instruction.

Miss Bloomfield is one of the most fascinating persons I

have ever seen, and so very pious; she is going to be married immediately. Fancy what a change of life it must be to Lord Bloomfield, from the Court of George the Fourth, and from being ambassador to Sweden, to live in a wild part of Tipperary; it is not like this, which is certainly an excellent neighbourhood. Grace P. has grown up a very superior girl, sings like an Italian, and is very unaffected and totally free from vanity.

They are on their way to Loughcooter, Dunsanys and all. —— is a person whose mind is cast in an ordinary mould but she is very clever and shrewd; Miss —— is a particularly nice lady like person. —— is very gentlemanlike; and, if possible, more completely ruled by his wife than most men, even in these days of female supremacy. It is a curious fact that in the whole course of my acquaintance, I don't know a person who is not ruled by his wife. I have several more letters to write, and will therefore say good bye. Catherine unites with me in affectionate love to all—to yourself very much and cousins. We shall have the happiness I hope of finding you all in good health next year when we go to England; Catherine is to be presented next spring please God. Believe me to be, my dear Margaret,

Your affectionate cousin,

C. Osborne.

"The Grace mentioned in the following letter is Mrs. Fairholme, at whose house Lady Osborne paid her last visit, and to whom Lady O. was greatly attached; she is also the sister of the Major Palliser who has given his name to Artillery discoveries, and to the first wife of Lord Gough's eldest son, now Lord Gough, whose name was most strangely omitted in the notice of the veteran warrior in the *Times*."

"Another of her brothers is Mr. Palliser who wrote the

"*Solitary rambles of a hunter*," and who is an indefatigable traveller to the remote regions of the earth."

"The following letter is inserted because it is a remarkable fact that such a throng should have collected on the occasion mentioned, and still more that order should have reigned to such perfection. No people can be more delightful than the Irish when not misguided, or more ready to give unselfish sympathy."

Newtown Anner, July 12, 1839.

My dear Margaret,—I am afraid you will think me very remiss with regard to G., but I have at last sent her ten pounds a few days ago. I am afraid you will think me very hard-hearted, but I feel less for her than for any one in her circumstances. Such intense folly brought it on. She made her mother sell her insurance, which she was paying to secure G. an income; but G. came and disturbed her mother shortly before her death, and teazed her into getting and giving the money to her. She made her poor mother very unhappy. But what I principally feel is, that it is of no use to do anything for her; nothing can do her good. She is a bad subject, or she would not have made so disgusting a marriage.

We are very sorry to lose Ramsay. We could not persuade him to stay longer. We have not had time to show him half what we wished. He has seen the slate quarry, Cahir, and one of our mountain farms and Glen Abbey. Catherine was driving him to Kiltinane the other day, when one of her beautiful ponies fell and cut his knees. I assure you, we have done our best to do the honours of the country to him. Catherine's fête went off brilliantly. It was a very pretty sight, and began very early in the morning; peasant girls and lads dressed in white, with green ribbon and flowers

in their hair, dancing on the lawn. The behaviour of the people was admirable; not a drunken person to be seen. Nothing ever went off so well, and there were from twenty to thirty thousand persons present. I wish some of you had seen this fête. We are sorry it is over, and sorry that none of you saw it. Give my love to ———. How is poor dear Richard? I wish some of the cumberers of the earth had his illness instead.

Believe me to be, my dear Margaret,
Your most affect. cousin,
CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Nice, Saturday, March 21st, 1840.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—Ever since we left Lyons we have been revelling in beautiful scenery, and I have constantly wished for you to enjoy it with us. We had a fancy to go down the Rhine to Avignon, and as the steam-vessels have for some time been unable to ply in consequence of the shallowness of the river, we engaged a common boat to float us down the Rhine; seated in the carriage, we were sheltered from the wind and warmed by the sun, and the scenery is really enchanting. Rocks clothed with vineyards, now brown, but the rocks themselves browned with ruined castles, exhibiting every variety of form and colouring, the scene varying with every turn of the river.

As you approach Valence, the Alps—the glorious snow-clad Alps—become visible. We slept the first night at a rustic hotel, beautifully situated, close to a suspension bridge at Condrieu, where the second day's voyage is half completed. My comfort was totally destroyed by a conversation I had with one of the boatmen. I learnt that boats are frequently lost in that (here piece torn out); and I found out, moreover, that when the wind blows hard our bark became unmanageable, that is to say, when the oars were required to

take us out of the current to turn a corner and avoid a rock, the boatmen were obliged to call all hands to aid them, and violent tugs were constantly required to get us out of our difficulties. Sometimes the water was so shallow, that we could with difficulty escape running aground; sometimes so deep and rapid, that we were dancing on waves. I became frightened, and glad I was when Valence, where we were to sleep, appeared glittering in the sunset, with the dark view of Alps in the background.

We landed and slept at a very comfortable little hotel, where we supped as usual in our bedroom; the weather was more stormy and the river more alarming; we constantly passed stranded boats. Sometimes there was a line of barges drawn up by horses, and it was a nice matter to avoid them. The wind driving us against them, once we struck against a rock; we had seen what was coming, and could not tell what might be the result; however, the boat stood the shock without breaking, but my terror was indescribable when I saw how ungovernable it was. The Rhone is so unlike the Medway; at last we were driven upon a rock; the men moored the boat, and went to look for deep water, and we were like Robinson Crusoe upon a desert island, for an hour and a half still in the boat. At length our men returned, bringing three additional boatmen. They pulled the boat over to the other side; we were again in the current and in deep water, and dancing upon waves. "It was here," said one of the boatmen coolly, "that the steamer struck; it was a deep perpendicular rock." This was not the kind of intelligence calculated to calm my mind. Catherine enjoyed the excitement, though even she was sometimes alarmed. They promised to land us at Bourg, the first village we could gain. Never did time seem to move so slowly. At length we approached the brown village, with its large ancient convent. We landed, and went to a

poor inn; Catherine was so bewitched with the boat, that she still wished to go on the next day. With a beating heart and fervent prayer I was walking down to the river with the rest of our party, and she persisting that there was no danger, when we met one of the boatmen, who told us that the wind had risen so much, it would not be safe for us to go. I felt more thankful to God than I can express for this information. The carriage was disembarked, post-horses were sent for, the village of course affording none, and in three hours we were rattling away to Avignon. Every time I caught sight of my enemy, the Rhone, I felt renewed thankfulness.

On our arrival at Avignon, the mistress of the hotel said that a great alarm had been felt about us; a week ago a boat struck against a bridge, one gentlemen was cut in two by the oar, and another drowned. We were glad to be restored to the comfort of a sitting-room and a delightful bedroom, and we stayed Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday at Avignon. We were much interested in visiting the ancient palace of the Popes and the direful remnants of the Inquisition; a priest in his robes was visiting it at the same time with us. In it was the tower in which that horrid tribunal burnt their prisoners, and the instruments of torture. We drove to Vaucluse, an enchanting spot, with its (torn); rocks, bright scenery, fountains, and recollections of Petrarca—it is indeed a spot for a poet. There is at Avignon, as at Lyons, a museum, with some good pictures, a museum of natural history, a public library, extensive public walks, with seats for the enjoyment of the people. We left Avignon for Nice last Wednesday, and drove through delicious scenery, varying in character each day, the olive tree improving in size and luxuriance until we reached Nice. From Frejus the scenery began to be sublime, in character like the Jura—how much I wished for you! I will not weary you by de-

scriptions, always dull, but I acknowledge that my enjoyment was not unmingled with fear. I cannot get over my apprehension of precipices; and I think you would be alarmed with four horses on a road without the slightest parapet, nor would the glorious beauty of the scenery render you unmindful of the sense of danger. The drive from Antibes to Nice is loveliness embodied, through olive and orange trees, a plain bounded by the sunny Alps, and the blue—the clear light blue—classical Mediterranean, sometimes on your right, sometimes on your left, and *no* precipices—it was unmixed enjoyment. We are here in a comfortable hotel, no small pleasure to us, who have often slept at very bad ones, cold tiled rooms, without one bit of carpet even by the bed; this when we have either gone beyond or stopped short of the usual visiting places; and in spite of the bright sunshine and clear blue sky, we should have been very cold, had we not provided ourselves with fur chancellieres for the feet.

On Thursday night we slept at a little inn on the top of a mountain. Our room was very large; we could not shut the door from the smoke. It was a wild retired spot, and alarming thoughts crossed my mind. Men were passing before the door with lights in the middle of the night, but a little reflection told me there was no danger. On Tuesday, please God, we set out for Genoa, and there will be three days of terror for me; precipices, with the Mediterranean rising under them, and no barrier, and sometimes torrents rush from the mountains. I am tortured with alarm beforehand.

They give us here excellent green peas for dinner, and oranges with their stalks. Nice is a beauteous place. Our friend Mr. Hartley is the clergyman here; he is a very clever agreeable man. He says it was by going to war Mr. Pitt made Napoleon. He quite agrees with me as to the folly and sinfulness of the war on the part of Great Britain. Had

we had an Elizabeth or a Burleigh, instead of George III. and Mr. Pitt, England would not have been groaning under her national debt, and what good have we got by the war? What good have we done by it? Napoleon perished at St. Helena, instead of dying in France; the British name sullied by her ungenerous conduct to a fallen foe.

What had we to do with the choice of a sovereign? It was no business of ours; and I can't see we did any other good by it except to load ourselves with debt to a large amount. The only result of the war was Louis the Eighteenth's short reign and Charles the Tenth. You speak of George the Third as a Christian. Now, could a Christian undertake an offensive war? Scarcely. But, as I converse with people of other countries, I am more and more convinced that though no good has been done to any by the war, that England has suffered more than any other permanently, because she has debt. I am afraid you will designate all this as sad heresy, but many wiser than I agree with me. I am sorry to hear that Uncle Warde has not recovered his strength. You should make him drive out in the carriage; gentle exercise in the open air, and perhaps change of air to another place, might do him good. I hope Ramsay is well. I love Ramsay better than ever. I often wish I could show him the singular mode of culture in France. In this rich soil the little patches of different crops, intersected by olive and orange trees, make the country look like a garden. To-day, Mr. Hartley, Catherine, and I, were walking up a very high hill, to look at this beautiful bay, and the delightful view, when the sky, so blue, with one single exception, every day since we came to France, suddenly became overclouded. Mr. Hartley pointed out to us a phenomenon which he had never seen before, though it is not uncommon in the Mediterranean, two water-spouts. They looked like two immense columns, reaching from the sky to the sea, and the

sea seemed to rise to meet it. Mr. Hartley says it would sink a ship, and that ships fire a cannon at them to disperse them.

I am very glad to hear that Caroline is at last made happy in a child, and a little girl too. I am sorry to hear that poor dear Richard is suffering from the east winds. Pray direct to me very distinctly, Poste Restante, Roma, to which place I pray God in His goodness may bring us safe. My horror of precipices amounts to something like loss of reason; it is too dreadful to think of it and the torrents. Let me hear how Uncle Warde and dear Richard are. Believe me to be, with much love to you all,

Yours most affectionately,

C. OSBORNE.

Catherine sends her love; she does not write, because I have told you all; she is looking very well and in high spirits.

Bagni Caldi, Bagni di Lucca, June 21, 1840.

MY DEAR ANNA.—Notwithstanding our having the coolest situation at the Baths—a drawing-room on which the sun never shines, and tiled floors, and great ventilation—sometimes strong enough to blow down a chair—I am beginning I say, nothwithstanding all this, to find the heat excessive, to-day especially. Church has knocked me up. We have, thank God, cool mornings, cool evenings, and cool nights, and we sleep with our windows open. The country about is very beautiful, we are living amongst mountains, but this is the best we have to boast of. The society is second rate, though there are some clever agreeable people; the gentlemen sketch, and some of them remarkably well; there is a good natured one who lent me a drawing of the Bagni Caldi, much smaller

and neater than I could do from nature, that I will copy and send to you.

You have heard from Catherine how busy I have been about Italian. I had rather neglected the language for company, but as I once knew it I soon recovered it, and now speak it very fluently. There is a difficulty in getting opportunities of practice. The society here is entirely English, and will be until the Duke comes.

I made out a few of the Italian nobility at the Bagni Caldi and took a bold step for their acquaintance. The first lady I saw is old, toothless, and inarticulate.

The Signora Spada was ill, but she sent her son to call on me—a tall pale middle aged gentleman—very studious, and with a highly cultivated mind; I enjoyed his conversation very much. The third lady is lively and chatty, but not clever. They are coming to us to-morrow night, when we are to have a very large party, but with all the windows open we hope not to find it hot.

At Florence even the nights are hot, but here they are always cool. My cowardice makes me feel uncomfortable even in riding the little ponies of the country, and the languor of the climate makes me dislike walking, even in the evenings. "Portantini" is the only mode of conveyance that suits me now, except a carriage.

I wish Catherine's ponies were come. I think after those scorching days a drive would be so refreshing. The object of rivalry here amongst the three districts of which this place is composed is, who has the coolest situation.

We live high up on a mountain, and the church is at the foot of another mountain, so we have to go up and down both going and returning, it is an awful undertaking.

There is a large family in this house, they have the apartments overhead, for a wonder they are males, the eldest only eighteen—the youngest fourteen; this little boy

sings like a woman and very beautifully; they are coming to us to-morrow evening, and will be a help to the heaviness of the party. Catherine has revealed to Louisa the sad fact that the single gentlemen of this place are all doctors of physic, and yet don't hear of anybody being ill.

I made an awkward acquaintance the other day of one who has caused herself to be spoken of, and whom nobody visits. I had gone in the heat to see a procession of the Festa d'Iddio; on my return I thought I would call on a certain French countess of the name of ———.

The Italian chairman took me to an English lady of the name of ———. I told her I had called by mistake, but the next day she returned my visit. Mrs. Stisted who is here every summer, and is a kind of mistress of the ceremonies or queen of the place, who lives a mile and a-half off, drove up to tell me what a blunder I had committed; luckily I had given the couple no invitation, being disgusted with the vulgarity of the husband. This will be a lesson of caution.

The tea parties here remind one of an English country town; we have, however, one lion—Sir George Back, the traveller, and he is coming to us to-morrow evening. We have a German here, a clever man, and an artist; I spoke a little German to him in the evening. We have some fine dressy ladies, and now some very good clergymen. We have a very nice, clever, agreeable man, a friend of the Archbishop's, with a very nice wife.

We have just returned from a delightful walk, certainly the Italian nights are delicious; so soft and bright, and thousands of fire flies dancing about from branch to branch; you know how much one thinks of a few glow worms in England; well, we have the glow worm here, but we have also every sprig illuminated with the beautiful firefly. I think it fair also to state, although I did complain of the heat, that when we stay quietly in this house, we suffer no incon-

venience. We are far better off than people are in England when hot weather does come, from being better prepared, and we have such beautiful shaded walks about us, that we have almost always a retreat, at almost any hour of the day; and the view from the balcony—which runs the whole length of the house—is delightful.

Will you be so good as to tell colonel Phipps that the reason I did not get maps for the Bonmahon school, is because they are always given to the trained masters, and I thought mine would have got them by Patrick's day, but if the Board has changed its plan, of course they must be got. Catherine and I will pay for them; but they have hitherto always been given on a master leaving the Board after being trained, that is the way I got them for Glenpatrick. I paid for Newtown maps because Jameson did not go to the Board, but I got them gratis for Glenpatrick, because Mahony did.

I do not know that I have anything interesting to say about the people here, the usual predominance of the female sex; there are plenty of moustachioed beings here; sad frequenters of the gambling house. That detestable nuisance is to be found in this beautiful spot, as it is at Baden.

The poor people are gentle, civil, honest, and though very poor, are always neatly dressed, no rags; rags seem to be confined to poor dear Ireland. When I get back to Ireland and have no housekeeping, I hope I shall be able to do something substantially good for the poor.

You must not fancy that we are here for ever, or for amusement; we are here because it is the coolest and the healthiest spot in all Italy to pass a summer, and we stay to avoid twice crossing the Alps, as we are to winter in Rome and Naples. We shall not at Naples have the same honest peasantry we have here; we shall not have the security against robbers.

Though the Duke of Lucca is the sovereign of a very little state, he is the grandson of the King of Spain, and he is married to a daughter of the Emperor of Austria. He is a great encourager of learning, and fond of reading the Bible. He is even making a translation himself.

Tuesday Morning.

Our party last night went off extremely well. I was as good as gold, not devoting myself to any one particular person, but seeing that no one was neglected, and making proper introductions to all; and the room was deliciously cool, and so well lighted as to look well.

Mrs. Harman wants to introduce us to a Mrs. Hare, a sort of rival queen of Mrs. Stisteds', and who is said to be more select in her society, but Catherine laughs at the idea of the patroness of a Lucca Almacks; and we shall choose our own society upon different principles from those by which Mrs. Hare is guided in the selection of hers.

You ask me how I like the total change. My spirits are generally low, and I feel my separation from you all very much. As I advance in life I find the society of strangers less capable of making me amends for the want of those I love. I should like you to have a little girl. I wish to increase the sphere of my own interests as I grow old. The expansion of the affections is always good. I think you would rather like this place. But speaking of my mourning after you all, there is a dear little boy in the house, five years old, that reminds me of my precious Pownoll.

I am quite vexed to find by your letter that Dunlop's dawdling has so long delayed the servants, if they are to wait a month, their coming at all is useless. We cannot

use our chariot up this steep hill; and we are without a carriage.—Ever, my dearest Anna,

Your most affectionate sister,

C. OSBORNE.

Love to Colonel Phipps, Miss Smith, Louisa, and my precious nephews.

"The above letter is an admirable picture of the Baths of Lucca, as they were then. The house Lady Osborne occupied commanded such a lovely view that the Grand Duke afterwards made it a residence for himself.

Lady Osborne was greatly pleased with the knowledge that her acquaintance, Signor Spada, possessed in his palace at Rome the identical statue, 'at the base of which Great Cæsar fell.' This seemed to confer upon himself, in her eyes, a sort of classical interest."—

Naples, 14 January, 1841.

MY DEAR ANNA,—Suppose yourself seated in our drawing-room, at the window, as I am now, and you have the very view which I am looking at, the vignette of which I send you at the head of this letter. The view is just what it would have been if taken from this drawingroom, and that awful crossing which you see I must cross every day to get to the garden. The walk there is very gay and agreeable, full of one's acquaintances; it is about a mile long, perhaps more. We have no private garden attached to this house, but a very wide and long terrace, formed by the flat roof, for the roofs are all flat here. This terrace forms a very dry, sunny, agreeable promenade, with a lovely view, and as we have not the morning sun on our rooms I walk there with a

book, to bask in his beams, instead of sitting over the fire. Until within these few days the climate of Naples has disappointed me. The first fortnight we had a great deal of cold, disagreeable weather, and although when it was fine the sun was much brighter and hotter than it ever is at this season in Great Britain, I did not think that the Neapolitans had any reason for being so conceited about their climate.

We live in a whirl of gaiety. I cannot help being amused by the variety of persons and characters one meets with, but I feel this way of life utterly unsatisfactory, and leading to nothing good.

We never have an evening at home; generally two balls in the week; every Monday night there is a magnificent ball given by the prime nobility of Naples to the English. No Neapolitan can go who does not boast of at least four quarterings, but usually invite all the English, whom our Ambassador, Mr. Temple (Lord Palmerston's brother), recommends. The rooms are very handsome and most brilliantly lighted, and the company very brilliant.

Nothing can exceed the luxury and beauty of the ladies dresses, the Neapolitan ladies I mean. They are very rich in jewels, and they do not like to wear the same dress twice. The king, queen, and royal family go. The Prince of Salerno, the king's uncle, is just the same kind of good-natured man as our Duke of Cambridge; he always comes up and speaks to me with great civility. We have a very large acquaintance; we give dinners, and an evening party afterwards. The restaurateur sends them to us in charcoal, and we have our ovens heated, so that I never knew dinners so hot. When we are quite by ourselves our dinner costs ten shillings a day for ourselves and five servants, and we have no cooks' wages nor kitchen fire.

When we have a dinner party it costs between two and

three pounds. We dine out about twice a week, and we know a vast number of princes, marcheses, counts, &c.

You know I never was very clever at recollecting faces, and am besides rather absent, so that I often mistake one person for another. At the academy the other night I apologized to a gentleman for not having invited him to our last party, who had actually been at it. I had mistaken him for somebody else.

There is a very gentlemanlike prince ——— who gets his clothes from Stultz and affects to be English and melancholy, rides English horses, and is proud and reserved as the English are supposed to be; he speaks French beautifully—indeed all the gentlemen like better to speak French than Italian.

You enquire about the lower classes here; they do live on Macaroni almost entirely; it is about a penny farthing of our money a pound; it is boiled for them in the streets, and they often eat it there. They also eat Pumpkins, and a very little meat; provisions here are cheap, meat about three pence half-penny a pound, so you see our restaurateur need not lose, but his dinners are excellent; he is nephew of the famous Ude. We have been a second time to Pompeii, I should like to go twenty times; you can imagine nothing more interesting.

I don't know whether I described it before. You do not go underground. This 2,000-year-old town is on a level with you.

You enter the street of Sepulchres—every tomb perfect—the inscription as legible as if just cut—the track of the chariot wheels on the pavement just as it was before the celebrated eruption; the names over the doors of the houses in the streets have been transferred to the museum, as well as the bread on which you discern the baker's name, and you may see his house and his oven. There is the large unfinished hall for the courts of justice, with the huge columns. The

public baths still contain the vaulted roof, and the forum, and the amphitheatre. The theatres with their seats, and the temples—I feel my enthusiasm kindle as I write. No, there is nothing in the whole world so interesting as Pompeii, how I do wish you could see it! I would give fifty pounds to go with you there. Of all the interesting objects, perhaps, the forum and the view from the temple of Jupiter, looking upon Vesuvius, is the most striking.

There are some very agreeable people here amongst the English, people of refinement and agreeability. Lord Sligo's family are agreeable; Lord Altamont, the eldest son, has been absent in Malta, and is just returned; he is lively and good-humored. Our most intimate acquaintances are the Lockwoods—they are very nice people indeed; Mr. Hare is wonderfully clever.

I am much obliged to Colonel Phipps for the interest he takes in the schools; pray let the windows be mended—if nobody else pays for them I will. It is more than time for the Board to send a new set of books for Newtown school; *they do every four years.* Don't you think that the children paying for their books makes them take care of them.

I shall like to receive darling Pownoll's letter. Give my love to all your circle, Colonel P., Miss Smith, Louisa, and the Smiths, to whom I will write soon. Believe me, my dearest Anna, yours most affectionately,

C. OSBORNE.

"It is a matter of keen regret to the Editor that the letter to Monsieur de Sismondi, at the end of that addressed to his wife, should be the solitary one she possesses of those written to people of world-wide celebrity. After his death it was returned, labelled, in his handwriting as follows":—

"Chênes, 9 Janvier, 1842.

"LADY OSBORNE."

Vienna, January 9th, 1842.

My dear Madame de Sismondi,—I had the pleasure of receiving your kind and flattering letter on our arrival at Vienna, about a fortnight ago. I thank you a thousand times over for your kind and affectionate feelings towards me; it is more than I deserve, and more than gratifying to be remembered with regret and affection by such individuals—by friends of such a stamp as you and Monsieur de Sismondi. The picture you give of Geneva now is very distressing; how different from the prosperous and happy town it was when I knew it. I am grieved too for the effect its deterioration has had upon dear Monsieur de Sismondi. I cannot bear to think of him in the debilitated state of his health, suffering under the depression occasioned by the misconduct of his fellow-citizens; but it must have been a great comfort to him that his pamphlet was able to still the tumult of perturbed spirits, to arrest the tide of popular fermentation; and I trust the good effects will be permanent, and that matters will be getting better instead of worse. It is a sad thing that the spirit of radicalism, of revolution, should have spread in a place where the Government was so mild and paternal. As far as I am able to judge it seems a pity that it was necessary to yield to popular clamour, where it can he successfully resisted. I am sure it is time to resist; for when once the people find out that they get their way by clamour and threats, there is no end to their demands. A German, with whom I am acquainted, happened to be near London when there was some great tumultuous assemblage, perhaps of a hundred thousand people; well, they were dispersed by the sound or the sight of a single regiment. It appears to me that a government should never show fear. I can understand the wish to avoid bloodshed, but perhaps bloodshed would not have been in this case

necessary; a mob are easily frightened. It seems to me that if we admit the principle that numbers must carry the day, and that they have nothing to do but show their teeth, there will be no end to their demands. They may claim the property and even the lives of their superiors; but let them have to *fight* for it, to fight in a bad cause, even though they be many against a few, still they will be less willing to hazard the attempt. When the lower class come to fight against the upper, and against the laws of their country, their nerves are soon unstrung; perhaps they would not strike a blow.

I dislike Vienna excessively; it is a cold dismal-looking place. The roads about it execrable; the very Prater, in which carriages are supposed to drive, but in this season they never do. Even there the roads are full of ruts and out of repair; the ground is everywhere covered with snow, and the sun never shines; then, instead of our bright fires, the nasty dull German stoves. We passed a most melancholy Christmas, without a friend or a fire. On New Year's day we went to Prince Metternich's reception, but it is of no use, for his soirées are every Sunday; and though much less strict than when I had the happiness of passing that delightful winter at Geneva, since we now go to balls and plays, yet we do not go to parties on the Sunday. Really, I think it is a privilege to be sure of spending one quiet day in seven at home, and it is at least a characteristic mark of our Church and country that we are not Sabbath breakers.

I do not mean to censure those who view the Sabbath in a different light, but still their views have at least the merit of being English, and that has its value with me now I have been so long abroad.

Vienna society is said to be very inacessible, but we have hitherto had no cause to complain; considering what strangers we are, we get on pretty well. We have an invitation to the Sardinian ambassador's every Thursday, and to a

Madame Tegoborska every Friday, besides a general invitation to the Belgian and the Prussian ambassadors. We were at a very gay party on Friday at the ambassador's from Holland, and we have dined with our own, besides two or three quiet soirées. So much for quantity; now for the quality of society.

Vienna parties are very stiff. All the ladies sit in the middle of the room and chat together, calling one another by their Christian names, which is here the fashion, and the gentlemen stand round the room and talk to one another, but they never converse with the ladies. It is not etiquette to do more than to find out the state of a lady's health, and then to fall back again into the magic circle.

One who ought to know it well thus describes Vienna society. The Princess Esterhazy said the other night, that "at Vienna the toilette occupied the place of politics, literature, love, and religion; the politics relate to the marchandes de modes, all the love is for a coiffure, and all the jealousy for the toilette." Certainly the result is beautiful, for the ladies are exquisitely dressed, but in the morning the town is very dismal. The climate is bad; the want of a public drive, and the general inferiority of the carriages to those in London and Paris; but what is to me hateful, is the want of fires. My mouth waters at the thoughts of a blazing fire; and I remember how brightly the sun used to shine at Geneva—he never shines here. Vienna is foggy, like London, without the supereminent advantage of our own glorious capital. I fancy in this place literary society is never met with, never thought of; the literary men are a class apart, and are not expected to mix with "la societé." I am disappointed at not having an opportunity of hearing Prince Metternich talk, as he has an European reputation. I wished to see something of him; he was good enough to

ask a countrywoman of ours why we did not go last Sunday, and when he heard the reason, told her to seduce us, but he never proposed our coming some other evening, and of course we can't go without his doing so.

I forget whether I told you how kind people were to us at Munich, particularly the Sardinian minister, his mother and wife, the Pallavicinis; they are a superior family in every sense of the word, their minds highly cultivated. We had a general invitation to go there, and we profited by it most evenings, for they were really kind friends. We liked our own minister, Lord and Lady Erskine, extremely; they were very kind to us, and took a great fancy to Catherine. Our ambassador here is quite as civil and more so than we have a right to expect; but he is a cold formal Scotchman, and I am sure will never like me. I think he will be surprised every time I open my mouth at meeting a person who ventures to speak without a previous adjustment of feeling and expressions, thoughts and sentiments, according to the rules of etiquette. I may be mistaken, but I think that is his feeling. I feel depressed when I think of the sad change in your cheerful and happy little circle, such as it was when you were all life and gladness, so kind, so amiable, and hospitable, and making every body about you feel so much at their ease, and so happy; and dear Mr. Sismondi walking about and speaking so kindly to everyone; dropping the treasures of his mind in rich profusion through the animated circle. Yes, that was society; that was real enjoyment and gaiety; how unlike the stiff, cold, heartless finery of this sad capital. In spite of your description I shall hope to find some germs of former brightness when we have the happiness to go again.

God bless you, dear Madame de Sismondi, and send you brighter and happier days. I hope you will be so very kind

as to let me hear of you sometimes, for I have set my heart on seeing you in the summer.

Believe me to be ever most truly and affectionately yours,

C. OSBORNE.

I am going to write to Monsieur de Sismondi.

MY DEAR MONSIEUR DE SISMONDI,—Madame de Sismondi's interesting account of the sad doings at Geneva gave me great pain, particularly on your account, as I can see how deeply it distresses you. It is, however, refreshing in an age when public men are generally party men, to meet a real patriot like you, one who feels so unselfishly and so generously for the honour and dishonour of his country. I trust, however, that it will please God to disperse the clouds which have lately hung over the moral atmosphere of your beautiful Geneva, and that you will have the happiness of seeing all bright again.

I join with you in lamenting the party which has risen up in our Church, which seems to be stripping the Reformation of all its glory, and bringing back Popery in essence if not in name. I had an opportunity of a close acquaintance with Popery in Italy, and it certainly did not rise in my esteem. What a wonderful system of worldly wisdom it is, for it possesses the singular faculty of weaving a mesh round all who have once been received into its pale, a mesh from which they either cannot or will not break loose; for those who disbelieve the doctrines of the Church of Rome and despise her tricks, are just as obedient to her decrees as the most superstitious votary. To effect this, what a curious web of worldly policy she has woven round the domestic and family ties, as if religion were a question of hereditary descent, and not a matter of vital truth.

It gives me great pleasure that you and the Whately's

have become friends; it is, as you say, a fresh tie between us, but I hope we need none. I have ever thought, felt, and spoken of you with a warmth of regard, esteem, and veneration, which I shall retain as long as I live; and I hope and trust that in this world, as well as in the eternal immortal system, that my friendship with you and Madame de Sismondi will ever continue. That you have honoured me with yours, has always been one of my proudest boasts; and I hope that I shall always have the happiness to preserve it. I pray God to send you better health and a renewal of your former cheerfulness, and I trust before long that we shall have a happy meeting.

Believe me to be,

My dear Monsieur de Sismondi,

Yours very affectionately,

C. OSBORNE.

"Lady Osborne in speaking of the observance of Sunday as an English one, did not mean to put it on so low a ground, but on one that would weigh with the reader."

Mount Congreve, 6th January.

MY DEAR SARAH.—Though it is late to send a new year's gift, I beg you to consider as such, the little collar I enclose herewith.

Some days ago my friend Mrs. Hill sent me a review of the Archbishop of Dublin's work, and asked me what I thought of it; I returned for answer, that it was very clever and very spiteful—that it contained some truth, which could only serve to render the malignity more mischievous. I had a letter to say that it was written by himself. This shows what a wonderful man he is to write such a very severe critique upon himself; it winds up with the remark that when the Archbishop dies his greatest admirer will be shut up in his

coffin, and that his writings will soon follow. Catherine and I have been staying here since Tuesday, and we were to go home the next Monday, but Mrs. Congreve begged so hard that we should stay here to meet Lady Sophia Macnamara, that Catherine has consented to stay till Wednesday.

I hear the luncheon bell ring and so must say good bye. The children had a Christmas tree, not a grand affair as usual, but a small one which they dressed themselves. There were only the poor about the place present, and the children presented to all the labourers flannel jackets for working in, and two pairs of warm worsted stockings, and two shirts to each, which makes them very comfortable.

There was a sturdy little child of four or five years old. I asked him how old he was, and he said "about twenty years old." Jane Congreve has just come to call me down.

It is a lovely spring day, and I have had a long walk. Love to all with you, ever, my dear Sarah,

Your affectionate cousin,

CATH. OSBORNE.

This collar has been done by a poor lady who works for subsistence.

Admiralty, May 20th.

MY DEAR ANNA.—The letter you sent me from ——— was indeed most touching, and I return it thinking you might like to keep it. I pity her less for the loss of her child than for the loss of her strong-minded brother, who was always such a kind and affectionate brother to her. You remember his travelling night and day to comfort her in her widowhood.

I think the composure with which ——— faced death was wonderful, as he had never given evidence of being religious, although I believe after all the care he had always

shown in subduing temper, is an unmistakeable evidence of strong religious principles. I remember asking good Mr. ——— whether he had mastered temper. His reply was "I should have a very poor account to give of my religion, if it did not teach me to subdue my temper." I think there must have existed a principle of religion in his mind, or ——— could not have conquered his temper; he was, besides, attentive to the observances of religion. He attended church regularly and read prayers himself in his family every day.

I go out very little. Lord Lansdowne asked me last Saturday to a full dressed party; I thought it kind to ask an old woman like me, but Catherine was too tired to go, after the drawingroom, which had been crowded and fatiguing, and I did not like to go to Lansdowne House alone, thinking it would look ridiculous to march through those splendid rooms a stranger. We give but few dinners, however the Osbornes give one to-day. We ought to go to a party at an Official's, but I don't think we shall go, after our own dinner—in short, Catherine, between indolence and disinclination, very often stays at home.

I have been prevented, by circumstances, from seeing Ramsay, and you know that he can only drive out on Saturday. Next Saturday we have a party at home, but the Saturday after I mean to have him to meet me at the Crystal Palace, and we can sleep at the hotel close by, and go to the Crystal Palace and Sydenham Church on Sunday.

We went after our company left us to Mr. James Wilson, and found the friends who had left us assembled there. I forgot to say Mr. Delane, who was at our dinner party, was not there, he is very agreeable, in spite of his abusing the ministry. He is the editor of the *Times*, and the author of the attacks.

We are expecting to be turned out. I am learning to be

resigned, but Catherine dreads to lose her beautiful house more than anything else.

Give my love to Colonel Phipps and Henrietta.

Ever, my dear Anna,

Your affectionate sister,

CATH. OSBORNE.

You cannot think how lovely the Crystal Palace is. There is a stream of warm water in it bearing red and blue water-lilies. The flowers are most exquisite.

LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.

LETTERS TO HER DAUGHTER.

"The Blue Book remains as witness to the very lucid and convincing nature of the evidence Lady Osborne gave before a Committee of the House of Lords on the subject of National Education, which, at the time, was much applauded. The following letter being written when the evidence was given, this letter is inserted as the first of those to her daughter."

Nerot's Hotel, Clifford-street, Friday, about 1837.

My dearest Catherine.—What with the tide and the pigs I could not get off from Clifton until nearly 5 o'clock on Wednesday. We reached Marlborough and its beautiful hotel that night. I was struck more than ever with the wonderful richness, order, and neatness of England; every house, every cottage, looked as if it had been arranged for show, and through the open doors the cleanness of the floors struck an eye so much used to the filth of our poor Irish cabins. The pleasure of the bright fair scene was poisoned by the thought of poor dear Ireland being so much in the back ground. When you come of age I mean to lay out a large portion of my income on the improvement of your cottages; one must not attempt too much; cleanliness and neatness should be effected before picturesque beauty is thought of.

The simplest cottage is pretty when covered with roses. I do not think architectural beauty is required. The good Archbishop called twice yesterday before I arrived; I have not yet seen him. It is very early, but I am to dine with Mrs. Whately to-morrow. I came through Windsor forest, it was in great beauty, really worth coming to England to see. How much I wished for you, especially when we stopped by George the Third's statue, at the end of the long drive, where you have such a magnificent view of the Castle; it was delicious, and I never saw anything so glorious as the forest—the weather most lovely. I don't know how the Archbishop found out which of the hotels in this street I was going to, for I did not know myself until I saw the name. I then recollected, there are three. I had previously tried to find out Madame Devy, and did not succeed, but I sent Hacket there this morning. A box of goods was sent to me; I bought a bonnet, cap, and a black cloak, but I feel tempted to change the latter—which cost six guineas—for one double the price, because the one I have got is trimmed with mock lace, though Madame Devy says it is quite proper; however, it is better to get a good thing. My bonnet is grey, she is not pleased with me for declining to wear feathers. I have nothing to tell you about my movements. I wonder when his Grace will call, because I am in such suspense what to do. I did not get to town early, although I left Marlborough at 7 o'clock, and I had already breakfasted.

The weather was very hot, and the drivers did not wish to press their horses. I suppose I am vainer than ever, for I feel my insignificance even more than I used; I mean I feel more uncomfortable about it, perhaps I feel smaller from being without you. Tell Louisa that my Bible is quite well and very comfortable; I have already read a chapter in Hebrews and shall go on with it till I have something more to tell you. Pray write a line for me to Mrs. Palliser, and tell her I had

not time to write before I left home; I should like her to know that I am gone. Lord Gort is expected at this hotel. When I had got so far, in comes that saucy fellow ———. "So you are to be examined before the House of Lords, he, he, he! ha, ha, ha!" He did not stay long before the Archbishop of Dublin came, and then ——— quitted the stage. A little before 2 o'clock the Archbishop took me before the House of Lords. I passed through such a string of them; every room was so full on account of the short remaining time, I felt rather nervous; but I have thought so long and talked so much on the subject, that I got through it very well and it is over. Lord Lansdowne wrote privately to the Archbishop, "*this witness is worth them all put together.*" The Bishop of Exeter was quite . . . but his Grace means to write to Colonel Phipps about it. I must not tell all the fine things that have been said. His Grace is to take me to leave my name at the Palace; what a pity it is you did not come—I am so very sorry—I am sure I shall meet a great many nice people to-morrow. Going out of the House, my hand was caught by Lord Hawarden, who enquired my address and shook my hand three times in five minutes.

Mr. Woodward and Louisa had called in my absence; J——— comes to night again; the Archbishop says I must stay to see my friends; he says he was more nervous during my examination than he had even been at his own; I said nothing against the clergy; I was as good as gold. He said he feared the ——— of ———, he is so spiteful, but I did not commit myself. The Bishop of ——— had all sorts of information which surprised me about . . . being done away; he puts his soul into this business—they say he is stimulated by revenge—he looked so black, but he was very *civil.* Lord Lansdowne said he was much obliged to me.

I will let you know how matters go on at the Archbishop's

dinner; his carriage took me to the Lords. Lord Lansdowne, amidst all his business, good-naturedly suggested that his Grace should take me; the Archbishop said it was unnecessary, as he would of course, but still it showed Lord L.'s good nature, writing to him about it. I am to be introduced to Lord Duncannon. There will be a drawing-room held in two or three weeks—could you come up for it? But more of this after to-morrow. I shall lose post, so farewell, my dearest child.

Give my love to Miss Woodward, and all at Oaklands.

Your most affectionate mother,

C. OSBORNE.

"The following extract is given from Lady Osborne's foreign journal, as relating to one happy month spent amidst glorious scenery in Leopold's Krone, and during the Salz Kammergut tour.

Leopold's Krone was afterwards taken by the King of Bavaria as a summer palace, and in it the meeting between the Emperors of Austria and France took place; one that originated so many surmises and events."

I have now to say something of Leopold's Krone. It is a beautiful dwelling; the very staircase cost *six* thousand pounds, but the Emperor sold it to an old peasant woman—the palace and all the rich ground attached to it—for three thousand! It is well constructed, and possesses every advantage of situation.

The first story has been occupied all the summer by an English family of the name of ———, with nine beautiful children; they seem excellent people. He is the best-natured man in the world—a little too jocular, but very kind. He is very fond of turning, and is making a beautiful little toy spinning wheel for Catherine. They are for ever asking us

to take tea with them; their drawing-room is of the same length and breadth as ours, but much higher, for it is two stories high—it is seventy feet high—and the ceiling is beautiful.

There are some good pictures representing scenes in the family of the prince bishop who built the house. Mrs. G. is a quiet, gentle, nonchalante person; they used to complain of the family who inhabited the second story, the great room which the G.'s and we each enjoy, and they are without, for as I said before Captain G.'s room occupies two stories, so that the ——— to get from one part of their house to another must cross a gallery which traverses the upper part of this beautiful saloon, and they can of course, in so doing, see every thing that passes in the saloon; I believe this is a constant source of annoyance to the G.'s, and makes them fidgetty with the ——— but it seems odd that such a good-natured man should always be ready to fling a stone at so quiet a couple as ——— appear to me. He is sickly and elderly, very gentleman like, but rather prosy; she seems to be a yea and nay sort of woman, fond of prescribing physic. We did not see much of them, they left on Monday to go to Como—the same day that we had the regret of parting with Miss Smith and Louisa.

Miss Smith is as kind and as good a Christian as ever. Louisa not the lively, merry creature she was in Ireland, but grown almost grave.

There is another lustschloss of the Emperor not more than two miles from this; it is called Cleisheim, and is also very handsome, and the park equally open to the public. I was speaking of the cheapness for which one could live here; Captain G—— has the ground floor and the first floor, with kitchen and every convenient office; he pays for the entire season thirty-six pounds. As we took ours for a short time we pay more in proportion; for the first month we paid a

hundred gulden, about ten pounds. For the fortnight longer which we are staying, we are only to pay thirty gulden, that is three pounds.

We are fed from the old lady's gasthof capitally, and all our expenses including dessert, wine, wood, lights, everything but rent, and wages, and horses, amount to a Bavarian gulden (less than the Austrian) about twenty pence a day for each person. Captain Greaves told me he could keep four horses here for forty pounds a year.

I never should wish to live better than we live here; very good dinners very well dressed; nice sweet things. We have been induced to stay still another fortnight, and last Thursday, which was the 16th of September, Catherine, our dear little German Pauline, and myself set out on a tour to the Salz Kammergut. The weather was very fine, but very hot; so that we could not for several hours enjoy ourselves at all; but the first part of the road, although the scenery might be considered beautiful in most parts of the world, was nothing remarkable in this. We dined at a little village on the banks of the Mondsee, and then we took a boat and rowed to the end of the lake—the carriage going round to meet us—and now we enjoyed the first really beautiful scenery since we left our dear Leopold's Krone. The lake has all the beauty characteristic of lake scenery. It lies embosomed in mountains; the length is about (the space left.) We got into the carriage at the end of the Mondsee, and drove through beautiful scenery, deep woods, up and down hills steep and close to one another, so as to shut out the view of the mountains; on descending one of these passes, we caught the first view of the lake of Wolfgang. The evening was closing in and we were obliged to imagine half its beauties, as we drove on along its banks to the village of St. Gilgal and put up for the night at a gasthaus, where everything was clean and comfortable; the only disagreeable

impression I received was from an ugly wild-looking chambermaid. The goître seems very common in all this country. The next morning we drove along the beautiful banks of the Wolfgangsee, the mountains are much higher and finer than those which encircle the Mondsee, and we saw all we had lost last evening. Pauline told us a legend of Wolfgang.

The devil had promised the Saint to build a church on a rock, provided he might have the first being who entered it. Whilst the church was building the saint prayed very fervently, and the prayer was heard. The first being that entered the church was a swine! The devil was so angry that it was not a human victim, that he flew away with the swine, making a hole in the roof as he flew away, which has never been closed up, and never can be closed.

Catherine thinks this must be an allegory, and that the devil was a Protestant who built the church.

Every step as we drove along seemed to increase in beauty, the mountains seemed to grow more lofty; we drove on to Ischl. Captain G—— had led us to expect a little town, with very little beauty. We were most agreeably surprised to find a very clean, pretty town, with a particularly good bathing establishment for baths of every description, particularly saltwater vapour. The salt mines along these mountains, afford a great supply of that necessary condiment and some places obtain it from salt-springs, which have trickled through the mines; but the bathing establishment and the pretty buildings all fade in importance before the beauty of the situation of Ischl. It is a delightful spot, and it is no wonder that a large portion of the "beau monde" at Vienna, have it for a summer residence. The buildings remind one of an English watering place, but no English watering place can boast of such beauty as Ischl,—with the beautiful rapid river flowing beneath the steep banks on which it is built, and the crowning mountains in the back-

ground. We dined capitally at the best gasthof, and rejoiced to escape an English family whom we know; at least Catherine rejoiced, for she is afflicted with an Anglophobia. We hastened to depart, and we drove along the banks of the river through the most enchanting scenery.

A long drive which occupied two hours; the glorious mountains with the most fastastic beauty of outline—the most wonderful and wild variety—I think I shall never forget that most enchanting valley. We passed by a beautiful village, the name of which I forget, but the houses are very picturesque; and some of them had inscriptions on the exterior, which is not uncommon in Germany. We drove on till we reached the banks of the lake of Halstadt, being the third lake we met on our tour, not to mention a small one which we had passed on our way to Wolfgang. There is a gasthaus on the side of the lake, and it was debated whether, after rowing to Halstadt, we should return and sleep there; but we decided not to remain at Halstadt, for which place we set out in a good boat on the beautiful lake—by far the wildest and most sublime in scenery; the mountains rising immediately from the lake, and so fully overshadowing it, that for four months in the year the inhabitants never see the sun. The lofty mountains—their almost perpendicular height remind us of the lake of Thoun. The row up the lake occupied something more than an hour; a little before we reached the village we passed by the salt works, the view was so very romantic that I felt how glad I should be to sketch it. Between the wild wooded mountains there runs a rough, picturesque looking aqueduct to convey the salt water; the gasthof is situated most beautifully on the lake, commanding in two directions a most beautiful view of the lofty broken-ridged mountains. It was a comfortable little country inn. They gave us at tea and breakfast the finest trout I ever ate—a sort of rich flavor which I had never

tasted before. I made a sketch from my room window of the picturesque village, where the houses hang upon the mountains, and the passage through the streets is by steps. The village looked wild and picturesque, with its houses of dark brown woods, almost black, so deeply are they stained; and the glorious grey mountains in the background. We ought from this village to have ascended the mountains to see a fine waterfall and two smaller lakes, very beautifully situated; I shall always regret that we did not go, but Catherine had slept badly the night before and did not feel equal to the undertaking; here after walking an hour where no road can be made, you would come upon a village beautifully situated which contains 1,200 Protestants, who, by enduring much persecution, have at last won for themselves, with God's help, toleration. Halstadt itself contains about 600 Protestant inhabitants. Neither carriages nor horses are used there from the peculiar situation of the village, on the bank of the lake, by a steep mountain; all the communication, as at Cadenabbia, is by boats.

Catherine and I agree that this wild scenery, glorious as it is, is not so loveable as our dear Leopold's Krone. There is a schloss belonging to the owner of the salt works.

The next morning we rowed to the gasthaus, on the Ischl side of the lake of Halstadt. That is also finely situated. We drove back to Ischl, for there is no getting beyond Halstadt except by pedestrians, for the Germans call it the end of the world from Ischl. We immediately set out for the lake of Gemunden, along the most beautiful valley I have ever seen in my life, with the rapid river brawling through it; the deep dark woods, the mountains so varied—so picturesque—as if nature had delighted in chiselling them out into the strangest forms; that valley must live in my memory till I see it again. Pauline was all expectation of seeing a steam boat for the first time in her life; one has been established by

an Englishman on the lake of Gemunden, and most acceptable it is, for no road has yet been cut through the rocks, though they say one is projected. We arrived on the brink of the Gemunden about half an hour before the steam packet appeared in sight; I had time for a small sketch of the magnificent scenery. Pauline's longing eyes were gratified as the steam vessel appeared in view; she thought it delightful; to me it was but a sorry substitute for our nice little boat on the Halstadt lake. On the Gemunden, we had the only hour's rain from which we suffered during the whole excursion; we were very glad to take shelter in the carriage, as the rain fell in torrents and shut out the view of the beautiful mountains which we rejoiced in having seen, during our delightful drive. We reached Gemunden, and expected to find all "couleur de rose" at the Goldenen Schiffe, which the —— had described as a delightful inn, with good rooms and a fine situation; the inn, notwithstanding its great pretensions, is a bad one; bad attendance, bad cooking, most uncomfortable beds. I have taken it in aversion, and shall never go to it again; but the situation is beautiful.

The next day being Sunday we ought to have been quiet, but we were anxious to reach home the day after, and so we went to see the falls of the Traun. We were punished for our breach of the Sabbath, by a hot drive without any striking scenery, and all to end in disappointed expectation. The falls are contemptible—the water being drawn off for a canal, the far-famed falls are inferior to most mill streams. May I never see them again! We returned, angry with Captain G——, for having induced us to drive twelve miles and back again to see nothing, to fatigue the horses, and suffer from heat; we dined upon an indifferent dinner, and took our leave of Gemunden for ever.

Travellers making this excursion should go through Ischl, see Halstadt, Wolfgang, Gemunden, including the glorious

drives spoken of, they should travel post and not stop at Gemunden. We went on a stage to enable us to reach Leopold's Krone to-day, and we slept at a pretty little village —the attendance good and the inn very clean and comfortable. The drive home was nothing remarkable, the weather fine; we dined at the Post at N———. Catherine hates crawling in these little hired carriages, with voituriers horses. We have made a long day's journey to-day, and rejoice at finding ourselves in our clean, happy, large and delightful Lepold's Krone. The drawing-room looked larger than ever, and now I am in my charming bed-room, thankful to Providence for bringing us safe here again, and agreeing that it is pleasanter to live amongst beautiful scenery than to visit it.

As we left —— we were pointed out a tower said to be coeval with the birth of our Saviour,

"The following is the account of the wedding of a great friend, that took place a few days after the wedding of Lady Osborne's daughter, and was the third she attended within a fortnight:—"

Just returned from the wedding and a few leave-taking calls. I have but a few moments to say that all went off admirably. There was less weeping than at your marriage. I suppose we are all marrying so often, that we get used to it. There was a very pretty breakfast; the bride looked very handsome. The party consisted of about twenty people, eight of whom were B——. Francis read the service extremely well. . . . Mr. T—— is really exceedingly agreeable; he is a man who thinks; whether he feels or not I do not know. Fanny did cry at the wedding. Kate looked very pale, but shed no tears; the bridegroom radiant with happiness.

The bride's health was the only toast drunk; and Mar-

garet was on the point of wishing her many happy returns of the day, to which the bridegroom demurred.

"So little had Lady Osborne been separated from her daughter until the marriage of the latter, that this letter is almost the first of the short ones addressed to her at various times, most of which are without dates, but all denote her utter unselfishness, solicitude for others, and care for the minutest details regarding their comforts, innocence and purity of taste, generosity and anxiety for the health of others, while making as light as possible of her own severe malady. The Editor may be mistaken, but she does not think a single scrap given too much to throw light upon the various decided traits of character she possessed. A mother's tone of partiality for a child is left in, not because it was deserved, but with the same sort of gratitude with which the undeserved gifts of Providence may be acknowledged. Lady Osborne had an intense love of improving everything around her, and a passionate delight in gardening that would have fitted her for the enjoyment of Eden."

My dearest Catherine,—I felt very sad after your departure yesterday. The first thing we did was to drive Admiral Proby to the hotel at Euston-square, where he went for the purpose of applying leeches to his side, as he was suffering from great pain. I think this makes his coming a greater kindness.

We dined at Mrs. Bernal's, and after dinner Mr. Williams made a panegyric on Ralph, and then your united healths were drunk with cheers. In the evening, the Akers, Bruces, Strother, and Captain Dickenson came, and Lucy, though much out of spirits at parting with her brother, sang most beautifully, particularly that sweet song, "Weep not for the departed." I am very much obliged to Ralph for

writing from Birmingham; it was gratifying to me to hear that you felt so much on leaving me. I assure you I miss you most intensely; the drawing-room looks miserable; nothing can equal its melancholy aspect. . . . I feel most anxious to hear from you, and I pray to God that you may be in good health and spirits; do, pray, write and tell me how you are, and how you like Chirk; but above all, tell me that you are well and happy. . . . Again, pray send me a line every day; remember I have never been separated from you but once before, and I want to hear that you are both well and happy. It was very nice Miss Biddulph having the pretty decoration of "Welcome" surrounded with flowers.

11, Hereford-street, Park-lane.

I am disappointed at not hearing from you to-day. My spirits are very low; the gloomy aspect of the weather tends, perhaps, to promote this, but I think independently I feel very sad. I hope you will always try to look on the sunny side of everything. I am going out to-day to pay my leave-taking visits; it will be pleasant to get out of this dismal room, now quite dismantled. After all this is a gloomy situation; I wonder we could have chosen it.

31st August, 1844.

We have had a delightful day, in the full enjoyment of fine weather and beautiful scenery.

Of all the counties in England which I have seen, Surrey is the most remarkable for fine scenery. The hills rise to the dignity of mountains, they are so high and beautifully wooded; the roads are bordered by the finest trees, and the cottages are delightfully picturesque, and nothing can outdo the civility of the people, and they seem much more comfortable than any peasantry I have seen anywhere, except in the Tyrol.

I am writing from an hotel at the foot of Box Hill, with a lovely little garden at the back, from which you ascend the hill. You have often heard of Box Hill; it resembles Tanybwlch; it seems to me miraculous that there should be such scenery near London without everyone talking of it. We slept last night at Guildford, and drove on through deeply-wooded lanes and over hills commanding magnificent views; then through a wood, deserving to be called a forest from its great extent, and gradually changing into a steep descent, and offering a view singularly like the Estérel mountains. Our main object was a spot called Leith Hill, and as Howe did not know the way, we stopped to inquire from a coachman, who was driving two ladies in an open carriage. A very nice-looking middle aged lady told us that we were on Leith Hill, but if we wished to go to the monument, we must ascend a very steep hill on foot. But we should, said she, see the view to great advantage from the terrace of the garden, and she begged we would put up the horses in her stables. No sooner had Howe heard this proposal, than he discovered that rest was perfectly indispensable to the horses, and he would go. The adventurous Margaret and Johnson ascended to the monument, Miss Smith and I went to Mrs. Smallfield's. It is a house in the form of an H, like a miniature Newtown; in front of it a parterre glowing with the richest flowers, the scarlet verbena in full luxuriance, and the terrace terminating with a glorious view, and behind the lofty hills like the Estérel. It is a delightful place. There was a nice girls' school in the pretty lodge, and one of the children who showed us about, told us this school was often regaled with tea on the lawn. From Leith Hill we drove on through Dorking, and after having ascended some part of Box Hill through their pretty garden, we talked of putting up here for the night. Miss Smith was more disposed to go on to Leatherhead. When we arrived there we found only an

uninviting public-house, so we took a pair of leaders and returned to Box Hill, and here we are established for the night.

I am writing in a very pretty drawing-room, looking into a nice garden, bounded by finely wooded hills.

I feel that I shall be sorry to leave it to pass Sunday in London. You see I have written you quite a tour; you ought to follow my example. Miss Smith insists on my going through the ceremony of sending her love; pray give mine to Ralph, and believe me ever, dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. OSBORNE.

Pray let me hear that you are well and happy. To-morrow (Saturday) we return to London; on Tuesday we go to Yalding.

London, October 3rd.

DEAREST CATHERINE,—Think of my only receiving your letter about your illness this morning (Thursday). I set off an hour-and-a-half after reading it, by the first train. I shall leave London at five o'clock to go by Bristol, being the quickest way. You will see me an hour or two, or a few hours after receiving this. I pray God I may find you tolerably well. God bless you. I will never again be so far away; it was most unlucky the letter going to Tunbridge Wells—you forgot I said we should leave on Saturday. I shall think every moment an age until I see you. God bless you.

Your affectionate mother,

C. OSBORNE.

Oaklands, January 4th.

My dearest Catherine,—I see baby constantly at different hours; the little darling has been with me for a long time this morning and amusing herself by creeping about on the carpet, and looking the picture of health and beauty. Pownoll seemed delighted with her; his mother would not let him play with her, lest if she met with any accident or shadow of an accident, we should blame him months hence. I have nothing else to tell you about your treasure, except that she disturbed her nurse as early as ever to-day; as she cannot speak, I have no witty anecdotes, no "bon mots" of her's to recite; we must wait another year before we establish her character for a wit; as for beauty, we must content ourselves with her, as being like a creation of Murillo, and wait for time to make her a Montague or a Sevigné.

We had last night a long conversation about the times, and we agree that it is most important to commence every species of retrenchment without delay. When Mr. Osborne goes to London, don't let us have a single dinner party here; let us try how little we can live upon—do, pray, agree to this: if you can get a place for one of the footmen, I would certainly recommend its being done; and, if you go to London, I think, in the present position of Irish affairs, an Irish landlord would only excite disgust by appearing to live at any expense—the less appearance that is kept up the better; any thing like luxury would give rise to censure, and justly.

Your affectionate mother,

Catherine Osborne.

Derryluskan, Thursday 27th, 1847.

My dearest Catherine,—Your letter has given me the greatest comfort. I had felt uneasy at not hearing from you; this letter was brought to me from the Glebe. I am glad to hear you are likely to be settled soon, but if not, Mrs.

Palliser mentions a very comfortable, quiet hotel, in Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, where they have several private houses, to which they send their guests when the hotel is full—Usher's Hotel, Suffolk-street, remember, in case you want an hotel.

I want to know that you are out of Albemarle-street. I think it a very disagreeable situation, and not very healthy for any body, particularly for baby. I don't care what sort of room I have; for I mean to add very seldom to your expenses. Don't think of me; only think of yourself and baby. I paid for the house in Wilton-street six guineas a-week, but I had it for several months. Do tell me what situation your house is in. Pray be convinced that you are not to think about me when you take a house.

I don't know why, I suppose it is from vanity, but I am rather sorry baby will not be seen by Lady Blessington. Mrs. Palliser is better than I expected. Grace says she has been decidedly better since my visit. If the weather be decent I set out on Thursday. God bless you and precious baby.

Dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. Osborne.

Mrs. Palliser sends her best love, and is glad to hear good accounts of you and baby. I am sorry to think of you without a carriage.

Fethard Glebe, April 27th, 1847.

My dearest Catherine,—Have you got the same cold, wintry weather in London that we have here; the spring makes scarcely any advances and the wind howls and whistles all around as if it were January.

I think you are not so badly off now for being in London; if I could only be sure that you and my precious Edith do not suffer from being in Albemarle-street, sleeping on the

ground floor. Did you ever look at the lodgings which the Baines' once occupied? Above all things choose a healthy situation. The weather was so bad I gave up my plan of taking Grace to Newtown to-day, and we have settled to drive there some day in their britzka. You know I am going to Derryluskan to-morrow to pass some days. I again repeat that my going to London has nothing to do with your taking a house; because I have the Wardes to visit and the Baines; so I have fixed upon leaving on Thursday week, the 6th of May, from having the inducement of the Woodward's company as far as Dublin. I shall go (D.V.) by the morning packet to Birkenhead, and I hope I shall find you and my beloved grandchild quite well. Be sure and tell me what every one says of her.

Mr. Woodward's pamphlet contains the views I have always known him to possess. The evangelical world did not choose to understand him, and he has now published them; they are too liberal to be appreciated by the narrow-minded. In case of my sleeping a night in town, pray try and find out a bed for me. Believe me, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

CATH. OSBORNE.

I believe your estate, after a time, will be better than ever, provided you get an Agriculturist; that I believe to be indispensable.

"The pamphlet alluded to in the foregoing letters is a 'Chapter of Autobiography,' which will be found in his collected works of 'Essays and Sermons.'"

Monday, April 13th, Newtown Anner.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—Here am I in my little sitting-room by a comfortable fire. I have only just allowed the shutters to be closed, it was so painful to me to shut out the

garden and its beauties; it is now looking very gay; the tulips and hyacinths are in full blow, a bed of a new and beautiful kind of wall-flower, narcissus, polyanthus, auriculas, &c. I quite long for morning to see it again. I lament over the idea of leaving it so soon to go to Carigbarahane; some of the shrubs, where the terrace garden is to be, have been moved, in preparation, and they are planted on each side of the broad walk from the steps of the terrace leading to the greenhouse; they look much better where they are than in the old spot, indeed they have a beautiful effect.

It has been raining for several days past—a soft, drizzling kind of rain, which has advanced the spring, and the leaves are now appearing. I stood out in the rain till called in to my beefsteak; it was really a great grief to me to come in. I am not sorry you made the trial of going without a carriage and maid for once, but I trust you will never attempt it again. You are not fitted for such a scrambling, wretched journey, and it is not necessary for you to make such shifts. I hope you and nurse will sometimes mention my name to baby, and then perhaps she may remember me when I have the happiness of seeing her again. Be sure to tell me what people think of her, and what progress she makes in walking; everything which can be supposed interesting to the most doating of grandmothers be sure to tell me, darling pet. I hope to see her as well as ever, and if she looks one shade less rosy, I shall fly away with her to St. Leonards. Pray write very often, every day if you can.

Hackett seems very glad that she was missed—never go anywhere without a maid and a carriage. Ever, dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

CATH. OSBORNE.

If you remain in London I hope it will be in a very airy situation. A carriage you must have.

Your affectionate mother,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Sarah sends her love, and thanks for the picture.

Yalding Vicarage.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—At last we accomplished our excursion to Rochester, and enjoyed it extremely. I shall be quite anxious to take you there. We heard service in the cathedral, which is really a very handsome building, and has been just beautifully restored. My attention had been directed by one of Mrs. Rennie's books to the very exquisite doorway at the entrance. It is so free from incumbrances and obstructions that it looks much larger than some cathedrals which occupy a much greater space; it contains scarcely any monuments, and those not in the way. I am sure it would please you extremely, and it stands so well within view of the old castle; but I do hope to show it to you. We were also much struck by the beautiful situation of St. Margaret's Church, where I was married; the daughters of the clergyman were playing the organ, and so we went in and stood for a minute or two before the communion table. There was a man cutting grass in the churchyard, probably the sexton, and he showed us my father's grave—the simple inscription remaining—

"ROBERT SMITH, ESQ.,
"Major of the Royal Marines,
"2nd July, 1813. Aged 59."

It was altogether a most interesting visit to me. I forgot to mention that what I used to consider a very beautiful picture over the altar in the cathedral has been many years

removed by an old archdeacon, to whom his clergy presented a testimonial for his kindness, in living sixty years after he became archdeacon; he carried off the picture to Chatham Church, the sacrilegious old fellow!

There stands the house where he used to live—by the vines—a pretty meadow not far from the cathedral—and there were a number of boys at play, as they used to be in the times forty years ago, probably the grandfathers of the present race. We were struck by the beautiful and peculiar view from the handsome bridge, which we walked leisurely over; the castle standing proudly on a hill, with its old broken wall, embracing a wide space, and covered with ivy, topped by flowering shrubs, and the cathedral appearing somewhat further removed and not so prominent as the castle; then the broad salt river at the base of the hill, on the opposite shore the woods of Cobham, and various villages, churches, Trimsburg, &c.; it is really very pretty. We went also to look at the house which we occupied for many years before we had the house in the barracks. It stands in a small, quiet street, and was then quite occupied by military people. It belonged to my father, and my mother sold it after his death; but I suppose you have had enough of my reminiscences. We drove from Maidstone to Rochester and back again in a little carriage, like that which I sold to the Rialls, and found it so pleasant that I regretted I had not kept mine. It is a beautiful drive the whole way, particularly Bluebell Hill, something like Gedge's; but with the river winding through the valley. The railroad to Maidstone goes through Lord Gainsborough's park, and he got £30,000 compensation.

I do hope we may get —— at Killaloan. I am delighted that Mr. Osborne is so zealous in the cause. I think it quite natural that Mr. O. should wish to continue for Wycombe, but I would rather see him an Irish member, and there is

such a lack of Irish members. I send you Grace Palliser's letter. John is quite a hero, he was always a brave fellow.

Pray tell Mr. Osborne that I was quite right in what I told him of the living of Yalding having been in the Warde family since the days of Queen Elizabeth. In the tenth year of that queen, as I read in the History of Kent, she presented the Warde of the day with the tithes of the parish, and they have presented ever since to the living; they did not for a long time present to themselves, but to others: as, for instance, to one Beston, to whom belonged the old house near the Vicarage. The Warde who presented the living to Beston was the Ambrose or Richard Warde, I forget which, whose figure in armour, but without a helmet, is at the head of the kneeling figures in the chancel. I never observed till the other day that he is in light chain armour. This very handsome monument is referred to in the History of Kent. A great part of the lay tithes have been alienated to the distant branches of the family. The Parliament did not disturb in their possessions those who did not oppose them in the civil wars. I cannot help mentioning this to prove that my statement was correct about the living of Yalding.

Believe me, dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Kiss dear precious baby.

"It is a strange thing that a people so emotionally poetic as the Irish should be so unæsthetic and so ill-disposed to enlightened comfort, even to the extent their want of means will allow. Not being disposed to exert their reasoning powers, and being strongly addicted to imitation of those possessing influence over them and inclined to follow the multitude, who have sympathy and traditional resentment;

thus they are kept enchained to that spiritual despotism that claims power over body and soul; but as yet no remedy has been found for these evils. The best would be time and quiet leading on to prosperity. As Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Lowe have remarked, geographical and physical causes also keep back Ireland."

Yalding Parsonage, May 22nd.

My dearest Catherine,—This will be my last note for the present, as I hope to go up on Monday; but I do not like the idea of your sending away your carriage for me; it will prevent you from taking a drive. If you find any reason for thinking it inconvenient don't mind sending it at all; for I can very easily take a cab. I am delighted to hear that precious baby makes herself so popular. I shall like to see how she carries on her communications. Don't you think her sojourn at Yalding has done her good? Will it not be well to repeat the experiment.

As you won't allow me to take lodgings, you must let me occasionally refresh her by giving her a day and night's airing in the country, at Boxhill or Hampton Court. Some people have different phases of existence, in which a change takes place in their mental constitution. Now, at present, there is a fever over me for moving about in the country, and it does seem to me that darling baby will benefit by frequently breathing the country air. Your parcel has not yet arrived. I walked down to the railroad to see if it had come, but "No, lady," was the answer, "nothing is come." Where the fault lies, whether in the transit to the city or not, I cannot say; here it is not.

Yesterday I was in the cottage of an old woman of seventy-seven; she has no child or servant, and does all the work of her little house herself, which was most exquisitely clean, the table like snow, and the nicely-sanded brick floor; she does

all her own washing, and she is a picture of cleanliness; think what such an establishment would have been in Ireland—a dirty old woman smelling of tobacco, a disgusting drab of a servant girl with dishevelled hair, a dirty face, and ragged dress. Poor, poor Ireland! Oh, these unhappy Celts! Michelêt, in his "History of France," describes them as not being capable of good order and incapable of framing a good government.

There is nothing in Ireland or in the Highlands of Scotland to disprove that notion. There are so few incidents in a Yalding life that it is strange to forget one. You know we dined at the Vicarage on Wednesday, and notwithstanding Richard's offer of the carriage, I chose to walk home, to remind me of days long gone by; the nightingales were singing delightfully, and the walk was very pleasant; it seemed to say that a descent in life might be bearable—that one might learn to do without a carriage; it would be of course harder for you than for me; you would have to learn a new lesson, I, but to revive an old one. The parcel has just arrived. Sarah thinks Mr. Osborne's profile very like.

Believe me, dearest Catherine,

Gedges, 1847.

My dearest Catherine,—I am anxious to hear whether you got home without accident with your stupid coachman, and whether darling baby was awakened by her transfer from my arms to yours. I sincerely hope she slept peaceably until you reached Eccleston-street. I travelled alone in my glory. The Kentish people contenting themselves generally with second class carriages. On account of my luggage and the unpleasantness of walking so far alone at nine o'clock, I took a fly, which cost me four shillings, half the

expense of the railroad. This beautiful view loses much by the cold gloom of the weather.

I should like to go and sit by the kitchen fire. I wish you would consult Dr. Arnott and see if he can devise something for your pale face and want of sleep. I cannot help feeling very uneasy about you; and then see if he thinks mesmerism might not be of use to you. Pray tell me how poor Miss Smith is; if there be any material change I will hasten to see her.

Believe me, dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. Osborne.

York, July 28.

My dearest Catherine,—We have just made a good meal at tea, after returning from viewing the glorious Minster; it is much larger than Westminster Abbey, and it has more painted glass, old painted glass, than I have ever seen in any cathedral; the windows are most beautiful and very large and high. The chapter is a circular building of exquisite proportions; but a description would only tire you, suffice it to say you would have been delighted, it is so light, graceful, and purely Gothic. I have, on our old plan, bought a print of it. The road we travelled was all very pretty, a great improvement on the high road, which is flat and ugly. The scenery about Nottingham, for some miles, is very beautiful. Sarah and I had the carriage all to ourselves; her spirits seem to be improving. We travelled through part of Derbyshire, with high wooded hills and a lovely river. I wish very much for you and darling baby. I should not have made up my mind to leave her had I not thought that you would be leaving London at this time, and carrying her with you. Pray let me hear the very oftenest possible, and take care of yourself, dearest Catherine, and

grow fat. Don't forget to canvass Dr. Arnott; make him give vote and influence.

I am sleepy and going to bed. I wrote on this scrap, having left my paper case behind. I told Reddy to send it, &c., &c. . . .

29, Stafford-street, Edinburgh.

My dear Catherine,—I am seated in a most comfortable lodging engaged for me by Mrs. Walker; this is a wide street and handsome, as I conclude most of the streets in the new town are; it is as quiet as a country place, for there is not a single shop in it nor in the streets which I can see adjoining; and, as everybody is out of town, there is not a stir to be heard, though at this moment, as I write, a cry which I don't understand, and the wheels of a cart move slowly down the street, the houses being all of grey cut stone, but much more substantial than London houses. Even coming in by the railroad I perceived the oft-spoken of picturesque appearance of the old town with the enormous height of the houses; but as I have seen nothing I will not attempt to describe. The railroad from York is not complete by two bridges, so that we were tossed into omnibuses at Newcastle and again at Berwick, to proceed by different trains. We were all tossed pell mell, first, second, and third classes together, as if we had been shaken out of a bag laid by without sorting, and then we had to wait at each railroad—for half-an-hour at one and an hour at the other for the trains. I had not even an opportunity of getting an eatable biscuit. Sarah bought some bread at York which I would not touch. I ate nothing from seven in the morning until nine at night, when we arrived at Mrs. Walker's. Her reception was most kind, cordial, and hospitable. Her house is very nicely furnished and in good taste. Madeline is plumper than when you saw

her, consequently prettier, with a sweet expression of countenance; neither of the daughters is as young and lively as her mother, who abounds in Scotch humour, she is very agreeable. I met with a lady on the railroad who went only as far as Durham, a very amusing person, and, for her time of life, very handsome. She is the wife of Sir Maxwell Wallace, she told me her whole history: her first husband was Sir A. Donne, her only daughter is an angel of beauty and goodness; she was married to Mr. Milbank, who has a large fortune at present, and, though not an elder son, is to be the Duke of Cleveland . . . She is going to Scotland very soon, and hopes to meet me there, she said on parting. Augusta has been thrown into a great state of excitement, by meeting the son of her old mistress, Count Oriole; he is travelling with the Prussian Prince, nephew of the king. She brought him up to me during our long waiting for the train; he entered into conversation and talked of India and the people; he speaks English beautifully; he seems to have thought much and sensibly of politics and free trade; he is remarkably handsome and agreeable, with a delightful expression of countenance, and with all the courtesy of a well-bred foreigner of the highest order; he asked Augusta for my address in Edinburgh, unluckily she did not know it. Lady Wallace says she met Mr. Osborne, many years ago, at the Balfours, but she did not know much of him.

Though invited to take all my meals at Mrs. Walker's, I shall prefer breakfasting in my lodgings, that I may write my letters in quiet comfort. I long for some news of you and dearest baby and of the election. I hope you have canvassed Dr. Arnott and the Chief Baron.

Believe me, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. Osborne.

If Mr. Osborne fails for Middlesex, I hope he will try Tipperary; if the gentlemen, in bringing him in, required no renunciation of liberal opinions, they would be glad of a gentleman and a man of talent in preference to a blockhead; and besides I think it would be serving the cause of liberalism to take it out of the hands of priests: this is truth even . . still I think nothing so manifest as that the priests bring Irish liberalism into contempt. Pray pay my little debts at . . . I think we might give soup to the labourers for a few weeks longer. I am going to send an order, and when that is done, if you give the same it will bring them on to the harvest.

I have a drawing-room with three windows and two bedrooms, the attendance of the women of the house for £2 a-week.

Do you remember Augusta's telling us that the Graf von Oriola was removed from Berlin. . . . he is singularly handsome and very intelligent. The Countess, his mother, is not dead; it was a mistake; it was the Count who died.

August 3rd.

My dearest Catherine,—I have scarcely time to write a line as we go out very early, have to make a détour, and reach Pinkie by one o'clock. I am grieved to hear of your headache, my own dearest; it makes my heart ache. I feel uneasy lest there be something which ought to be looked after; pray see Dr. Arnott and make him ascertain, prevention is easier than cure. We went yesterday to a very pretty place, Dalmeny Park, Lord Rosebery's, I think; the view of the sea is very fine, and we had a beautiful view of Edinburgh the whole way, its position is so commanding. Captain Walker, whom I have not seen for thirty years, came back yesterday from Fifeshire and dined at Mrs. Walker's; he is like *all* connected with us, an oddity; but

a most lively and entertaining one; he is full of humour, and has a peculiar vocabulary of his own; he calls bonnets, machines; ladies, amiables; men, sometimes reptiles, sometimes geniuses; he is full of old world stories: he says my father was a great likeness of his uncle, Bishop Strachan, the last of the non-jurors who refused to acknowledge the House of Hanover. My grandmother's family, who forfeited this estate for going out (as he expressed it) in the year '15, as "all good men did." He is a strong Jacobite, and would deem it a personal offence if you were to call Prince Charles the Pretender. They have some of his hair, and some of Mary Queen of Scots. I am going, please God, to Margaret Clarke's on Thursday; she is in such a hurry for me to go before they return to the Grampians.

Believe me, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. Osborne.

I hope you found darling baby well.

My dearest Catherine—I send you the view which delights your eye as you walk down Princes-street, a mile long; you have Princes-street and its fine shops on the left, and on the right the view at the top of this page, but far more beautiful; I never have seen a city so gloriously beautiful. I had so much to do this last day in Edinburgh, that I had no time to write, for before I set out to Roslin, I had to drive to the Calton Hill. The next letter I write I shall have the Calton Hill upon it; the view from it is most exquisite, with the city and its hill, and its monuments and the sea, the Frith of Forth. How I wish you could see it! No pen can do justice to it. Pinkie House is very, very old, in parts; but it was (word illegible) in 1605; the gallery is a fine room between

ninety and one hundred feet long; it is not castellated. The battle of Pinkie was fought very near it. Lady Hope and her daughter showed us the room where Prince Charles slept, and where you may suppose the scene with the Baron of Bradwardine drawing off his boots to have occurred; there are many tales connected with this old house—such as the bodies of the dead and wounded being brought there from the battle, and James the Fourth having used it as a hunting lodge. Lady Hope was very kind and civil; she said that Sir John Hope had been quite delighted at the idea of seeing me, as the daughter of his old friend; I told her how often my father used to speak of them. Sir John is at rest about his election for this county. I must remember to tell you that I have found out a relationship to Sir R. Strachan, husband of Lady Strachan. Bishop Strachan the last of the nonjuring bishops, never assumed the title which belonged to him, but suffered it to be borne by Sir Richard, who was the next heir. The property had been forfeited in the cause of the Stewarts; he would never pray for the House of Hanover. On leaving Pinkie we proceeded to two lovely places, friends and relations of Mr. Walker's branch of the Hayes'. I have much that is interesting to write about, but it is long past twelve, and we must be up very early to-morrow to go by the coach; I shall have leasure to write from Princeland. For my sake, dearest dearest Catherine, see Dr. Arnott. God bless you, my love, and believe me,

Your most affectionate mother,

C. Osborne.

I see by the papers that the election of Mr. Osborne is delayed. I wish I had taken baby to the sea side. It has struck one.

24, Stafford-street.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE.—This is the third time I have written to you since we parted, and not a line have I received.

I have been driven about all day, and have seen the castle, which reminds me exceedingly of that of Saltzburgh; even the view from it is not unlike—in short, Edinburgh is a glorious city; it is more like Prague and Saltzburgh than any other I know. I think, upon the whole, it most resembles Prague. The view all along Princes-street is very fine, in some parts beautiful public buildings, and in others the picturesque old town.

I have seen the regalia which Sir Walter Scott was the cause of finding. It had been built up with mason work in the old room in the castle, and he got it opened, and all the people assembled in Princes-street, and a cannon was fired. I saw Holyrood House, and two or three pictures by Vandyke, and the room where Rizzio was stabbed, and Queen Mary's bed, and was delighted with the magnificent view from the rock; but I will write to-morrow, for I have been out all day long, and I must now prepare for dinner.

How goes on the election? and how is angel Edith? I leave Edinburgh (D.V.) on Thursday.

Ever, dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. OSBORNE.

August 6th.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE.—I have been writing many letters which I could not help. I am now going out, but I send you a line to say that I am happy to find Margaret most comfortably established—a nice house and a pretty place—a good-natured, kind-hearted, well-mannered husband. The Walkers are Episcopalians in a sense which we can scarcely understand,

from its having been the persecuted religion; they feel acutely on the subject. I was very sorry to leave Edinburgh, beautiful as it is, and I found the Walkers most kind and agreeable. Madeline is looking very handsome, from being fatter than when you saw her. I think you would be delighted with the Captain; he is so kind-hearted and generous, and so odd and amusing. The country is very pretty between Edinburgh and Coupar Angus. I went by the mail from Edinburgh to Perth, and had to cross the Frith—a ferry of six miles. Scotland is full of lads flying to their shooting quarters. There was a terrible smell of smoking from the top of the coach. There was a gentleman inside who was in a great state of excitement from the anticipated delight of shooting. This is not a large house, but the drawing and dining-rooms are very good. We are going early next week to the cottage in the Highlands, the idea of which pleases me very much. Margaret is much changed, but looks better than I expected, and seems in very good spirits. I have not yet been out of the house; I arrived in a terrible shower of rain, like a waterspout. The country is very pretty between this and Perth. I shall see as much as I can whilst in Scotland; we passed on the road Loch Leven Castle, where Mary Queen of Scots escaped with Douglas; the keys which he threw away were found in the Loch a few years ago, and are now deposited I forget where.* I must now be getting ready to go out very soon. I have steadily refused taking luncheon, as we dine at five o'clock.

Mr. Clarke is a very cheerful, good-looking man; he promises himself much pleasure from the enjoyment he means me to have in the Highlands—black cock and all. The Free Church business is the most absurd thing I ever heard of. The Miss ——— gave all their money to it, sold their watches

* Lord Strathnairn told the editor the keys were in the possession of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Morton.

and chains and dressed quite shabbily to give every penny to the church. It is pleasant to see Margaret so comfortably situated in a very nice house, with excellent rooms and every possible comfort about her, and the knowledge that her husband lays by money every year. They are very little here in the summer—they prefer their Highland cottage so much. I hope you will understand the view on the head of this paper; it is from Princes-street, which has only houses on one side, and the lithograph I send you represents what you see on your right hand, as you walk down. How you would delight in Captain Walker. I wish you had known him. I think he surpasses any of Scott's descriptions. He left the army in consequence of a severe wound he received in the battle of Salamanca, for which he has a handsome pension, but which unfitted him for further service; he is, without exception, the most amusing original I have ever met with. Jane told me of him before, but I could scarcely believe it; he used to be so shy; his vocabulary is very droll. He is the most kind and generous man in the world—so liberal to his nieces. I like Mrs. Walker exceedingly.

Ever, dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. OSBORNE.

Pray see Dr. Arnott. Kiss baby.

August 7th.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—I never told you what a beautiful building I found Roslyn Chapel, and in what a high state of preservation; it had been greatly damaged by a Presbyterian mob, after the accession of William III.; but Lord Roslyn has done enough to it lately to keep it from falling, and it well deserves the pains; it is an exquisite piece of Gothic architecture, with an interior full of arches,

and designs of beautiful tracery and every kind of grotesque work, and pillars varying in form, but all beautiful; it is roofed in, and has glass windows; so that with a new east window it would be perfectly fit for Divine service. The east window at present is built up; the others, as I have said before, are glazed with Gothic frames; they had been of stained glass and were destroyed on the accession of William. No wonder that Scott, with his genius, wrote well upon the past. There is in the present house a perfect type of all the species he describes: the Covenanters are represented by the Free Church party; the moderate Presbyterians by those of the National Church who have not seceded; and the Episcopalians are just what they were in the time of Charles II., James VI., and William; the same devoted attachment to the memory of the Stuarts that the others avowed during their existence. I saw much of an old Miss Stuart, daughter of a highland chieftainess, who died from home, and the whole clan came over the hill, perhaps a hundred miles, to carry her to her Highland grave; her remains must be borne by no animal inferior to a man, no hearse should be allowed to convey the lady to her last home. Well, this Miss Stuart, with the snow-white locks, but spirits young and fresh, had her whole soul absorbed in the interests of the Church of Scotland—Episcopal, I mean—and she and Captain Walker used to sit together and talk about it, and Madeline listening to the all-engrossing subject. Captain Walker asserts that, if it had not been for that abominable Dutchman, William III., episcopacy would have been to this day the established religion of Scotland; for, that not one-tenth of the people were Presbyterians up to his day. Captain Walker has the deepest reverence for the name of Ramsay; he says the sainted reptile Wilberforce made use of all my grandfather's information and never acknowledged the obligation, and took all the credit, which he did not deserve.

To return to the place from which I wandered, Roslyn, I mean, do you remember Scott's pretty poem of Rosabelle, who was drowned in crossing the Firth on a stormy night? There is a tradition that the chapel of Roslyn was lighted supernaturally at the death of any of the family; pray read the poem, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle."

Not far from Roslyn is the old castle of Hawthornden, most romantically situated upon a rock; it is surrounded by the most picturesque and beautiful scenery. We went to look at the caves where Robert Bruce hid from Edward I., and where it was the custom for women and children to hide in the times of trouble; they certainly have been inhabited, from the artificial places cut in the rock for the purpose of stowage. There is an interesting tradition of the way the lands came into the Roslyn ——. A Baron de Roslyn, in the time of Robert Bruce, perilled his head against these lands that a dog of his should kill a deer which had baffled all the king's hounds; the dog succeeded and won the lands for his master; but St. Clair de Roslyn would never be tempted to make so foolish a bet again, and he killed the hound with his foot, and there is his outline distinctly carved on a flat tomb in the chapel, with his arms crossed and his foot upon the dog, a monument of the ingratitude of man. We came here by the mail to Perth; shortly after leaving Edinburgh we had to cross the Forth in a steam packet; the ferry where

we crossed is six miles broad. Augusta was very active searching after the luggage, particularly in preventing the thin box from being crushed; it was a great amusement to one of our fellow passengers. This is a very substantial house, with very thick walls, built of hammered red stone, something of a brick colour, but a more blueish red. The drawing and dining-rooms are each twenty-eight feet long by twenty wide. The —— live in great comfort, everything good at table; but without any attempt at appearance. I am sorry to say that Margaret is a dreadful sufferer from rheumatism, and I am sorry to say that she has lost all her beauty; but still she does not look so ill as I feared to find.

The weather is very cold and rainy; but we are to proceed to the Highlands next week; but pray direct to me here until you hear to the contrary. You may imagine all the interest I feel about the election. As far as I may judge by the papers, it seems to be going on well. It will be a great triumph if you succeed. Have you canvassed Dr. Arnott and Mr. Hellyer. I wish you would see Dr. Arnott on —— your thinness, depression of spirits, &c. If I could be sure that you and darling baby were well, I should amuse myself much in these new scenes. When my labour at Newtown is over I shall economize, for the purpose of taking a cottage about Glengariff, for a time, or Lismore, to receive the Walkers; they are delightful people, and I have received so much kindness and attention from them that I cannot be easy without making a return in kind. It is their principle always to make the evening sociable and agreeable; nothing can be gayer or brighter than their tea-table, lighted by brilliant gas, which has no smell, as it has in London, partly from the coal being better suited to the purpose and partly from being well managed. The cloth is always laid for tea, and the table covered with various kinds of bread and cakes. I breakfasted at my lodgings, but Mrs. Walker used to send

me out cakes and herrings and marmalade. Madeline grows conversable on a farther acquaintance and there is something very lovable in her amiable and her serious enthusiasm in objects in which no selfish principles can mingle. Sarah always regretted having left the baby alone at Yalding, and I often regret that I had not taken the treasure to the sea-side. Mr. —— is on bad terms with his children on account of that ridiculous Free Church. He had purchased a free-hold for that son of his, who is married to Mr. ——'s sister, and the first use he made of the present was to vote contrary to his father's wishes for a Whig member, who promised to support his Free Church, and the Miss ——— used to go about making proselytes among the poor, selling their watches which their father had given them, and which deeply hurt him, to raise money for the Free Church, and they made the ——— believe that ——— had set Mr. ——— against his son, whereas he was always trying to reconcile them, and has at length prevailed on him to ask them to dine to-day to meet me; so I shall see them. We called at the Manse yesterday; the minister's wife is a nice lady-like sensible woman. There are six different places of worship in the wee town of Coupar Angus; they are now building a very pretty Episcopal Church. By-the-bye, I forgot to mention that I heard from Captain Walker and Miss Stuart that some of the bishops want to make our Mr. Ewing a bishop; others oppose; perhaps I told you this before, but I forget. Mr. ——— is a good-natured sensible man, very quiet in his manners; he is well-connected; I think ——— has been fortunate. Give a kiss for me to darling baby, and my best wishes to Mr. Osborne for his election.

Believe me, dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother.

CATH. OSBORNE.

My plan of taking a cottage is only for a few weeks. The drawing-rooms of all the houses in Scotland I have seen are upstairs—Pinkie, Knapton Grange, &c. I am just going to partake of a fine dish of strawberries, the 7th of August. Mr. Walker, at my request, treated us one day to a haggis. I think it an excellent dish. I have some curiosity to see the house which belonged to my grandfather in Montrose. Margaret has often seen it; it is a large house looking upon the bay; it is now let in parts to poor people. Nothing now belongs to our family but a burying-ground, which it was their whim to have apart from others; they have always been Episcopalians. Margaret has her and my grandmother's Prayer Book.

Edinburgh, August 31.

My dearest Catherine.—I send you a print of the delicious scenery of Loch Katrine, which, with its lovely bays, inlets, and isles, reminds me of parts of Killarney, though not nearly so extensive. The weather, with the exception of one or two slight showers, was delightful; the inns on the whole good, though not equal to the Welsh, except at Dunkeld and Stirling, which last is perfect.

The views from and around Stirling Castle are magnificent. You stand upon a steep precipice and you have a fine view, well watered by a winding river, well wooded country below, bounded by hills and mountains of varied heights, from Abbey Crag to Benledi. I almost lived upon the Castle from Saturday until one o'clock on Monday, and I looked over the fields of Bannockburn and the height where Bruce stationed his army of 30,000, victorious over 100,000 English, and the water still rippling over the foundations of the identical bridge of Stirling, where Wallace so nobly fought and conquered. Stirling is so strong a post that its neighbourhood was the

scene of many battles, all of which there was a soldier to point out. I was recognized by Major Galloway who took us into his wife's rooms; she, as happy as ever, and with reason enraptured with the place; her horse, Grace Darling, still flourishing. I met in the English Church, Stirling, Mr. Percy Gough; we shook hands, but I could not remember his name at the time, though I knew his face quite well. Altogether Sunday was a happy day; the church is beautiful —unlike the Presbyterian kirks—exquisite in its arrangements, with a beautiful front, and so neat and clean. There was one of the finest preachers I have ever heard; his sermon as eloquent as it was pious. We dined early and spent the rest of the day on the Castle hill. Each day my love of scenery increases. I wish you could see Loch Katrine, with Ellen's isle; we had the Lady of the Lake as our companion, and the boatmen repeated with appropriate emphasis the descriptive lines, and pointing to

> "High on the south huge Benvenue
> Down to the lake in masses threw,
> Crags, knolls, and mounds confusedly hurled,
> The fragments of an earlier world, &c."

I wished the mound had been like this, but still there was little to regret. We came by steam on the Forth from Stirling to Edinburgh, and we passed along beautiful scenery. Hopetoun House is a princely palace; I must see it before I leave this—it is about nine miles from Edinburgh. I forgot to mention that the Duke of Athol's (Blair Athole) is exactly like Mr. Clibborne's mill; I took it for a mill, and was never so astonished as when I heard it was the ducal residence. It is a pity he cannot finish the house at Dunkeld. Mr. Walker has selected, by a commission from Margaret, a most beautiful tartan satin for Edith; it is exquisite. Poor Margaret was sadly disappointed at not going with me; she says she hopes

you will allow Edith to wear her tartan. Believe me, dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

CATH. OSBORNE.

I am glad you enjoyed Wycombe; I hope you are still at Chirk with the Biddulphs and at their mountain lodge.

Dalnagla.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE.—I send you a portrait of a ruin near Edinburgh* which we went to one day with the Walkers. It is far from being in the state of preservation with Glamis, which is not only habitable, but actually inhabited. This Dalnagla is a delightful place, the scenery about it quite exquisite; twenty years ago it was a wild moor amongst wild mountains. Mr. C—— bought one thousand acres, planted and improved and built a very nice cottage with plenty of rooms, to which he lately added a very nice drawing-room, and has made a great many beautiful walks which lead constantly to delightful views varying continually in character. *I cannot tell you how delighted* I am at Mr. Osborne's success. I had a letter to-day from Sarah, who heard through Jane that darling baby was looking fat and rosy, so altogether I feel happier in mind than I often do; you can imagine nothing more secluded than this place, yet it is not dull which Princeland is, for there are haymakers tossing about the grass to show how much later the climate is. We have strawberries, and raspberries, and cabbage-roses, and roses unique, and the gooseberries are not ripe; it is a charm here that there are no beggars to be seen. We went yesterday to a wild Strath at the Spittals of Glenchree, the clergyman, a pious but vehement preacher, still without affectation; but the church was very dirty, which seems the character of Scotch Presbyterians to have their churches

* Craigmillar Castle.

dirty, whilst the Episcopalian chapels are exquisitely nice. Did I tell you of a visit I paid the Nairns? and of his holding forth about the Free Church, and of the pretty Miss Nairns, their nice house with Dunsinane rising behind—I believe I did. I am writing to Miss Smith to learn something of her. I know not where to address you. I will try Newtown where you will be some day, please God.

Believe me, dearest Catherine,
Your affectionate mother,
CATH. OSBORNE.

In great haste—a chance messenger to the post.

Dalnagla.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE.—You have here a representation of some beautiful scenery which I saw near Edinburgh; I don't think I sent one to you before. The reason I write so seldom comparatively now, arises from my ignorance of your address; I directed my last to Newtown. I shall forward this by Yalding, that they may send it on. You can only depend on getting letters in this glen once a week, then a market carrier scatters about the letters addressed to Blairgowrie and Coupar Angus, and which he has taken up to be consigned to Glenchree. Sometimes chance opportunities occur—as for instance, we were driving to see a nice old lady of eighty, when a little girl ran out from a cabin and delivered me a letter from Sarah; how it reached her is still a mystery to me.

Miss Rutherford, the old lady I spoke of, dwells in an old house in the Highlands built at different periods; first there is a very old tower, with its guard-room; then there is a dining-room, built at a much later period in the sixteenth century by a Lady Wemyss—and also the room in which she was murdered, which she built with others; then there is an

addition made by Miss Rutherford herself, a drawing-room and gallery on a small scale, containing a few but very good pictures, two or three exquisite Titians, some Albert Durers, a picture of her grandfather—I forget by whom, and a picture of his grandfather by Vandyke. She has, besides, a fine engraving of the Waterloo Banquet, which cost her twenty-five pounds, over the manetlpiece in her dining-room. You approach this odd old house by a long avenue of spruce firs, by a very pretty lodge, which Miss Rutherford built, but she has never found a tenant clean enough to occupy it. She had put her game-keeper into the old lodge, but the children made the place so dirty that she turned them out; she gave me a kind and pressing invitation, of which I did not avail myself, though I was much pleased with her. This Dalnagla is really very pretty; I forget whether I have told you so before, I write so many and such hurried letters. It is a large commodious cottage, with a good drawing-room, lately built; the walks about it are delightful.

I was delighted to get an account of Mr. Osborne's speeches and that he has justified the good opinion I had formed of his talents. In your last hurried note you say nothing of darling precious baby; I long to see her. You don't mention whether you go to Chirk or not. I wish I knew where to direct.

Believe me, dearest Catherine,
Your affectionate mother,
CATH. OSBORNE.

Kind regards to Mr. Osborne. I leave this to-morrow to travel with Sarah to Dunkeld, Taymouth, Blair Athol, Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine. I lunch at Sir William Chalmers. I met her at Blair Gowrie. I have hired a carriage and horses for a few days to see the scenery.

My dearest Catherine,—You see I still send Edinburgh views, partly because there are no views of Perth and its neighbourhood, partly because Edinburgh rests on my mind as the unique city of the world. We have to-day to see Glammis, Macbeth's Glammis, a most magnificent castle, part of which was built early in the tenth century; it is a ruin, but in the most perfect preservation, walls of prodigious thickness, all the ceilings vaulted and of stone, a beautiful view of a lovely country from the battlements, I walked all round the exterior to marvel at its prodigious size. Sad to say that a hundred years ago the distressed circumstances of the proprietor obliged him to sell all the furniture, some old tapestry escaped. I have been puzzled about the king who was murdered there. I have lost so much time looking over the history of Scotland. The guide books say that Malcolm the Second, Duncan's predecessor, and Duncan were both murdered there; history says that both Malcolm and his eldest son were slain in battle, and Duncan was murdered in Macbeth's castle in Invernesshire, says Shakspeare, the history I have got does not say where; but still I have set my heart on his having been murdered at Glammis, for I have seen the room and the bed, with the furniture dropping to pieces, it is a most romantic place. I have seen nothing like it, it is more striking from not being furnished and from its entireness. I am told that architects say that it is the strongest castle they know, walls fifteen feet thick, the guide book says. I did not measure them, but while rooms are taken out of the walls, it is said to be most perfect, the most complete of any castle in the British empire. Knowing the violent character of the Scotch, how many ruthless deeds have been done in that ponderous building. It has been in the possession of Lord Strathmore's family since the eleventh century. I should like to walk over it every day for a

week. How much you would have enjoyed seeing it! I have bought an engraving of it, but it does not do it justice, I never saw so still a place as this in Scotland. No labourer is to be seen, the garden is at a considerable distance from the house, and the grass is not mown in front. Poor Margaret never reads, takes no interest in flowers, sees no company, she must be very dull. She has acted with a great deal of good feeling, . . . The Nairns have called on me and I am afraid I shall not be able to return their call, as I am going to-morrow to Perth and Dunkeld to see the drive Mr. O. used to say so much about. Lady D. Halliburton has called on me, but I called first with Mr. Clarke whom she visits. She is a most amiable person and sends quantities of money to Ireland. I hope I shall hear of the election on Friday. If I don't hear then I can't afterwards, as we go to the Highlands on Friday, and there will not be a post for a week. Perhaps it is as well to continue to direct my letters to 22, Stafford-st., Edinburgh.

Kiss darling baby for me—love to all friends. Believe me, my dearest Catherine,

Yours affectionately,

C. OSBORNE.

I shall write to you to-morrow.

Blair Athole.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—I send you a view of Stirling though I have not yet seen it to shew you how curiously like Edinburgh it appears to be, the castle being like Edinburgh's. We slept last night at Dunkeld and this morning saw its most lovely and delightful grounds, the town itself, both in position and construction reminded me of some of the Italian villages, the hills clothed in wood rise steep and precipitous from the base behind the houses. I can scarcely fancy a view more exquisite than that from the bridge. The broad, clear,

rapid, but shallow river Tay bounded by high steep hills, with the cathedral ruined by John Knox (the Savage), embosomed in trees, the pretty cottages and villas climbing up the hills and those hills so abrupt in their outline; the grounds of Dunkeld are delightful, the hills appearing to enclose the scene give such an idea of seclusion ; it was a melancholy spectacle to see the fine house which the late Duke had begun, and which was to have cost five hundred thousand pounds, standing exposed to decay after thirty thousand pounds had been laid out on it; the present Duke cannot go on with it, he is too poor. The drive between Dunkeld and Blair Athole is varied and exquisitely beautiful, but in point of sublimity the Pass of Killiekrankee is not to be compared with the Pass of Llanberris in North Wales, or my recollection of the Gap of Dunloe. I have seen a great deal of beautiful scenery in the last two days.

Sir William Chalmers who gave us a luncheon at his beautiful place, abounding in lovely walks, is a great humorist, very peculiar in his habits, but the most kind-hearted, hospitable man alive, nothing could equal his attention, he would send his carriage with me to Blairgowrie. He lives in a one-storied house of great extent of front, it was a small cottage and he has been adding to it every year until he has made it capable of containing a large family of children and a great circle of friends. His wife is still a very pretty woman though the mother of grown up sons. Mr. Osborne knew her in the days of her youth at Dundee. His mode of living would be strange in England, but it is not peculiar here. He entertains handsomely, drives a handsome carriage, and is waited upon by women whom they call table-maids. They are peculiarly well dressed and look very well.

I had not time to walk so much about the grounds as I wished, but he took me to a most beautiful spot, a deep natural basin formed by high projecting rocks, a stream

forming a waterfall supplies it; from the basin the water returns again to the river, this spot is most carefully secluded and is called the Lady's Bath. None but ladies are allowed to bathe there, even when they don't use it it is held sacred to them. Sir William expresses the greatest devotion to our sex; he is a perfect Sir Charles Grandison, and is very lively and agreeable, amongst his good qualities, he breakfasts every morning at five o'clock winter and summer and looks beaming with health and vivacity.

Lady Chalmers related to me the extraordinary case of her sister, who lay in a trance for six weeks, and when she awoke she had forgotten every circumstance of her past life, she did not know one of the family even her husband; she had forgotten how to read and had to be taught the alphabet, she was like a full grown child. During the trance her existence was only ascertained by applying a glass to her lips; she was visited constantly by the first physicians of Edinburgh. For some time before the trance she was constantly falling asleep, she would fall asleep standing, or playing the piano; there were several ladies present who corroborated these extraordinary facts, they added, moreover, that her intellect has recovered its full force, and her memory is perfect except for what occurred before her trance which is quite gone from her mind, expunged for ever. She dates only from her recovery. Is not this a strange history? I heard good accounts of you and precious baby; and I am not yet wearied of rejoicing at Mr. Osborne's election.

Margaret Clarke was most deeply disappointed at not going with me, and cried very much on parting at Blairgowrie whither she went with me.

Sarah and I dined at Major Clarke's at Blairgowrie whilst the horses were resting; his house commands a lovely view over a fine country, watered by a river, with the village of Blairgowrie at the foot of the hill. Major Clarke bought

the house and five acres of land for his wife after his death; it is a sweet spot and very neatly kept. Kiss my dear precious baby and believe me,

Dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Kind regards to the Biddulphs and Mr. Osborne. How very glad I am that he is M.P. for Middlesex. Don't you think that Edinburgh has disgraced itself by turning out Mr. Macaulay.

Sept. 1st.

MY DEAR CATHERINE,—I write to you to-day principally to send you the profile of Stirling Castle, a place which greatly interested me, both from its historical recollections and from the extraordinary beauty of the view from it. I am going presently while Stirling is fresh in my memory, to ascend Edinburgh Castle in order to compare the two.

Yesterday I saw two Scotch bishops, one Bishop Russell, a friend of my father's, who called for a few minutes to see me, and the other Bishop Lowe who dined at Mrs. Walker's, Bishop Lowe is an ecclesiastical looking man, very old indeed; thin and with the slight color in his cheeks which you see in healthy old men, who have led pure and temperate lives; his conversation is interesting and agreeable, he told me that my great uncle Bishop Strachan had been his spiritual father. In those days of non-jurors the Church was so much persecuted in Scotland that the clergy were not allowed to officiate to more than a small number of persons at a time, and that Bishop Strachan used to go through the service ten or twelve times a day to different congregations; he says my father was so like him that you would not have known one from the other had they been dressed alike. Bishop Lowe told me that he himself always prayed for the

house of Stuart until 1788 when Charles Edward died. It is curious and interesting to find one's self in a society of old Jacobites, and one of them like Captain Walker full of originality and vivacity ; it is exactly like being in company with Scott's heroes and heroines.

Madeline has a deep quiet enthusiasm which makes her feel like Flora M'Ivor; she values names and families as they have been loyal; she has no feelings for the present state of the world. I had a letter from Mulqueen, &c., &c.

Unfinished in book.

Edinburgh, Sept. 2.

My dearest Catherine,—I send this little representation of Hopetoun House, which I am now going to see this day. I may not be able to see the interior as Lady Hopetoun is in bad health, and cannot bear any body to go in or to see any one.

I should like particularly to see the interior as I have so often heard my father speak of it. I was here interrupted by a visit from our old friend Mr. Ewing who is soon to be made a bishop after a good deal of opposition; the affair has been pending for more than a year, but I believe it is now as good as settled; he will make a good bishop, he is clever, learned, and what is of importance in so poor a Church, he is well off, even rich. You cannot think how agreeable he made himself, my chest was quite sore with laughing during his visit; he is charming, you always liked him and you would like him better than ever.

There are only six bishops in the Church, and they are elected by a synod of dignitaries. You would be delighted with the beauty and correct adornment of the lovely little churches, so unlike Presbyterianism.

Well, we went to Hopetoun House which is a most princely residence, the view is splendid. It stands very high upon

a table land commanding three distinct views of the sea, not the proud, wide, cold-looking ocean, but the beautiful Frith of Forth with its crags, its islands, and its back ground of mountain. I am going to try a little ground plan of what I mean by these views. This is very bad, but you may form some slight notion of the scene. The sea is about a mile off; we saw the house, thanks to Dunlop's recommendation, and were treated with the greatest civility, nobody would take any remuneration for the trouble we gave them. This magnificent house was built in the reign of Charles the Second. It boasts a beautiful collection of pictures by the old masters; the pleasure-grounds are extensive—occupying fifty acres, it is a house after your heart. Did I tell you what a wretched concern the Duke of Athol's at Blair Athol is, it is exactly like Mr. Clibborne's mill. Sarah and I took it for a mill. In the time of the old earl, with whom my father was intimate, Hopetoun House was kept up in a princely style, but now there is a minor, a delicate boy of sixteen, and a dowager in dreadful health. . . . Poor thing, she has no pleasure in life, how can she? and quite a young woman too. 4th Sept. Yesterday I could not write at all; Miss Arnott called before ten o'clock. The weather was lovely, and I walked the whole day without sitting down from eleven to five, and feel all the better for it. I am more than ever in love with Edinburgh, it will dwell upon my memory like a city of enchantment; you cannot conceive anything like the scenery of this bewitching town. Its wonderful variety, its magnificent hills, and its lake-like sea, and such very agreeable people as the few I have met.

I long to see you and darling baby. I expect her winning ways to make up for the loss of Edinburgh. I leave this on Monday. Believe me, dearest Catherine,

Your affect. mother,

C. Osborne.

Kind regards to Mr. Osborne.

Edinburgh, September 6.

My dearest Catherine,—I must hope that your silence proceeds from some puzzle about where to direct to me, because I cannot suppose that you would be so cruel as not to relieve my uneasiness, when you could do it at so little trouble as the writing a few lines would cost you, and I should hope that if either you or darling baby were ill Mr. Osborne would have written to say so. I must try for my own comfort to think that your silence has proceeded from accident.

We went on Saturday to see Linlithgow Palace, where Mary Queen of Scots was born: the room is much larger and handsomer than that in which she gave birth to James the Sixth, it is now almost in ruins, from the roof having been burnt down, but the walls are entire, and even some of the floors which are overstone. I think it might be easily fitted up and repaired; and the situation is very pretty. I went to St. Paul's Church yesterday—it being Sacrament Sunday—there was no sermon in the morning. There were four clergymen to officiate, one of whom was Bishop Turrett. The Church is very handsome, and the service performed to perfection; nothing could be more correct. Two Clergymen sat on each side of the altar. There was a solemnity and propriety about the whole which one does not always see.

Mr. Ewing preached in the afternoon. The sermon began at two o'clock; he preaches well, and has a clear good voice. Mr Ewing arrived on Saturday. I am to dine there to-day I leave Edinburgh to-morrow. I should have gone to-day, but for the sake of meeting the Ewings. She looks remarkably young. The two boys are pale and delicate looking; the little girl is very pretty, and very healthy looking. She was born at the Baths of Lucca. The Puseyites are laying hold as much as they can of the Scotch Clergy. I am happy

to say Mr. Ewing is untainted with their heresies. You may fancy from my speaking of several Bishops, that Scotland abounds with them; but there are only six. I shall be at home either on Friday or Saturday, but I think it will be Friday. I have no idea where you are, but I direct to Chirk.

Believe me, dearest Catherine, with kisses to baby and kind regards to Mr. Osborne,

Your affectionate mother,

CATH. OSBORNE.

Belfast, Sept. Thursday night.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—Here am I after a miserable passage, instead of arriving here as I expected at eight in the morning, I did not arrive until eight in the evening. The steam-boat was so very much overloaded with luggage which made it move so slowly; it was four hours' sailing between Glasgow and Greenock, owing to the tide, besides the extreme slowness of the steamer. She was too heavy to enter Belfast, we were made to get into a small boat which was crowded by such a number of passengers that I was afraid the boat would sink, they stood as thick as bees; there was a small part near the stern where we were which was kept clear. The Captain sat in the crowd to make them balance one another, and we had five miles to go this way. It was a wretched affair, but they said such a thing had never happened before.

I met with great civility from a Belfast merchant who was travelling with his wife. I am very thankful to be safe here, but I cannot be at home to-morrow evening as I remain here to-night, which is inevitable. I am sorry that you should have the trouble of sending the carriage to-morrow for nothing, but I can't help it; the day after to-morrow send for me again. I am quite weary with all the various frights

and agitations I have undergone. Kiss dearest baby for me, and believe me, dearest Catherine,

Your affect. mother,

CATH. OSBORNE.

The vessel left Glasgow at 10 o'clock on Wednesday, and arrived at eight on Thursday evening.

Fethard Glebe, 1847.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—Edith is, thank God, as well and as happy as possible, she seems to enjoy herself beyond my utmost expectations and has taken to Marianne quite fondly, who seems proud of the trust, she would insist upon keeping her in her arms in the carriage and would not let her come to me; I don't know whether she fancies I should let her fall, but she certainly acts as if she did. Although the sermon had begun we all went to church. Marianne carrying Edith after me, we walked upstairs into the Pallisers' pew, and Marianne still persisted in keeping the child standing in her lap; she gazed on Mr. Woodward with steady gravity the whole time, and had she been twenty years of age she could not have behaved better—this goodness of her's has been uninterrupted, she sat during the reading of prayers this morning, psalms, lessons, and prayer, without moving a muscle, and her little voice murmuring, as if repeating the Lord's Prayer with the rest. We are going to take her to Derryluskan to-day with Marianne. I am going from this to stay at Derryluskan; I had promised yesterday to go next Sunday with them after church, but Louisa has persuaded me to remain here till Wednesday. As I am afraid you would not spare Edith to go with me, you will of course choose your own time for sending for her; she is really quite an angel of goodness and her health perfect. Pray give my love to Mrs. Congreve. I hope you have not forgotten to give her "Sydney Biddulph," and do tell her

that I have made every effort to get Mr. Woodward's pamphlet; it is not to be had here; but one of the Crofton's who is coming will bring it with him. I am anxions to hear Grace receives her due meed of approbation, and that Mr. Osborne has gratified Mrs. Congreve by singing ——

Your affectionate mother,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

I want much to hear how Mrs. Congreve thinks you are looking.

Fethard Glebe, Dec. 29.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE—I am disappointed at not receiving a letter from you to-day, and I think you don't deserve that I should write; but I know you must be anxious to hear how our treasure gets on. She is, thank God, lively and blooming as ever she was in her life, and her goodness is the subject of universal admiration—she has not uttered one cross word since she has been in the house.

We drove to Derryluskan and to Ardsalla. Mr. Tom Gough's little girl was quite enraptured with Edith, and Edith knelt before her with a kind of maternal benevolence, to bring herself down to the little one's height.

Mrs. Palliser told us Grace could read at three years' old. I have a difficulty in believing that she did not make a mistake, as I have never seen a child that was sufficiently collected to be taught at that age.

Mr. Woodward mentions that the mother of the celebrated John Wesley never taught her children a letter until they were six years old; she then shut the child in her room the whole day, at the end of which they read perfectly; the whole process of teaching having been gone through in one day. I hope, at least, I shall get a letter to-morrow. Believe me to be, with love to the Congreves,

Your affectionate mother,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

April.

My dearest Catherine,—I have enjoyed this day beyond measure—this warm, bright, sunshiny April day. I have not been in-doors except during the quarter of an hour occupied in eating my dinner. How I basked in the sunshine! stepped over and over again the new rough terrace. I felt like a child come home for the holidays. The terrace is quite open now, and it looks better even than I expected; even ———, not much addicted to praise, was quite struck with the effects of the opening. She carried home to-day your flower-pot with the chrysalis. The greenhouse is greatly advanced, and much planting done in the pond ground, darkening up the corner Mr. Osborne was always so anxious about. There must have been a strange storm last night, which nobody knew anything about; the decayed limb was blown off the old recumbent elm tree, which had been propped up so many years ago; and the river, which had been very low, was much swollen and discoloured. A water-spout must have fallen somewhere; here there was no sign of rain.

Colonel Phipps passed censure upon the greenhouse. He says it will be excessively pretty, and a beautiful object from the steps, but no good for raising plants; being, as he says, much too high, because the plants will be too far removed from the glass. On the other hand, Mulqueen says all that is wanted will be to have the stage higher. If Colonel Phipps be right, we can raise them in frames, and bring them in when near flowering. It looks larger than I expected. I am sure you will like it; and I cannot conceive that its being two feet higher than Anna's can make so great a difference, and it will look the prettier. We can find some very good parts in the rejected portions of the old greenhouse to make some frames, which will last many years, for the kitchen garden.

I went to see that great oddity, Mrs. ——. She is living at a hideous place, looking over a dingy bog, with a view of the sea in the distance, looking ugly and steampacketish. She thinks this hideous place a paradise; and though she is only to be there till September, has made quite a nice garden, and to prevent the gravel from being spoiled, makes every body come in through the kitchen. "My dear," she says, "if the Lord Lieutenant came he must do the same." I feel much better since I came here, but I have so many friends that I shall not be allowed to remain.

I have promised to go to the Glebe on Saturday. By the bye, Mr. Woodward's Autobiography has set all the world of religionists in a ferment. There was nothing in it that I disapproved, but oh! how Mr. —— will sigh and moan.

Kiss my darling precious baby. I saw a poor dirty child yesterday at Kilsheelan so like her, I could have kissed it for the resemblance.

Ever, dearest Catherine,
Your affectionate mother,
C. Osborne.

September, Wednesday, 1848.

My dearest Catherine,—I enclose you a letter which I received from Grace Palliser along with her note to yourself. You see she thinks the baby is called after herself; it was not exactly, although you liked the association with her so much that her name was chosen, both from its being pretty and belonging to one whom you admired. All here is quite quiet; it is said there were bonfires last night, but I did not see them. If there is to be a rebellion the plan seems to be to tire out the military.

Smith O'Brien and the State prisoners were brought into Clonmel without disturbance or interruption . . . I am told that the priests tell them to wait the proper time and

then they will all rise with them; but this I only hear from ——; it was, however confirmed by Mr. ——. He says, speaking of your early days, that you and he and Louisa were playfellows together, and he must always feel a deep sympathy and interest in all that concerns you; that there is a sentiment in early ties which will always keep its place. I believe I forgot to mention that Jane Dickenson has worked for your baby, and sent it by Sarah, a beautiful little cap. Sarah sends her love. The Phipps dine here to-day. I long to hear that you and the dear children continue well.

Believe me, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

CATH. OSBORNE.

I have not heard from you these two days. I believe I told you yesterday that I will take Augusta to Kilkee and get a bed out of the house for her, she has such wretched health—though she does all her business—that it is quite misery to see her. It appears that she wants bracing extremely.

Fethard, September 6th.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—Your letter, which greatly interested the whole party, arrived this morning. I read it aloud and have forwarded it to Oaklands. I hope by this time Mr. Osborne is better reconciled to Kilkee, and that this journey will do much towards accustoming him to the untoward incidents of a married life, and that he will learn to bear them like a philosopher—steam packets and children included.

I had a note from Colonel Phipps to tell me that Sarah is to be with us on Wednesday; he does not mention Aretas. I suppose that idolizing parent is stopping a day somewhere

with Charles. I am full of uneasiness about you and my precious grandchildren. I don't like them having a cold and your shoulders aching from cold; but Miss Darby comforts me by saying that it will do you all a great deal of good—that the thorough change of air and scene will more than make up for the risk you have run. Pray be particular in telling me how you and the darlings are. Louisa and Tom went off in good spirits this morning, and I think by the time you receive this you will be happy in the enjoyment of their society. I am very glad my precious Edith wanted to be taken to her grandmamma. I bought a white mull muslin for her, tell her with my love. There is to be a dinner-party at Oaklands, with the Pennefathers; that is, the Baron and Mr. Richard, and Mr. and Mrs. William, on Friday next, to meet Aretas . . . I am longing to see Newtown again; the terrace garden is begun, and I long to see how it is getting on. Pray take care of yourself and the children about the rocks and cliffs of Kilkee. I dare say you were delighted at meeting your old acquaintance, Mr. Archdall.

You cannot think what a quantity of clothes were sent me by the Ladies' Association for the Poor of the Parish. As they were obtained through Mr. ——'s interest, I have left the distribution to him. I had a long letter from the Archbishop of Dublin the day you left, in answer to some observations of mine; it is really interesting. I will show it to you. I wish I could make my letter more worthy of your's, but I have no adventures by railroad and packet to communicate. Take care of your health, my beloved daughter; take warm baths, sleep well, get strong, and don't let anything worry you.

Ever, dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

My dearest Catherine.—Your letter to-day brought comfort to my heart, by the assurance it gave me that dearest Edith is almost quite well. I wish that dear little Grace had got rid of her cough; though I think a cough is seldom or ever dangerous to a child that is nursed, still I shall be glad to know that she is well. I cannot join you until after the 29th, when I hope to get my quarter's jointure . . . I am sure I am as economical as possible; but money makes itself wings. There are many things which I should like to do for the garden; but, as they are merely for ornament, I do not do them. I must get some nice bulbs for the terrace garden—which garden will be beautiful. I have nothing new to tell you. The trial is adjourned until Thursday. I called on Lady O'Brien on Saturday, but she was not at home; she had gone to the jail. Perhaps I may go to-day, but the weather is very bad . . . Aretas is not yet come, and perhaps may not before post hour, but, if he does, I will send an answer as to whether he goes to Kilkee or not. I should not be surprised at Sarah's going to Kilkee after all, and I hope she may; she is now in a very cheerful mood, but spends most of her time as —— says most English people do when in Ireland—that is, in writing letters. Miss —— began upon the old track of blaming Government for the poverty of Ireland. I said Government could not help the poverty of the lazy and idle; and that it is the perpetual disquiet and alarm that keeps out English capital. This she could not deny. She says that Smith O'Brien has learnt from all this to place no trust in ——. Were you not sorry to hear of Lord George Bentinck's death? I can scarcely tell why I felt so very sorry. I have just heard from Sarah that the saucepan out of which darling Edith eats her food, and all saucepans of the class supposed to be china, are really white lead. Now, neither she nor I know this to be true;

still I feel it right to mention it. You can ask some chemist about it. I forgot to say that I saw —— at Curraghmore; he seems well and happy.

Believe me to be, dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. OSBORNE.

"The Mulqueen mentioned in the following letter deserves a passing mention. After his leg was amputated, he lived and died as steward at Newtown. He was a man of sterling honesty, and great courage and ability, and was one of those that if he had been born in a different rank, might have been a distinguished man. He took in and carried out Lady Osborne's masterly designs in landscape gardening with singular facility and felicity."

September 12th, 1848.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—I do not like to let a day pass without writing one line, though I have literally nothing to say. I am going to stay at Oaklands to-morrow, but I should much prefer being at home every morning, the intense interest I take in the garden, which is now making, makes me most unwilling to be away.

I am afraid you suffer terribly from cold by the seaside; luckily you are less chilly than I. For my part, it is ten to one if I go at all.

I find Jaccard did not put Mulqueen's name down in the list for servants' wages. Is he already considered "hors de combat;" because if he be I will make up my mind to provide for him. But if his complaint ends in mere lameness, I think he may be nearly as useful as ever, and it will be sufficient for me to keep an additional labourer in the garden, to be hands to Mulqueen's head. A head gardener seldom

does any really hard work, and I think Mulqueen can be as well as ever. I conceive another month will determine whether the poor fellow is fit for anything or not.

I hope that you and the darlings have got the better of your colds, and that Mr. Osborne is better reconciled to the place. It was only for the sake of health, your health, that it could have been desirable. I wonder how people can deceive themselves about growing old. Few persons have better health than I; but I feel a stiffness, chilliness, and thickening of the blood, which reminds me perpetually of the fact. Pray God that you are well and happy.

Believe me, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. Osborne.

I hope Louisa arrived safely without misadventure.

15th September, 1848.

My dearest Catherine,—I am delighted to find that you have derived so much benefit from the air of Kilkee, thank God for it. I hope you will not be in a hurry to come away. I think that though Edith is so well, it will be the means of confirming her health and strength for the winter to bathe in the sea, or if she does not bathe, to breathe the fine healthy air of Kilkee.

Aretas thinks himself happy in coming in for the second edition of the rebellion; he feels excited about it. I was at Newtown yesterday. I found Jaccard foaming with rage against the authorities for not attacking the rebels; there are thousands of them assembled on the mountains. Jaccard does not understand that the rebel scouts give notice when the military appear, and then the insurgents disperse.

Jaccard had received information that Newtown was to be attacked, either last night or this night, for arms. The

rebels have already attacked Mr. Galway's house, and taken his arms away. They attacked a clergyman of the name of Hill, and as he refused to give up his arms, they burnt one of his outhouses.

The . . . were so much alarmed by the fires and screams, that they took shelter at Lord Donoughmore's, and were presently followed by the Doctor's family taking shelter there also. Jaccard said that some of the Newtown labourers were pressed into the rebel service the last night, but came back next morning. Whether they had been sworn in or not I can't say, for I don't know. The information about the . . . and the Doctor's family going to Knocklofty, came in a note from Mrs. S. P——, excusing herself from dining here, her husband being afraid for her; the state of the country being such, we are to crowd together to let them sleep here. The good-natured Charles Akers walked to Newtown to-day to take money for my labourers; he is to come back in the pony carriage, and has injunctions to take the Newtown guns, &c., on to the police station, until Mr. Osborne decides what ought to be done with them. I am afraid of the rebels calling for them, and Jaccard's refusing to give them up, and then the people coming in and doing mischief.

A daughter of Howe's was sent by Patrick to-day for turf, and came back in a great fright, being told the rebels would take her horse. Here ends my information.

Believe me, dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. Osborne.

My dearest Catherine,—I feel very uneasy, indeed quite wretched, about you and the dear children. I have not heard from you to-day, which has greatly increased my uneasiness. I will tell you to what you owe your own cold;

it is to taking the lining out of your dresses at this time of the year, when it grows colder than ever. Most people augment their clothing, but you diminish yours. However, it is too late now; you have caught cold by this imprudence, perhaps in time you will learn to act with less impetuosity. . . . I was two days in court listening to the trial of poor Smith O'Brien. I think his composure is assumed; he seems really to feel great anxiety. There is a knitting of the brows and a paleness which cannot be concealed. I heard the Attorney-General's charge, which was very full, but I was not struck by its containing anything new.

The papers will tell you all about it much better than I. Lady O'Brien preserves her composure wonderfully.

There was a young Mr. Fitzgerald there who told her plainly that there was no possibility of acquitting him on one count, and convicting him on another, so as to make the penalty less; that all and everyone of the counts involved the charge of high treason.

If I find by a letter from you to-morrow that you do not come home immediately, Sarah and I will set out to join you. If you do come home on Monday, of course Sarah and I remain here, and pray God that I may have good news of you and the darling treasures. I am much obliged to dear little Edith for the pretty speech she made about me. Tell her that grandmamma loves her with all her soul.

Ever, dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate,

C. O.

Oaklands Sept. 18th.

My dearest Catherine,—I am delighted to find that the precious little ones are quite well, but sorry to hear that

Edith is so often naughty—who spoils her? is it you, or nurse, or her papa? you see I am out of the scrape now.

I am sure a child should always be treated with great affection, never contradicted or refused an indulgence through mere whim, but when once refused, the indulgence should not be granted to noise or even tears; otherwise the experiment once successful will always be repeated to gain an object . . . I do not much fancy your account of Kilkee.

I am glad Mr. Osborne has met with some old acquaintances, which indeed he would find everywhere, as I believe he knows more people of all ranks than any body in the world. I am sorry to find that Kilkee has disappointed you as to the picturesque, but as your health has benefitted by the air, the purpose we all desired has been fully answered. I have as yet nothing new to tell you of the rebellion; there were some signal fires last night.

I forgot to observe that coming from Fethard I was struck with the lazy lackadaisacal way in which the people in the fields by the roadside worked, perhaps from having been out at night, but it was quite remarkable; in many instances they did not work at all but stopped and chatted with one another. What they mean by these nightly assemblages I cannot pretend to say, but I believe something they dare not do; but I believe that trade suffers materially, and I feel convinced that the only mode of governing Ireland would be a military despotism. . . .

Mr. ——— told me that the papers found in Smith O'Brien's portmanteau are supposed to commit three Roman Catholic Prelates, and certainly I have been told by a Roman Catholic that most of the priests were favourable to the rising until they saw that it could not succeed. If the Roman Catholic Church held the place and the revenues of ours it would not be the present men who would be fitted to fill them. I think it would be a dangerous experiment to

bring them more ostensibly forward when they are such men as they are in habits, manners, and principles.

Believe me, my dearest Catherine,
Your affectionate mother,
C. OSBORNE.

Give my love to the Woodwards, and beg them to wait till I come.

1848.—Tuesday, 26.—Newtown Anner.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—You see I write every day. Aretas will answer for himself. I do not think he arrived here in time yesterday to write by the post, at all events I did not see him for I had been engaged all the morning potting plants in the greenhouse shed; could he have found me when he arrived he might have written. You will perceive that my passion for gardening rather increases than diminishes. I am just now in a full labyrinth of doubt how to finish the terrace garden, as beds under the trees will not do well; sometimes I think of making it grass where the beds end, which beds by the way even now with only the box look very pretty, sometimes I think of having it all gravel up to the beds, only broken by tubs of flowers or circles of box.

Fitzgerald can make tubs smaller and more simple than those we have for the purpose. I wish you were here to decide, for I have no opinion of anybody's taste here in such matters but yours. I feel this to be a point of some weight in the well-being of the garden. What do you think of an embroidery of box in the gravel. Hogan and I feel much puzzled on the subject; I think we rather incline to gravel, Sarah and Anna to grass. I think either would look very pretty. Anna likes grass from having seen a garden at Lady Warwick's gravel in the midst of grass, she said it was like the setting of a jewel. I rather incline to gravel because it

gives more scope of future ornamentsin the shape of vases or box. I feel myself childish in the way this little matter perplexes me.

Colonel Dwyer came to see this place on Saturday, he observed the pleasure ground was in the Italian style. Do you remember how much box there used to be in the Italian gardens. I hope our precious Edith is quite well, and dear little Grace's cold much better. I have fixed on Monday for going to you please God. Believe me, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Pray mention your ideas of grass and gravel that I may leave word. I hope my delay is not keeping Mr. O. in Kilkee, the moment he leaves you I will make a point of coming, that is, I would come on the 29th.

"During the three years of famine when in addition to the general distress, the income tax and poor law came into fearful operation, these causes and special circumstances, such as the failure of a mine, made the difficulties of Irish life tremendous to the Editor, and Lady Osborne to her family and humbler neighbours came forth with her wonted generosity—but in many of the letters traces of these trials appear of necessity."

The destitution about here is a thousand times greater than in Clonmel, and the tenantry at Garranmillan are in a most dreadful state of destitution . . . some of the money which Colonel Phipps has had from England might have gone here where it was more wanted than at Russelstown, and our ten pounds which I gave for Kilsheelan should have been spent here. The government would have made it twenty and it would have kept the parish for a week. Ill as I can afford it I must subscribe something. Numbers of

people have gone without food for two days ; the relief committees are incessant but it is impossible to support all the poor, and of course those have the preference whose landlords contribute. Colonel Palliser has been most generous. I believe that the fatal poor law will soon come into operation and there will be no choice.

Mr. Lucas mentioned here is the brother-in-law of Mr. Hull, who was one of Mr. Osborne's kindest and ablest champions in his first contest for Middlesex.

Newtown Anner.

My dearest Catherine,—I know you will wish to hear of the children every day, and so I write, although I have nothing to say, except that they are quite well, thank God, and happy. I want to take them to Fethard to-day, but they have no decent bonnets . . . I am provoked; for this change of air and healthy drive would have done them good. As we had no horses yesterday, Mr. Lucas and I walked to the school, with which he was greatly pleased. It is certainly admirable. We also went to Anner Mills, but the Clibbornes were out driving; we then continued our walk to Anner Park; the lady was out, but we saw the master, who gave Mr. Lucas information on various subjects.

I wrote to Colonel Phipps to tell him that we should call on him to-morrow (Thursday), and that I hoped he would show the Institutions of Clonmel; and that we would drive there some day, if asked. I hope the Bagwells will be back in time to ask us another day, as I am afraid it is poor entertainment to Mr. Lucas to be "tête-a-tête" with me. He has a peculiar wish to see Mr. Woodward, principally because his daughter wishes he should. I have almost filled three pages of "niaiseries."

Good-bye, dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

Catherine Osborne.

We drove in the pony carriage; I was shocked to find the papers are kept back. I am sure Mr. O. never meant such incivility to Mr. Lucas. I shall have them sent to Newtown first, and forward them to Mr. O. by post afterwards.

Glebe, Tuesday, 1859.

My dear Catherine,—I am most happy to return home to take care of the children. Marianne is a good girl, but Edith has no respect for her. I long to see the darlings, and I should have been quite ready to go home to-day. I am so much obliged to you for sending the *Times*, it contained that most admirable speech of the Bishop of Bristol, recommending union between all parties, whilst he strongly blames the Puseyites, he expresses a hope from the strong demonstrations they have made that they see their error now, and that the government see theirs in the encouragement they have given to papists, so that it behoves all parties to combine to resist the present aggression; with the assistance of the Puseyites they would send us back to the darkness of the middle ages. I am sadly afraid that Archdeacon Robert Wilberforce will go off to Rome upon the ground of the connexion with the State of the English Church, so they prefer like Mr. Henry Wilberforce to receive as dogmas each trash that passes through the Pope's brain, as, for instance, the immaculate conception of the virgin. I feel the most intense contempt for the understanding of the apostates. Tom Woodward has not got rid of his cold, but it is better.

Mr. Heffernan is coming next week, so I believe that will be an obstacle to his visiting Newtown.

Ever, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. Osborne.

"The dogma Lady Osborne alludes to disproves the denial of Infallibility resting with the Pope alone as a matter

of belief because it was a despotic decree of Pius IX. though it had been a subject started and under discussion before, as those declare who are sticklers for the antiquity of the creed of the Church of Rome. But it would seem to require that a miraculous mother should entail a miraculous grandmother as a necessity and so on until the humanity ended in Arianism, as indeed it appears to begin therein."

Glebe, November, 11th.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—I send two half notes in this sheet, and Louisa will direct another with the corresponding halves, two pounds for Hogan to pay my laborers, and half-a-crown for two pensioners. You will remember that it is on the day you receive this that the labourers are to be paid. I am very sorry for the loss of the two trees, poor Newtown is gradually losing all her old trees.

I hope you won't forget to send the Examiner; we only see the Dublin Evening Mail. I revel in the Protestant demonstrations; I think this Popish aggression the best thing that could have happened to put Puseyism out of countenance, &c., &c.

Glebe, November 27.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—I am very much obliged to you for your kindness in wishing me to get the *Times*, but Mr. O. was mistaken about its being no use to send it, for you know I had not seen Mondays, and we have some reason to suspect that it contains a passage of peculiar interest to this family, from its being referred to in a letter. However, I shall see it when I get home, and if it be interesting can forward it here with a charge to send it to Mr. Petherick. The newspapers have more interest for me now, than the most exciting novel ever had . . . The passage I allude to is a reference to . . . said to be in an address from the Dean of Bristol

to the Bishops, not the address to the clergy that we sold some days ago, but a speech that I have not seen, &c., &c.

Glebe, Friday.

My dearest Catherine,—I return your paper by this post. I think it very interesting, there were several things quite new to me, in particular the agreement with me about the Bishop of London's Charge; his approving of sisters of mercy, having consecrated St. Barnabas, and in former days having sanctioned many mummeries, he is now forced to disapprove. But still union is the thing particularly now, and perhaps Protestantism will gain in the end, government will not in future dare to send bigots to . . . and I hope the Romish hierarchy here will not dare to be so rampant, they have already begun to put down the National Schools, now I think such interference should be in some way or other prevented.

I don't know now but some wiser head than mine may devise a way of doing the deed, perhaps by announcing that if they put down National, allgovernment grants should be withdrawn from them. Give my love to Miss Butler and the Darlings. I hope you hear dear little Edith her lessons

Ever, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. Osborne.

Louisa sends you a letter to amuse you.

April 21, 1851.

My dearest Catherine.—I arrived here last night about seven o'clock; Mr. Tompkins was in the carriage and he drove me to the Parsonage in his gig. Sarah was kind as usual. I had a pleasant journey from Birmingham. There was a gentleman who hates Puseyism and Popery as much

as I do, and he says there ought to be public prayers against the errors in doctrines which have sprung up in the church, just as in the case of any physical malady. I hear a great deal of the enormous spread of Puseyism in England.

I am writing now at the Vicarage between services, and talking all the time, so I cannot fix my mind on what I write. I was very sorry to part with you, and long to see you again.

I called on Fanny Rose, who is better than I hoped to see her, and delighted to see me, and takes great interest about my lodgings, and was shocked when I objected to being near her. She was sitting in the drawing-room and walked about to ring the bell. Tell me about the darling children—I wish they were here. They say we shall have no difficulty in getting lodgings. I have plenty of irons in the fire. Sarah sends her love and longs to see you, and thinks me looking well. Love to Miss Smith and the Woodwards, and kind regards to the Gardiners. Ever, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

CATH. OSBORNE.

28th April, 1851.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE.—I have been all day in London about lodgings, and have at last succeeded; you must not expect anything fine, but they are very clean and the situation good (Pont-street, Belgrave-square). You must not start at hearing it is over a greengrocer's, as you were willing to put up with a baker's, which is less good; but the entrance is quite private—I mean of course that it is a private entrance. I had a great fit of hesitation about another lodging, where there was no shop, but the price was two guineas a week more, and it was not quite so large as the one I have taken although that is small enough; however, it will do well

enough. I don't think you will be dissatisfied—at least I hope not. The two guineas a week which I save will be a great help towards a brougham; without a carriage London is more than ever horrible. I have taken them from Monday next the 28th, and I hope you will come up on Monday, or Tuesday at farthest, as it is a pity to pay for lodgings without using them. Lady ——— is next door over a baker's shop, both are highly respectable, which is considered a great matter in a lodging. The ——— have just left my lodgings. Sarah has put me into a fuss when she heard our lodgings were over a shop, but I told her you did not mind Mrs. Mason's. Our street is rather a better street than the one where the seven-guinea lodgings are—ours are but five; and three shillings a week for linen. I have written to Reddy to bring spoons and forks and a tea-pot. Augusta will be happy to do your coiffure, &c., &c.

Vicarage, Saturday Night.

My dearest Catherine,—It would have been of no use to write by the post, as no letters enter London on Sunday. I am writing now to be able to send off a few lines by ten o'clock to-morrow. I was disappointed at not hearing from you to-day. I cannot bear to think of you alone in your disconsolate house full of workmen; how I wish you had gone to the Glebe or Marlfield. I am sure the change would have done you good; and, since you are alone, I have not courage to prolong my absence by going to Wycombe: should to-morrow's letter, which I cannot receive before I despatch this, should it tell me that you are gone to some friends, or that you have some friend to stay with you, it is possible I may go to the Lucases. Otherwise, I shall leave London on Friday night for Dublin, and reach home (d.v.) on Monday morning. I am now at the Vicarage with Jane, Sarah having just arrived, and I go with Jane to Gedges on Tuesday and to

London on Thursday. I cannot describe the deep and tender melancholy with which this sweet place inspires me at this season; the most lovely soft view, dressed in all the charms of spring; the smooth lawn before the drawing-room and my room windows, with its plots of heath and double furze in full blossom, and the scenery with its distance seen as through a muslin veil, with the sun shining. How well I remember when my greatest happiness used to be to escape from the unpicturesque bustle of a country town to this sweet scenery, peopled too with kind and affectionate friends How happy I always was here, in spite of ——— which was always smoothed down by dear Aunt Warde's kind and loving spirit. I wish I could make the Vicarage what it was forty years ago, and that all were living now as then! As I grow old I turn more intensely to the simple life and pleasures of the past. I can from these earlier recollections turn to the period when you and my precious William were here with me and dear Aunt Warde and Margaret, and all so unchanged from the time of my childhood and youth, and now the house is so still.

I had a visit here on Friday from an old schoolfellow whom I had not seen since she was a slender girl of sixteen, and I three years younger; she has now retained her light brown hair, but her figure has become unbecomingly large. I can put up with grey hair since I have not become landlady like in size. Sarah sends her love, and wishes you were coming here, particularly as your house is so wretched. Good night, my ever dear Catherine, and God bless you, says

Your affectionate mother,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

I long to hear that you are well, and my dearest grandchildren. Richard does not allow letters to be brought on

Sunday; so I shall walk to the post with this myself. Tell Carew, if he can, get my rooms ready by next week; you had better send for Carthy to help, and not only threaten but do so. I hope you received my cheque.

Malling Abbey.

My dearest Catherine,—I remember pretty well what a man-of-war is, and, if times are not changed, the sailors are so civil and so ready to help you that I do not remember feeling afraid, but I will not go . . .

I must go to the Isle of Wight some day or other, and I should like to show Edinburgh to you. I am bitten with a spirit of restlessness and having come so far as London, before I go back to Ireland, I must either do something new myself or show *you* something new. I would much rather go to Plymouth than Portsmouth. I know the latter is but a bad edition of Chatham. I like what you tell me Lady C. Berkeley says of Mr. Molyneux. I am sure whatever may be a man's taste and opinions, when he comes to die, it is not the Church, or the sacraments, or baptism that will comfort him, but only pointing to the Saviour; and of all human doctors in spiritual matters an Evangelical clergyman is the best, because he does so guide and direct.

If the weather should permit, the water-party is to take place on Monday, and I have promised to stay for it; and unless anything should occur to hasten my return home, as I write every day, I will let you know at what hour I shall thank you to send for me. On Tuesday we are to go with the Savages. Mrs. S. is a very agreeable woman. The party will suit me better, but it will not be so gay as those used to be that I frequented forty years ago, with a band and well-dressed watermen to row us, and plenty of gay young people, but we are to go in a barge towed from the shore. I bathe here every morning in a very nice bath, probably used by

the monks in days of yore. There is a stream constantly pouring through it, and making a pleasant gurgling sound. The weather (as I suppose you find it) is very cold. I should like a perpetual fire and the window open. I can't think what party you were asked to on Tuesday. I am so glad you don't regret it.

I am glad you speak of going again with me. I wish you would meet me on Tuesday . . . Give my love to darling Edith and ask her to write to me, rule the lines and let her spell as she chooses: this will save you trouble.

Ever, dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

CATH. OSBORNE.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—I received your amusing letter this morning . . . I am delighted that precious Edith liked the "Babes in the Wood;" it will be a resource to amuse her with, if you read it to her. Children are never tired of hearing the same story over and over again; and now for the Exhibition. I liked it very much indeed; but I don't think —— can be compared to Grace as an artist. There is certainly an impress of true genius about the burning of Heidelberg which does not appear in . . . There is a beautiful window painted by Miss Gascoigne, now Mrs. Trench; and a lady going to church, by her sister, which I think beautiful; it struck me as something quite peculiar, but I do not pretend to be such a judge as you are. I should like you to see the Exhibition. I am not at all certain that I may not return by Bristol, out of economy, and on reckoning up I was in five railway carriages on Wednesday—first, from Bangor to Crewe, then from Crewe to Birmingham, then from Birmingham to Gloucester, thence another change to Bristol, and fifth and last from Bristol to Bath. If it had

not been for Augusta's almost agonized attention we must have lost our luggage, for a season at least. I told you that late as we arrived we disturbed no one in the house—the butler and Miss Smith being up at any rate; but we disturbed the footman *in the next house*, as the coachman mistook the door and knocked furiously and many times, so the wretched servant had to dress up and answer the door—he was cross and indignantly rejected a very large box which was proffered for his acceptance. I always laugh when I think over it. Yesterday I passed a delightful day. The Goughs received me with the greatest kindness and affection. Lady Gough came forward and kissed me; I sat next Lord Gough at dinner. Mr. Broderick took me in. Lord Middleton dined there; but I only spoke and had no opportunity of conversation with him. I had a great deal of conversation with Lord and Lady Gough; they both speak with the greatest affection of you. There was a large party in the evening. Lord and Lady Gough were the lions of the evening. There were many of their friends. He does not go to Ireland until after the 25th; so I shall be at home for his visit. I overheard him telling somebody how glad he has been to meet me. Lord Gough asked all manner of questions about you and your children. Poor Miss Style (their governess) is dead. Lady Gough said she wished I had seen Lord Gough's reception here. There was no one she wished so much to see it, because she knew I would enjoy it. They have the same kind, simple, affectionate manner as ever. ——— called yesterday; he is in bad odour amongst the brother clergy from his popish tendencies. Yesterday was a charming party.

Ever, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. OSBORNE.

Mr. Rhoades sends his very best regards.

"In the course of this compilation, one or two small purchases of Lady Osborne's are named, that might seem to the general reader puerile to print, but to those who knew lady Osborne they recall a leading trait of character.

She never stinted in anything or anyone, with but one exception, and that was herself; and whenever she gave herself the most trifling satisfaction, it was always something the advantage of which could be shared in by others."

Sunday, April 7th, 1850.

My dearest Catherine,—There was during two days a sale of ladies' work for the schools; the room is generally thin on the second day, and so Mr. Gardiner devised the scheme of announcing in the papers that Lord Gough would be there between three and four o'clock, he having first secured his Lordship's promise. This brought a great crowd, each paying sixpence on entrance, between the two days they took £160. The Tom Woodwards have a table and they took the most. The profits are divided between the schools. The clergymen of Bath pull well together.

In consequence of my visit to Rocklow, I took such a fancy to Mrs. Frend, that, knowing how little time the Goughs had for visiting, and knowing her love and enthusiasm for her brother, I wrote to her to tell her all about them; I think she will be pleased, and I do like to give pleasure.

Mr. Gardiner preached again yesterday, and I was peculiarly struck with his preaching. He is a very powerful preacher, and his manner perfect, but he has a very humble opinion of himself—pays Mr. Elwyn £300 a-year for preaching for him every Sunday morning; you would fancy from Mr. Gardiner's manner to Mr. Elwyn, that Mr. E. were Rector and he Curate.

You do not tell me about the garden—how the tulips are

blowing ; do impress upon Hogan and you how much I hate to see bare earth, and therefore to plant thick enough.

I long to see you, and the children, and the garden, Louisa Mr. Woodward and all friends, though I am very happy here, but rather unsettled; I suppose the rainy weather has interrupted the finishing of the walk by the river, but as soon as possible pray let it proceed—I am anxious about it. In my present plans of economy I was very doubtful about buying so expensive a work as the rose-garden, but as the woman that deliberates is lost, it ended in my ordering it, it costs a guinea and a-half. I have also ordered the other book recommended by Henderson; we are therefore bound to excel in roses.

I think Mr. Gardiner a truly religious man—without phraseology or affectation of any kind, very mild and gentlemanlike, without pretension or conceit, lively and hospitable.

Lord Middleton spoke with great affection and admiration of Mr. Woodward, and with great approbation of Louisa; he is most agreeable. ——— was engaged here today, but sent an excuse by post this morning, dated second Sunday after Easter. There is some reason for suspecting that his refusal was prompted by his being engaged in some Puseyite mischief. I shall cut out the passage in your letter about the Tractites and enclose to him, of course including your opinion of Mr. Woodward. The Archbishop likes Frank Woodward and wishes to serve him, but he does not feel quite clear, though he does not expressly say so, that Franks views might not lead others much farther than he goes himself—but you shall see his letter.

I think Bristol an ugly, gloomy town, like the city of London—quite different from gay, bright, beautiful Bath. I shall not keep Louisa long away from her father, for I do not remain here much longer. You must come to England next year—I hope I can manage it for you, the children

and you and myself to be always in some healthy place near London. Lady Trench and I talked about Edinburgh—she gave me an account of a Sunday she passed there. She went to Mr. Dummond's chapel, and she asked the pew-opener who was to preach: "Captain Rennie." I have heard that Mr. Drummond does sometimes irregular things, but this exceeds them all, and she left the church and went to St. John's, the beautiful church I attended. The pew-opener had omitted to say that the Captain had taken orders; there the afternoon service was too early, and she went in the evening to hear a canting Presbyterian—then she described a High-churchman who chanted the whole service to eleven people, and preached that the greatest sin in the world is schism.

If ——— only knew how small most of the livings in England are, I think he would not complain of receiving an income better now than a field officer in the army, after a long, painful, and dangerous service, and with the safe and pleasant duty of a clergyman.

Bath, Tuesday, 9th April, 1850.

My dearest Catherine,—I was disappointed at not hearing from you as usual to-day, yet I write. I think you will be glad to hear that I am getting reconciled to my grey hair. I saw a lady yesterday of my own age, Colonel Phipps's friend, who looked so nice in hers, it is so much whiter than mine; she is a very nice healthy-looking person, fresh coloured. Her house has some beautiful pictures; some by H. Weir, of animals. I never saw anything like the horses, sheep, and poultry. There is one by Cooper, which is very pretty, but less striking than the rest. The house is very handsome and well furnished. We called too at the Kings'; their conservatory, though not large, had some beautiful flowers in full blow. We dine there next

Friday. Mrs. Landor is a lady devoted to doing good; she is supposed to give away £3,000 a year.

——— is become such a desperately High-churchman he won't even go to the Church Missionary meeting. We dine there to-day. We drive, instead of going by railroad, and we set out at half-past ten. Kisses to my darlings. One of my copies of your picture hangs opposite my dressing-table. It is the best I have done, and recalls you, my beloved daughter, if it were necessary, to my memory.

Have you good news from nurse?

Ever, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. Osborne.

Miss Smith takes every pains for my comfort. I have a large bath in my room, like the one I used to use at Newtown. There are in the dining-room here two most beautiful water-coloured landscapes by an artist of this place, now dead.

Bath, April 10th, 1850.

My dearest Catherine,—I am greatly obliged and gratified by your kind punctuality in writing to me daily. Except yesterday, I have always found a letter from you awaiting me in the hall, when I come down to prayers at a quarter before nine. Everything here goes on with great punctuality. I like Mrs. Gardiner very much; her decided advice is that Edith should learn to read, even as a matter of quiet discipline. This does not imply any painful exercise of the brain; the dear child is naturally very quick. We drove to Bristol yesterday, Fanny and Susan Woodward accompanying us.

We found ———, his wife and six children, and she expecting a seventh in another month, in a small but conve-

nient house, with two priest-like, melancholy-looking, silent curates, one of whom always lives in the house. I am not certain that his spirits are quite as high as they were; the spirits will, sooner or later, yield to that most depressing system of semi-popery. ——— is very far gone; he has too a superlative contempt for bishops when they don't agree with him. He is as friendly and good-natured as ever. The children are, as you know, very handsome, and in the time I was there I saw nothing to object to in their behaviour. The little Gardiners are perfect in theirs; they are a great deal in the room, most of them breakfasting; they never disturb anyone. I regret ——— having taken this unhappy turn, because it throws him out of the society of the clergymen of Bath, and upon the society of those mournful friar-like curates. It seems that ———'s chaplain has just embraced Popery. I am sorry there should be any converts to that system; but if there be *any*, I would rather it should be from that quarter, to manifest the cloven-foot which one knows to be there. I must write a few lines to Mrs. Benson, and then work at your bag, as I have but little time. We dine at the Woodwards to-day. We called on the Uniackes, at Clifton, yesterday; he looked ill, but seemed cheerful. I observed that the river comes up near his house, just like the sea near Woodhouse. He did not seem to relish the allusion, as I fear he has no hope of seeing the place again. They are in lodgings, and they don't like it. Give kisses to my darlings. I congratulate you on nurse's safety.

Ever, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

CATH. OSBORNE.

Miss Smith sends her love; she made me re-open my letter because I had forgotten to give it. If you have not

destroyed the two Bath papers, Miss Smith begs you will send them to Miss Butler.

"Lady Osborne had even more than the usual proverbial grandmother's love for her grandchild, Edith, as all her letters show. The following one not the least.

On her death-bed, one of her last injunctions was, that one of the best microscopes should be got for the child's use."

Bath, April 13th, 1850—Wednesday.

My dearest Catherine,—I write so much and so constantly and journalize whilst I write, that if there were a heroine we might make a quiet novel out of it. There is to be a large dinner-party here to-day. I will tell you about it in the evening. I have had a very pleasing walk with Fanny. I went to see a famous iron shop, and there I made two purchases—one a flower table for the drawing-room, for fifty-shillings, and the other a small beautiful round table for the temple, for two guineas.

I feel very extravagant, but you know the flower table I have long wanted, and I think the table for the temple is a nice thing to have for reading and working when we sit there, which I shall so often do in the summer, and it will look nice.

When I had written one page I was interrupted to dress for dinner, and this morning I received your letter, telling me that my darling precious Edith is not well. How I wish I were with you all; I cannot tell you the intense anxiety I feel. No language can describe the love I have for that child, it seems to make a physical impression on my frame. God send my darling health; and I do feel so for you—nurse not being arrived. I trust in God she is come back. Is it not a mercy that I did not engage to stay longer than Friday? I would not stay for the world: I am so feverishly anxious

to get home; and think of my being so stupid as to tell you to direct to Yalding. I might have had my letter before I go. Pray write incessantly about my little angel.

Your affectionate mother,

C. OSBORNE.

I hope dear baby is well.

Wednesday, 17th April, 1850.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE.—I must scribble in a great hurry as Fanny Woodward is to call for me at eleven, to go to the schools, and we have lingered over the breakfast-table discussing a party we were at last night; it was to discuss the eleventh chapter of Daniel. Mr. Keith was there. I had been reading up Rollin who relates his history along with the prophecy and proves how it agrees in all its parts. I sat between that nice dear Lady Trench and her niece, Lady Letitia Allworth. Lady Trench said she often felt sleepy in the evenings, and was afraid of being cushioned on a sofa. I told her that I had my resource in needlework—she had brought her Bible; well, the discussion began and I never heard anything more dull, for sometime I was afraid to work; but at length the fear of going to sleep and tumbling over Lady Trench got the better of my discretion and I opened my bag, which restored me to equanimity, and Lady ——— and Lady ——— were both napping—there were about 120 persons in the room, and I was very thirsty; it was a great relief when ices were handed round. The party was at the house of Mr. Seymour, author of "Mornings with the Jesuits;" they are both remarkably nice looking people—husband and wife. Keith, the prophet, is a tall, large-boned man, with an intelligent countenance, a quantity of hair, and talks broad Scotch. I was glad to see once more the sample

of the olden time . . . Mr. Keith belongs to the Free Church of Scotland. I am afraid we shall have a Free Church here, owing to . . . . &c., &c.

Bath, Sunday, April 21st, 1850.

My dearest Catherine,—I have not time to answer dear Louisa's letter, for we must set out to walk to church at half-past ten. I was delighted to get your joint letters at the second delivery, last night at eight o'clock, particularly as I could not have heard to-day; as I told you, there is no delivery of letters on Sunday. My curiosity is excited to know what it is I shall be glad to see at Newtown besides the dear faces and the usual features of the place; but don't tell me what it is; I like the amusement of guessing—perhaps something in the finish of the walk, or the tubs set up, or the pedestals of the temple plaistered—there are my guesses. Tell Louisa that Miss Smith and I both say that it is not the Bath clergy who separate from ——, but —— from the Bath clergy; his church views may occasion them to have less intercourse, because he cannot unite in forwarding common objects; as, for instance, the Church Missionary and Bible Societies; but I am sure they will or would be glad of his society—who would not be delighted to see so agreeeable a person as ——. I cannot tell Louisa who the —— are, except that they are very good and agreeable elderly people, in a nice house, with a fine view, have no children, and a well-filled conservatory in beautiful blow. Mrs. —— has been ill in bed since her party.

The —— are very rich people; he was or is a banker, has two good-looking daughters, and he married, not long ago, a daughter of the late Archbishop Magee—a woman of a suitable age to his own—they live in this row, two or three houses from this. At their party I was thinking with regret that I had no conversation with Lord Middleton, when, as if

he had divined my thoughts, he came and sat by me and we discussed the most interesting topics. I do not agree with —— about the Archbishop's attaching too much importance to his opinion; he is more fully appreciated in England than in Ireland. I wish —— had heard Lord Middleton speak of him, particularly of his abilities, and he is so candid that he disdains to conceal his own consciousness of them. I am flattered and obliged by your conviction of my popularity, as I attribute that conviction to your affection for me. I long to be at home again. Jane has declined accompanying me to Ireland, but I have written to her a second letter from which I hope better success; she will be a most agreeable addition and perhaps may recover her spirits and be herself again. Tell darling Edith it was her own thimble which she gave me to keep, and which had been in my pocket ever since, that I sent her. I am glad that nurse comes so long before me, because the novelty of seeing her will be over, and leave a little more room for gladness at seeing me. I called on Mrs. Ben Woodward and she returned my call, but we were neither of us at home, and this I regret as she lives four miles from here. Love to Louisa, and kisses to the darlings. My very best regards to Mr. Woodward.

Ever, dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Bath, Monday 22nd, 1852.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—I received two letters from you to-day, one for yesterday—no post is allowed to come. I thank God for the escape you have had, and I trust your ceiling will be put into safety for now and evermore. I am sorry to think of the sad mess at Newtown; I don't think it will keep me long away from you all. Tell Louisa that the school-children, for behaving ill in church, are kept on bread

and water for a week. The father of one of them complained that he did not like such a Roman Catholic punishment; he would not object to his child being caned, he said, but a popish penance he could not bear, &c., &c.

Sunday, April 30th.

My dearest Catherine.—I was delighted to get your letter this morning announcing your safe arrival at the Admiralty after your perils by sea and rail; you don't say how the new paper looks—pray tell me. Do you know your account of your passage has confirmed me in the notion that the Bristol way is the best. I had both a berth and a sofa, and I tumbled out of one on to the other as I felt inclined, and I did not feel the passage rough, although there was wind enough to prevent one from walking without help, and to make it very cold on deck, and I do not think of my passage with disgust. I slept nine or ten hours, and I read very comfortably the rest; when you have no fear of storms it is the passage for me. Tell Mr. Osborne that my friend the Admiral who told me not to tell Osborne his name "when he speaks of Sir C. Napier loving fighting better than eating his dinner," did not mean to imply a want of discretion, but great pluck and animus . . . I have been hearing the most magnificent sermons since I have been here, from Mr. Magee, not Madge's Mr. M'Ghee—but I forget at this moment whether he is son or grandson of the late Archbishop of Dublin; I like him better than Dr ———; he preaches very practical sermons, you would be delighted with him; I wish he had a church in London near the Admiralty. I am longing to rejoin you. I don't care for society now, I only want to see you all—get darling Edith to write me little letters all her own. We were asked to dinner at Mrs. Ames; to Miss Smith's great regret we were obliged to refuse, as there is a party here; I bore this with great philosophy.

I met Mr. Broderick at a party at Mrs. Laudors, what charming manners he has! Lady Maude once said when he refused to give a beggar something, he did it in a way that the woman felt as if he had given her half-a-crown. Fanny Woodward is as agreeable as ever.

Ever, my dearest Catherine,
Your affectionate mother,
CATH. OSBORNE.

Hotel Brighton, Paris, Rue de Rivoli.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE.—Yesterday, taking with me Jaccard and Augusta, I went by railway to Versailles, and was more than ever struck by the grandeur of the building and the magnificence of its fitting up—but all the French do is done by their government, and all the English do is done by individuals or companies, and to this general speculation we owe the Crystal Palace. When we had got half through the rooms Augusta spied Miss Smith, Mr. Johnston, and William in the next room; I went up and spoke and they all joined our party. She was engaged to dine with the Arbuthnotts, who had gone to Versailles to restore one of their daughters and recruit her strength. I dined alone at a restaurateurs, and the Arbuthnotts all came to speak to me after dinner; the little girl seems quite well, but what a strange thing it is to see so many people believing in mesmerism—I cannot yield belief yet. Miss Smith and I, after coming from Versailles, walked over the Palais Royal; how enraptured the children would have been with the brilliancy of the scene. I did not see one-fifth part so much of Versailles as I desired to see, there was no time for the gardens at all. I want to spend a few days there to see the two Trianons and to study French history, but there are no lodgings to be had there—the air is considered so salubrious. I have not given up the place yet. To-day I have been looking until my eyes are weary, and walking

about until my feet are tired; I have been to Notre Dame, to St. Génévieve, to the Pantheon and the galleries of the Luxembourg with Miss Smith. You remember the pictures at the Luxembourg are modern artists' alone; I soon discovered Queen Elizabeth dying, but I believe all the rest of Delaroche's have disappeared. We walked through the Luxembourg gardens to the monument of Marshal Ney on the spot where he was shot. Miss Smith is the most untiring of sight-seers. I should have liked, had I been fresher, to drive round the Boulevards to-night, but I am fitter for bed.

Augusta and Jaccard are still out. The weather is deliciously warm; I sit at my open window watching the Tuilleries Gardens and the lamps among the trees. Miss Smith's rooms are as high up as mine and she has them two francs a day cheaper at Meurice. I should take them when she goes but that I have not lost all hopes of Versailles. I hope the children are going on well. Give my love to the Wardes.

Ever, my dearest Catherine,
Your affectionate mother,
C. Osborne.

I hope Madge left you quite well. I enjoy the heat and sleep delightfully.

September 18th, 1854.

Direct your next to me—
Chez Madame Girard,
7, Rue Maurepas,
Versailles.

My dearest Catherine.—I conclude that you are setting out for Newtown to-day, and so Jaccard and I both conclude that it will be time enough to let him off from Paris next Thursday, when I go to Versailles, where I have engaged myself to board for a fortnight with Madame Girard, with whom the Miss Youngs were.

Mrs. Arbuthnott told me the Hayters' direction; they are in a splendid apartment—Avenue Gabrielle, Champs Elysées, and they received me most hospitably and gave me a general invitation to take tea with them, and a particular invitation for last evening, when I met Mr. Charles Villiers—I think it was he; he is very agreeable. Mrs. Holland came in in her bonnet, she is to leave Paris to-day, and expressed her polite regret to me about not being able to see me. Mr. Hayter greeted me with a shake of the hand and a hearty laugh at my being "larking" about Paris by myself; he has lost his valuable secretary, Mr. Crawford. Mrs. O'Gorman Mahon has just been here, and she has engaged me to dine with her on Wednesday. I believe I should get into a little society if I remained in Paris. I have bought a pretty little present for you—two little crystals which belonged to King Louis Philippe, with his crest and cipher. I was at the Invalides to-day to see Napoleon's beautiful tomb . . . I wish we had Lord Dundonald and then we should take Cronstadt, &c., &c.

Versailles, September 21st.

My dearest Catherine,—I dined at Mrs. O'Gorman Mahon's yesterday. There was a very nice young Frenchman there, who had been at an English school, and spoke English well, though with a foreign accent. There was a young officer on leave from Malta, on account of rheumatism, a son of Baron Richards, and Mr. St. John. Mrs. O'Gorman's son completed the party, but in the evening there came a Count ———, a most remarkably agreeable man. He is a Pole, and speaks several languages; he is full of "esprit," and would make a good comic actor; he reminds me of some one I have seen. He knows Prince Montléart, who is at Paris, and whom you may remember. Count Zamoiski has just left it for the war, and Prince Czastsiski, who said he would invite me twice a week to a soirée if I would

remain in Paris. He did not approve of my coming here at all, and said I should not find it "comme il faut." I am afraid he is right. . . . Were you not shocked to hear of the death of Mlle. de Chabot. . . . They say cholera at Versailles has been unknown, and that it has been worse in London than it ever was at Paris. I hope the children kept well the night they passed in London, and that they had no visitors to disturb them. Nothing is so bad as visitors when children are in bed, and I do not think they should ever have anyone sitting in their room. I am quite clear of the fact, besides I should like my grandchildren not to be helpless babies, &c., &c.

Madame Girard, 7, Rue de Maurepas,
Versailles, Sept. 26, 1854.

My dearest Catherine,—I am longing most ardently to hear from you. The death of Mlle. de Chabot has filled my mind with alarm, because she had made a journey just before her illness. How I do long to hear that all is well of yours.

This place becomes daily more and more to my taste. I have very agreeable society in the house. The sick lady whom I mentioned to you is a delightful woman; she is the wife of an advocate who lives in Paris, and she is here for her health. The bracing air of this place suits most people. This lady is a great reader, and what she reads has really cultivated her mind. It is not given out crude and unaltered, but it has evidently mingled with the soil, and produces bright results; and though she is a terrible sufferer, she appears full of sympathy with others. Her physicians tell her she cannot live many months, but I hope they are mistaken; she herself wishes to survive her mother, to spare her mother the sorrow of her death.

There is a family here from Spanish America. There is

the grandmother, who I am told "is delightful," but I do not yet know her. The lady who looks young has three children by her first husband, and one adopted son, whom they had adopted before they had a child of their own. He has been educated in England, and the second husband, who is a man of very large fortune, seems to have the greatest love for all his wife's children, the adopted son and all. He is the orphan of a friend. All these particulars I learned from the only English lady who is here, and they have since been confirmed to me by Madame de ——— herself. The family are very rich; they have come to Paris to educate their children, who are "en pension." It is now holiday time; they return to school this day week. Some of their great acquaintances come here at times to pass an evening, and those who love marquises and vicomptesses can be gratified.

There was a great man here last night whose ancestors figure amongst the marshals of France, at Versailles. I shall look them up. The family keep up their house in Paris and their box at the opera, and they have their carriage and a train of servants here. Cholera and measles drove them out of Paris, and the charms of the pictures and gardens of Versailles keep them here. The gardens are more exquisite than you have any idea of. Nobody coming out from Paris and returning the same day can conceive the amount of beauty they contain.

I walked about with the English lady yesterday, and she showed me such magnificent gardens and such lovely flowers! There is a wall of geraniums formed from espaliers, and the moment a plant is out of flower it is changed for another. Paradise could have nothing more beautiful. I shall remain, please God, if nothing occurs, until Thursday week. This place is delightful. Madame Girard is an universal favourite; every body likes her. My apartment, which

Jaccard looked upon with contempt, was occupied until I came by the Marchioness of Beaufort. The only fault it has is being so cold, as the sun never shines upon it, but I wrap up warmly, and sleep from the moment my head is laid on the pillow until half-past seven, when I am called. At eight o'clock a cup of the best coffee and a tiny roll of exquisite bread; at eleven o'clock I am summoned down to "a déjeneur a la fourchette," quite like a dinner, but without a tablecloth. I eat no meat, but I warm myself with some hot tapioca and milk, and I eat some nicely-dressed vegetables; and then the whole concludes with a cup of coffee between breakfast and dinner. We read, write, and walk. I walk for four hours a day. We dine at six, and the young people dance, play, and act proverbs and charades extremely well. The elder chat and work; some play at chess and some at whist. I went to church twice on Sunday; first to the French Protestant, and then to the English Church, at both of which we heard very good sermons.

The English are in numbers here. I am just returned from a walk with Madame ———. We exchanged a promise of correspondence; she does not expect ever to see me again. Her complaint is cancer, which she supports with astonishing fortitude, poor dear woman! It is not her only complaint, for she has an affection of the lungs, and she is painfully thin, but she feels it her duty to keep up her spirits, and not to make others unhappy. Our walk to-day was in the magnificent avenue which leads to Trianon Augusta; and I went to Trianon the other day without knowing whither we were going. We did not take the straight road, but made a long détour, and I was surprised to find myself in face of Trianon.

We saw both the Trianons, which teem so with remembrance of poor Maria Antoinette. The Duchess of Orleans inhabited the little Trianon after the death of her husband.

I forget whether I told you that Madame Girard was once in good circumstances, and they lost most of their fortune by being entrapped in speculations. She meets with great respect from everyone, and is much visited, and her courage in wrestling with misfortune is respected.

My poor sick friend is obliged to sit down often in her walk. I am going out with her again. I hope you get (word illegible) for music, and Edmée speaks French with the children. I enclose a cheque for Jameson; pray be good enough to give it to him.

Do ask Mr. Osborne to give some very little place to Augusta's husband. Pray do.

Ever, my dearest Catherine,

Your most affectionate,

CATH. OSBORNE.

Paris, Wednesday, Place Vendôme.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—Here I am on my way home, and I am very glad to be going home. I left Versailles with the greatest regret, and I hope, please God, to see it next May, when I come for the great "Exposition;" it is there I mean to be. I hate the hotel I am in, and I wont remain here a day. I set out to-morrow for Boulogne.

There is an unhealthy feel about this house, so unlike my dearly beloved Versailles. Yes, I will leave it to-morrow. I must call on Mrs. Hayter this evening, and on Madame J———, if I can manage to do so. I hate this air, and the nasty back room they have given me here. You have no idea how extraordinary healthy Versailles is. It is the marvel of France; and what shall I do for my delightful walk in those glorious cathedral-like avenues?

I have got into a second-rate hotel, owing to taking Galignani's advice and going to the Pavilion; and the driver brought me to an old hotel, which, though clean, has the

old Irish frowsty smell; you know the half musty smell of an Irish inn. You see I began in Paris and end in Boulogne. Love to my darlings. . . .

Ever, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. OSBORNE.

Folkestone, 17th October, 1854.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—Whilst waiting for the train, I write to tell you that I am so far on my way home as to proceed to Yalding to-day.

We had an excellent passage. The sea was quite calm, but the skies poured such torrents that every body was obliged to take refuge in the cabin, and intensely crowded we were. When we arrived, the crowd augmented by the men coming to look after the luggage.

This is a delightful hotel. There is an hotel at Boulogne of the same name, equally grand, and perhaps more showy; but it was night when I arrived, and the stupid driver took me to the old hotel of the same name, and kept by the same person, which is nothing more than an "estaminet." The next morning, on finding out my mistake, I went down to the new grand hotel, and lectured the man.

I forget whether I told you this before, or indeed whether I wrote from Boulogne. Yes, now I remember, I finished a letter begun in Paris. Well, I went, as I said I would, to an hotel near Caroline, where I had a beautiful "salon" and two bedrooms for six francs a day. I forgot to tell you my bill the three days at the Vigneron cost just the same as the one day at the Pavilion's estaminet, and the wind blew all round from a balcony. . . . This is a nice gay town, but I prefer Dieppe, &c.

Yalding, Thursday, October 27, 1854.

My dearest Catherine,—I received two letters from you to-day lamenting my cough. I am happy to say it is nothing now, scarcely an inconvenience. It would have been a miracle had I escaped at Boulogne, going out of the hot sitting-room at night to walk to the hotel, and when there everything cold. The air was so much colder than Versailles, it was quite another climate. I think of Boulogne with disgust, as of an ice-house, and every body sick there.

Caroline had two persons sick in her house, and all her friends had persons sick, or dying, or dead. It was like a large pest-house. I went to look at the camp. It consists entirely of huts and tents. Caroline says Prince Albert's visit was most interesting. She was in a state of excitement, and called out "Vive l' Empereur à Jamais;" she was then with her children amongst the horses. The Emperor took off his hat to her, and said, "Mais, madame, prenez garde aux chevaux." . . . I am going to dine at Richard's, to meet Colonel and Lady Frances Fletcher, who live now at Kennard.

Your affectionate mother,

C. Osborne.

London, Wednesday Evening.

My dearest Catherine,—I cannot tell you how happy your two last letters have made me. I am so glad you wish for me so much. I received the letter of credit, and altogether I feel as light as a feather; so happy to be so far on my journey home. We found the Roses going to a brilliant affair—private theatricals and a ball. Madge looking very handsome and Fanny also . . . I am determined you shall have a house for two months next spring, if, please God,

we all live so long. I hope nobody doubts my coming to you. God bless you, my beloved daughter. I shall, I trust, embrace you two or three hours after you receive this—I think I shall be at Newtown at four o'clock, &c., &c.

"The last place at which the editor was Lady Osborne's guest was St. Aubyn's, and it will ever hold for her a peculiar but melancholy interest, especially as a heavy blind, while staying there, fell upon Lady Osborne's head, which the editor fears may have injured her, as she suffered a good deal at the time from the accident."

Parsonage, Thursday 2nd, 1855.

My dearest Catherine,—Mrs. Warde and I went to Tunbridge Wells yesterday, and I have taken a house from next Tuesday for nine guineas a week; it is not on Mount Ephraim, nor yet in Calvary Park, but a very nice house in an excellent situation, with a very pretty view—on one side it looks on the common and on the other the park; it is called St. Aubyn's, and that is where you must come on Tuesday; let me know at what hour you will arrive on Tuesday. The house is so dear that I want to make use of it directly—you should send the servants early on Tuesday with plate and linen, which you know are never found. The family who are in the house go out on Monday, and the agent promises to have it ready for us on Monday evening; so I agreed to take the house on Tuesday as Monday would be too soon. I ordered in some coals, and tell Miss —— I also ordered in a piano. I am going in very early on Tuesday, to see all ready before you come. I will not say too much of the house and view lest you should expect too much and be disappointed, but I think it is very nice; it is near Mount Ephraim and about as high. As you preferred Mount Ephraim so much I tried to get a house there; there were

only two vacant, one was too small and the other ill-furnished, you know I care a great deal about that, and then the windows are so small. Now, the house we have got has handsome modern windows, I think of plate glass. The house was built and furnished by a Captain —— for himself; but he is now living in Bath and has let his house at the Wells. Of course, Mr. Osborne will say I have paid too much, but I saw nothing that would suit us so well.

James Akers has let his house until October for eight guineas a week, and he is now in Wales, at Aberystwith, one of the places Mr. Osborne proposed for us. Only one guinea a week less than I pay, and then it is taken for a long time . . . Pray let me know, as soon as you have made up your mind, how many servants you will bring, and then I shall know what arrangements to make about beds . . . Everybody speaks of Tunbridge Wells as a paradise for children, and so renovating. I could have got a house in the grove, but I would not look at that situation nor yet at Mount Sion.

Ever, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. Osborne.

Mount Congreve, Thursday.

Do you know I was almost dreading to see this terrace, lest it should put me out of conceit of ours; but beautiful as it is, it has not done so, though the walk is something broader, the terrace is much shorter than ours. The shrubs are beautiful. Mrs. Congreve has brought them to a great degree of perfection. I am always wishing to learn, and I think I have learned something; yet it is curious how difficult it is to take a hint from one place for another—circumstances vary so much.

Wednesday, 23rd.

My dearest Catherine,—Mr. J. Palliser's letter is very affecting, the poor dear dying Mrs ———! but it is not she who is to be pitied, but her husband and her daughters; yet the world's waves will soon close over her, and leave scarcely a ripple to mark the space she has left. I wish very much I had accepted ——'s repeated invitations after my dear friend came from Blarney. I have now the pain of thinking that I might have seen her and that I did not.

Mount Congreve, Wednesday.

I like Mrs. Congreve better than ever. I have wonderful sympathy with her on religious subjects, her conversation has revived in me the things that were ready to die.

Tourin, December 5th.

My dearest Catherine,—I am sorry to find that you do not speak of Grace as being quite well, I hope I shall have the happiness of finding the little darling as well as her precious sister—quite blooming—on Saturday. I have enjoyed my visit here particularly, but I am delighted at the prospect of getting back to you all again. I trust that Edith says her lesson every day; and I hope I shall find Sir Richard Bulkeley at Newtown. We are going to-day to lunch at Lord Stuart's. The Duke of Devonshire called here yesterday; how kind and courteous he is. I trust you won't forget to send horses for us. I am glad to find Protestant feeling keeping its hold in England, and I do trust that Oxford and Cambridge will be purged from Popery. I think this a remarkably nice house—the staircase particularly handsome.

I find the family circle very agreeable. Yesterday I played two games of chess with Mr. Musgrave. I played both well for me, and I did not make a single oversight; he won both

by sheer superiority of play. I forgot to tell you that we met John Palliser at the Duke's. He had been spending some days there and singing. He dined and slept here the same day, and left yesterday; he wishes to go to Africa, but to please his mother has given up the notion for the present at least. John made himself most agreeable, and was full of life and fun.

Believe me, dearest Catherine,
Your affectionate mother,
C. OSBORNE.

I hope Edith says her lesson to nurse. Pray send the horses very early and let them have a long rest on Saturday. How unlucky we are in weather.

We should form a judgment of people from what they are to inferiors and dependents and not to ourselves.

I send you a very interesting letter which I received from Richard Warde: what a good creature he is; if all clergymen were like him there would be no fear of apostacy from our Church.

I have set my heart upon saving a little money for you and me to go to London to see the great Exhibition.

I had Chalmers life before. There is an article in the English Churchman about Lord ——— which will interest you; it proves him to have entered the Church of Rome without any proper examination of the controversy, and that by the admission of the Roman Bishops.

Thank you and Mr. Osborne for sending the Welsh paper. Sir Richard Bulkeley's speech is excellent, and like himself, most gentleman-like.

We had a very pleasant morning party at the Duke's. The day was so dark that he did not show the drawings. The band played, and even I thought the music beautiful. We stayed a great many hours there, and it was very agreeable.

Louisa saw dancing for the first time in her life, and thinks it very foolish. The Duke talked to me a great deal, and he says he hears me very well. He is full of Mr. Osborne's praises.

Charleville.

I hope I shall find you all well on Saturday; please God I shall be at home on that day. Tom Woodward came here yesterday, and is to preach to-day.

I am going like the rest to walk to church; but I tuck up my clothes and don't wear my best bonnet. Lord ——— and I have been having an argument about Puseyism already this morning. I wish he were a good Protestant. I never feel sure of any one who has decidedly adopted High-church views.

Lady ——— says little on the subject, but I know she holds church views.

Friday, 5th December, 1848.

My dearest Catherine,—You see by the papers that Louis Napoleon has restored order; I think he is playing his uncle's game, and successfully too. I hope he will not set us all fighting again, or if we do fight I should like to fight against Austria and Naples and not against France—we had better be good friends with France. Lord and Lady Monck are not yet returned, and will not be back until late in the day . . . The Archbishop advises ——— to go to one of our colonies to a college there, he says from my description that post would suit him. I am puzzled about a toy for Grace. Fanny is very engaging. We were made alternately to enact the part of queen at a presentation. I am longing to see you; you know I am coming home on Saturday next, please God.

Ever, dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. Osborne.

Sunday Morning before church.

My dearest Catherine.—I have not yet heard from you and yet I write a second time.

St. Helen's is scarcely half an hour's drive from this, and Mrs. Whately had been intending to call on Lady Gough—the Archbishop having already called on Lord Gough—and my coming gave an impetus to the intention, and so we called; Lady Gough received me most affectionately. The house is beautiful and the garden charming; the drawing-room opens into a beautiful conservatory, in short you could not have a more delightful house. There is a beautiful view of the sea . . . Mrs. Gough and her beautiful little girl are staying there. Mrs. Whately is much pleased with her and has invited her to accompany Lord Gough. On Tuesday we go into Dublin for the entertainment, and return here on Wednesday.

I have written to Lady Monck to fix Friday for going there ; we must be in some kind of mourning for the King of Hanover; Mrs. Whately and I mean to wear our black velvets; I hope you and the dear children are well,

Ever, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. Osborne.

We go to church in Dublin.

Sunday evening.

My dearest Catherine,—I wrote you a hurried note with an infamous pen this morning. The weather was so bad that we did not go to church, it was that cold dreadful-feeling rain, and I have been toasting over the fire in my room until even my head feels hot, and I am not sorry to move

from the fire to the sofa. I had but little time for writing by the post, but I received several letters, yours, &c., &c., and one from Lady Gough, asking me and Louisa to St. Helens; now I feel I have been absent long enough, and am very anxious to return home, yet there are considerations that make me think it wise to accept the invitation to St. Helens; I think it wise and right to keep up old friendships, and Lady Gough's invitation is most kindly worded, therefore my present plan, although I have not told Lady Monck, is to go by her carriage when she herself dines with the Lord Mayor, she and Lord Monck, next Thursday. I am weak about saying this lest Lady Monck should fancy I am offended at her dining out, which is not the case—she has been engaged these three weeks, and I never intended to stay beyond Friday, which would complete my week. I want to see Louisa to know what she would wish about going . . . Lady Gough expresses a wish that I should be there on the 12th to meet a party, but I am anxious to get home to see you and my darlings; the carriage goes to-morrow for Louisa . . . I have never seen people so actively, so intelligently good as the Whately's—they think of nothing but doing good from morning to night—and they are so very pious; religion and self-government seem in perpetual operation . . . they have now two new societies, one called the Right of Conscience, to which the Archbishop gives £100, for the protection of converts in Ireland, of which I will send you a prospectus, and the other for female Education amongst the natives in India. The plan is to send out work from Ireland to be sold for the benefit of the Society, and you and I must do some little matter. Monday: I was in hopes of hearing from you to day, but the post has brought no letter. I hope to be with you some day next week, and I long to see you.

Ever, your affectionate mother,

CATH. OSBORNE.

Newtown Anner, Friday 22nd.

My dearest Catherine.—Jaccard waited up for Carey until a very late hour last night, and he never returned. Jaccard concludes that he has been taken to Barnane; if so I suppose he will be back this morning . . . The darling children are quite well, thank God, and we are all on the best of terms—well and happy and not a cross word or even an impatient or querulous expression has been heard—all is peace. I hope you are enjoying yourself very much, and I trust you did not forget to make my excuses to Mr. Carden —pray tell him that I was much obliged to him for his politeness in asking me, but I know enough of the world to be quite sure that after fifty a woman's room is better than her company; tell him so with my kind regards. I received a letter from Sarah to-day which I enclose.

Ever, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

Cath. Osborne.

Sarah writes a good letter; she tells everything naturally and well, and does not seem in a hurry to have done.

My dearest Catherine.—I did not write yesterday morning because I had not then seen anybody you would care to hear about; I called upon Lady Ormonde, and she received me most kindly; she is in Mr. Roche's house. Nannette Uniacke was in great spirits and full of fun; Grace and Mary Palliser came in—we were mutually pleased to meet—Grace read aloud a letter she had received from Mrs. P—— about . . . their conversion has excited great sensation. I really wonder any person can be indifferent to events

which, if they go on, will bring England back to priestly domination and the darkness of the middle ages. I hope my precious grandchildren are well.

Ever, dearest Catherine,
Your affectionate mother,
CATHERINE OSBORNE.

I bathed in the sea yesterday. I am now going again.

Friday, 7th.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE.—I have literally nothing new to say. I dined at Oakland's and brought home Anna's presents for the children. Edith's happens to be a dissected map of Robinson Crusoe, with a book of the story which you know she is wild about. I am very happy in teaching her that she is always so sorry to go; nurse tore her from me to-day in the midst of putting out a map of Europe which I had got from Fitzhenry's yesterday. I wish this may always be so, and that lessons may be found agreeable. We are to go to Oaklands to-morrow—I mean the children and I—to take a one o'clock dinner, but I shall come home at five o'clock with them. I found your letter at the Post Office yesterday, at six o'clock, and your little note to-day came at the usual hour; I hope you are cheerful and sleep well, and the children are well and good. Edith is most companionable. Dr. Hemphill and his wife paid me a visit . . . I should like Edith to become a perfect workwoman . . . dear little Grace is very pleasant too. Pray give my kind regards to Lord and Lady Monck and Mrs. Newton.

Ever, my dearest Catherine,
Your affectionate mother,
C. OSBORNE.

Dr. Hemphill has given me a quantity of hints.

"The following letters—the last Lady Osborne ever wrote—are given to show how her mind and heart held sway even in the midst of overpowering disease."

Admiralty.

My dear Sarah,—I am going to write about myself, rather a dull subject; but I shan't keep you long on such a barren subject. I believe I told you before that I am tolerably sure that there is nothing seriously the matter with me, only a disgust to food, want of strength, and a singing in my ears, and occasional disposition to giddiness, with very low spirits. I drive out a great deal, which I believe does me good; but, I again repeat, there is not much the matter with me; but I have not been much used to illness, and I dare say I think more about it than I ought. I believe it is merely nervousness, and if I could think myself well I dare say I should be so. Mrs. Fairholme and her husband are in London and dine with us to-day, she and her husband, and Mary. Though I am sure there is nothing serious the matter with me, yet it makes me very uncomfortable—pains in my eyes which come and go. I am sure I could be well if anybody understood how to treat me. I am going to Scotland, and I think, with God's blessing, that may do me good. We dined at Mrs. Arbuthnott's yesterday (Lord Gough's daughter); she has a beautiful house, near Hyde Park, but the rooms are not nearly so good there as here. We met Mr. George Gough and his wife there and a number of other people. Give my love to Anna and tell her I was very unwell the day she left London; but that I am much better now. Give my love to all with you, and tell me how —— is.

I am, dear Sarah, yours,

Cath. Osborne.

York.

My dearest Catherine,—I scrawled off a few lines just to express what I knew your kind affection for me would make you wish to hear—that I felt quite well after my journey; but I did not tell you how gratified I was by your anxiety about me, and how grateful I feel for your interest in my perfect recovery—my dearest object of affection, my beloved daughter, I can never express how dear you are to me, how inexpressibly I love you. What in the world can be compared to you in my estimation? Let me know how soon you are likely to be in Ireland, that we may not be long divided. I was so much touched by your manner to me this morning that I cannot express how deeply I felt your following me to the station and your whole conduct when there. Never will I do anything that will separate me from you, or go anywhere but with you; and now, though I have sometimes said it, it would be impossible to do it. Good night, my most dear child. Believe me ever,

Your affectionate mother,

Cath. Osborne.

Chappel, July 6.

My dearest Catherine,—I am quite well; as well as ever I was in my life, and have a very good appetite, and think everything here very pretty and very delightful. There are the two Fairholmes here—both intellectual and agreeable—the gentlemen peculiarly polished. I am writing in the midst of conversation, which distracts my attention, and I scarcely know what I write amidst such a Babel of tongues; but it is such a blessing to feel as well as I do. I have not had such a feeling of health this year . . . I am longing to hear that you are moving from London; I am sure it is not healthy at this season. Mr. Fairholme is a jewel of a man; he has

very superior tastes, and is so fond of art. They are as happy as the day is long. So much taste and talent. I must now leave off; we are soon going out, I believe, in an open carriage. I have the common and vulgar fear of spoiling my clothes by rain. I hope the dear children are well. I have a sort of horror of their getting the measles, or some other horror. This view is pretty much like what you see in England; I am not satisfied with it as a specimen of Scotland; it is too calm, but very pretty; and now the post has just come in, and has brought your letter . . . I hope we all shall meet in good health, and I hope the greenhouse will be finished. I might have done, if not cheaper, probably better, if I had built in Scotland. You can't think what a nice person Mr. Fairholme is. Their carriage is come. Good bye.

Your affectionate mother,

C. OSBORNE.

Chappel, July 7.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—Here I am safe and sound. I have already begun to feel the benefit of the air of the place by eating a hearty breakfast, although I did not sleep well, having been so much excited by finding myself in Grace's house among so many kind friends that I could not close my eyes until long after daylight . . . Only think of my stupidity; I left all my stamps behind. They were in the pretty Scotch case dear little Grace gave me; it must be in my room; find it for me.

This place is very prettily situated, with a fine view over a richly cultivated country. Nothing can exceed the kindness of the Fairholmes. Grace is delightful in her own house. Once I never hoped to see her in a house of her own, and I am proportionately happy to find her there. It is so much

colder here than in England, we enjoyed a fire last evening, and, to tell the truth, I should be glad of one now. This place is surrounded by low hills, thickly planted; the country here is very highly cultivated. I hope Mr. Osborne has given James the place, as the poor fellow is most anxious about it; it would be much to keep it from him, that —— might not have the trouble of training another boy: besides he can have one ready trained and much smarter. I lay awake thinking of this until four o'clock this morning; . . . Help him to get it. Mary is very well. The two children are darlings—neither of them speaking. The post is soon going out; it starts at eleven o'clock. I hope my dearest you do not go out enough to hurt yourself. Love to Miss B. and both the darlings. Take care to send my carriage home as soon as the month is up. I think it is either on the 6th or the 7th; if so, it ought to be sent home at once.

Ever, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. OSBORNE.

"No one ever had more intense power of sympathy in the happiness of others which they have had no hand in bringing about, than Lady Osborne. Many like to give pleasure and confer benefits; but not all can receive the same unfeigned delight she experienced at witnessing the joy of others for its own sake."

MY DEAREST CATHERINE—We are going to-day to Melrose and afterwards to Abbotsford, if we can accomplish as much; but the weather is very threatening, and yesterday was the day of the watery saint, St. Swithin. I am afraid we shall not see Abbotsford and Melrose . . . I almost dread the disagreeable rain to-day in the open carriage, but there is a

head to it. I am told it is a warm south wind; but you must remember I cannot answer letters the same day. I wish you would tell me how the children are looking, and how they are. The children here are healthy—the eldest is very intelligent, considering she does not speak—the other little thing, Caroline, is also pretty and very fat. Would you believe that I am grown so nervous as to be afraid of Grace's driving; but I say nothing about it. I suppose I shall think a great deal of Sir Walter Scott. Is it not a sad thing his grandchildren have become Papists . . . Mr. Fairholme is away, as I told you, salmon fishing.

Ever, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. Osborne.

July 9th.

My dearest Catherine,—I have just despatched my diurnal letter to you in such haste that I had not time to sign it, for the postman is always in such a hurry, and I was afraid he could not cross the river on account of the floods. Then I could not immediately find my stamps,—in short, I was in a great flutter. Mr. and Mrs Fairholme, as I told you, are both out. . . . They do not think much more of driving into Edinburgh than we do of driving into Clonmel. It is thirty miles off—I don't know how far Stow is, but I conclude about half way, as I suppose it must be further than Melrose. . . . The first day Mr. Fairholme and Mr. Forbes and I drove to Lord Lauderdale's. I suppose Mr. Fairholme, out of pity to my inactivity, prevented me from getting out of the carriage. It was a curious old castle, and I should have liked to see the inside. Lord L. is descended from the Lord Lauderdale in Charles the Second's time, who is not mentioned honorably in history. He and Lord Maitland came out to

see me as I did not come in—both gentlemanlike looking Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, relatives of the Fairholmes, have been staying here. He is quite a devotee of the Fine Arts. Ever, my dearest,

Your affectionate mother,

C. OSBORNE.

July 16th, 1856.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—I have seen Melrose and Abbotsford. I can now picture to myself in no doubtful guise all the scenes of the Waverley Novels. I believe I have seen them all. It was rather affecting when the old man (a stupid old man too) who shewed us over Abbotsford and we asked him about the changes of the place, he burst into tears. I daresay he is tormented about his religion although he said he was not. Abbotsford is larger than I expected to find it, but it is small although in very good taste. I believe poor —— was very much annoyed about ——'s change of religion. The visitors at Abbotsford are so numerous as to be quite a source of annoyance to the Scott Hopes who live there. It is really a very pretty place, but not in the least striking or romantic. The country about is very pretty but has no striking feature. I am longing to be at home again with my beloved daughter and my dear grandchildren. There is nothing but green leaves to remind one of summer; and the weather is intensely cold, and we have a fire only in the evening. They would have a fire for me in a moment if I asked, but I am ashamed to say a word, and after going out the fire becomes oppressive. I wish the weather were seasonable or that we could make up our minds to that cold grey look of the sky. I am longing to see you and the children. I am getting afraid that Edith is growing thin—do observe if she be. And I am pretty sure dear little Grace is. I wish we were all at home and you no

longer in that gas-breathing house. I have nothing new to tell you except the old story of my affection. Believe me in that,

Your ever loving mother,
CATHERINE OSBORNE.

Saturday, 19th July.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—The weather is wonderfully cold. I think all hope of summer is now to be given up. What a trite observation? You ask me about my health: I am most decidedly better, almost well; but I have not lost my headaches; they are not very acute, and are very bearable. It would be a great comfort if they would go away, but I suppose I must not expect that at my age. I cannot hope to lose all ailments; but it is a great blessing not to have giddiness or sickness—I have no reason to complain. . . . I believe this greenhouse has cost so much on account of the water rising. I am delighted at the hope you hold out of the roses coming and I trust it will be fulfilled. I do so long to see you. I feel wretched about the children being so long in London. I wish we were all at home. Ever, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,
CATHERINE OSBORNE.

July 21st, 1856.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—When are you thinking of coming home? You say nothing about it, and I really think it is time to be forming some plans on the subject. Can it be possible that you are still afraid of the paint at Newtown? the paint outside the windows. I think unless summer has altogether taken leave of these islands it must be coming this week. I am invited by the Dean of Down to go to them, but I don't think I shall. I am longing to see the roses at

Newtown; I am afraid they have been sadly devoured by the cattle after my having paid £16 for them, I should not wonder if they even ate the very grafts, so that they are permanently destroyed. Should I live to see another year I must take measures to prevent such a misfortune occuring again; it has been only within the last two or three days the full misfortune has struck me. There has always been a great neglect at Newtown. On a Sunday we must make one person answerable for the garden; I must fix upon a day for going home and keep it; I wish we were all settled at home. Pray get dear Edith to write me a letter. I must contrive to have a lodging to run to not very far from London, for I do not like spending so much time in it as you do —as you are inclined to spend. I think the gas is very unwholesome. I long to see you all, and I am afraid the children will melt away with the unwholesomeness of London; and this a thing of constant recurrence, as you cannot be in the house while it is painting, and it can never be painted before July, and it must be painted every year. Little Fairholme was getting pale and sickly in London, and she has only now recovered by being brought into the country. I have a kind invitation from Mrs. T. Woodward, and if it does not take up more than a day or two I may accept it. I am extremely uncomfortable on being away from you and the children; they always here oppose my fixing a day, and yet it must be—I think it will be on Monday week that I shall turn my face homeward. Ever, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. OSBORNE.

I will never more be beyond a day's reach of you again.

21st July, Monday.

My dearest Catherine,—My letter is just despatched and I begin another to tell you that I perfectly despair of your turning your face homewards. I begin to wonder if you seriously think of selling Newtown. I am sure if you spend all the summer in London I don't see the use of a country house to you. You don't seem to have the least idea of coming home. This house is as famous for music as it used to be for painting. . . . I am determined to go away next Monday, and I don't think I shall pay another visit as long I live. What a provoking thing is your devotion to London. I believe you would be happier if Newtown were sold. I can't bear to think of my precious Edith withering away in London, and I am quite cross I know.

I am dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. Osborne.

Don't my dearest Catherine, wait longer in London—what good is to be got by remaining? Even the dancing mistress is gone or ought to be. . . . What a fearful prospect for us allthat the temper grows more irritable as we grow older —if it be not checked what shall we become.

Wednesday, July 23rd.

My dearest Catherine,—I am longing to see the roses at Newtown. The climate of this place is very backward; not a rose is blooming and the hawthorns are in full blossom. Remember this is July—and the lilacs also. You will be surprised to hear that Grace has not painted for some time: she is absorbed in her babies. We are happy as possible: This morning she and I are going to draw, as the others are

away. I feel quite well. I ought to apologize for talking so much about my own health, but it is because I know you would expect to hear. We have a fire here every day—and almost all day long. They are as fond of dogs as you are; and there are three in the room. As soon as I get home I shall be most anxious to hear that you are coming too. I shall long to hear that you have fixed the day for your journey homewards. I long for the moment to arrive when I shall meet you again. I don't think that I shall ever consent to be so far from you again. It is not wise at the close of life to be separated from what one most dearly loves. Grace talks of our going to see something of the Monastery, and the Abbot. The Monastery I consider a very inferior novel, and I don't think much of the Abbot either. I long for the time when we shall meet. I hope the children are improving and not shewing any temper. The longer I live the more I am convinced that the greatest kindness you can shew children is to correct their tempers. I hope —— aids you in this, and does not shew any propensity to be constantly nagging, which is the worst thing for a child.

Ever, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

CATHERINE OSBORNE.

I shall have scarcely a moment to-morrow to write, as there will be so much time taken in going and returning from church, besides the uncertainty of the post.

Grace made me unhappy to day by saying that my darling Edith looked delicate; though I believe she is mistaken, the idea makes me quite unhappy. Do tell the dear child to write to me herself that I may have the comfort of seeing her dear hand-writing once; but don't let her be teazed about it. I am so longing to be with you all.

Later—I am glad you have fixed a day for going to Ireland. I don't think I shall voluntarily separate from you again. I am not happy in being so far away from you.

Since the following letter, written in the year 1860, there has been a terrible sequel to the allusion regarding Mr. Baker's murder, in the same tragical ending to the earthly career of a gentleman who married the grand-niece of the Mr. Baker here spoken of as a victim, she was his cousin and a daughter of Mr. Baker of Lismacue.

Wednesday, July 23rd.

My dearest Catherine,—I was most unreasonable in blaming you for not coming home. I am quite sure you will come as soon as you can. We must contrive another year (if I live) to manage better. I am sorry I mentioned my headache to you; I am sure it is of no consequence, it is only nervous; it is neither bilious nor rheumatic; I have it not to-day at all. I mean as I go through Dublin to consult Sir Henry Marsh and abide by his advice. I think more highly of him and of Dr. Bright than of anyone else. I shall be so happy to see you again. I understood from Anna that Strother was coming to Ireland, I don't know when. I have only heard from Anna once since I saw her in London. Poor Strother! he seems quite deserted and forgotten. What a melancholy feeling it is that we are liable to be so soon forgotten, but yet it is the fate of human beings; I wonder why one shrinks so much from such an usual fate. . . . Grace Fairholme is always cheerful and happy. . . . There has been a gentleman staying here, a Mr. Baker, a remarkably gentlemanlike man, very agreeable. He is going to Ireland. He goes to day. He is married and a man of fortune; perhaps he will settle there; he thinks of it, though Mr. Fairholme would like him to settle in Scotland. I gave him letters to Mr. Bagwell and Colonel Phipps, and I hope I

shall meet him there. He is very well informed. He is not related to the Mr. Baker who was murdered. Give my love to the darlings and tell Edith to write to me.

Ever, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. OSBORNE.

These letters are amongst the very last she ever wrote, and were penned when the fatal disease she laboured under had made very great progress.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—I shall be at home sooner than you think; I am longing to make my preparations, and I am longing to fix the day. I feel quite anxious to have the day fixed for setting out for home; I shall decide the moment the weather appears reasonable. I shall go by Glasgow, and this time see the Clyde to advantage, which I did not last time. I am sorry to say that I this morning broke the nib of the little pen you gave me, and which I have used since; I broke it this morning, and Grace has supplied me with another which fits in my little silver case. I thank God I am quite well now, but I have grown older in mind, (as I ought to be). I shall feel quite conceited to be considered as anything better than a dull old woman; I was very foolish ever to wish to be invited when (nobody knows better than I) how utterly unacceptable old women are. I do not know how one deceives one's self in fancying that time makes an exception in our favour; yet experience and observation tell us quite the contrary. I had something to say, but forget what that something is; I wanted you to know, I suppose I shall think of it when my letter is gone. There is always fuss to get our letters in, the time is so short for answering them, then I have a letter of Fanny Woodward's to return

to you, I rummage and look for it. I have sent Kinross an announcement that there is a cheque on the way for my carriage.

Your affectionate mother,

C. OSBORNE.

Thursday or Monday I leave Scotland.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—I think I seem born for no other purpose than scribbling to you, I am so glad to think that the time is really approaching when we shall meet. I feel happy in the thoughts; my friends here are so very kind, that I feel it almost treason to wish to leave them, but I do. I think I should be less impatient if it were not for crossing the sea, but I am so very anxious to have the voyage over, and so foolishly fearful that I fear I have come to my second childhood. What a delightful thing it is to look forward to a world where there is no growing old, and no headaches or sickness of any kind. In one of your letters you ask what is to be done with Rolandi's books—I wish them to be sent to Newtown; I should like my brougham to be sent there too. I wish Mr. Osborne would buy me a good strong brougham horse as soon as possible. I believe my only chance of lasting any time is to be a good deal out in the open air. Many people would think it little mattered whether my useless frame held out or not, I know you are not of the number. Mr. Fairholme this morning propounded a scheme for practising me in quick motion; he says he will personate a mad bull and roar that I may shake off my languid movements. I am not very much disposed to think that will do, for I could not believe in the reality of the bull, but I am going to set off for home next Monday. I shall consult Sir Henry Marsh on my way through Dublin; he is the person whom I have most confidence in, except Dr.

Bright. We are going with the rest of the party to sketch. I to make believe doing so. I hope I shall hear good news of yourself and the children by to-day's post.

Ever, my dearest Catherine,

Your affectionate mother,

C. OSBORNE.

Remember I am to set off for Newtown on Monday. I wish for my horse and brougham directly I come. I hope Mr. Osborne has bought a horse for me. I will pay him next quarter.

A letter to the Admiralty notified to her daughter that Lady Osborne had not been so well, but had started off for Dublin, where without loss of time she went to meet her. She was charmed to see her, but she had had her first stroke of paralysis which destroyed consecutive memory.

The journey homewards was most sad and hopeless. She died in her 61st year at Newtown Anner, the house she loved so well.

She gave to religion, life in all its plenitude; she did not delay to take it up as a resource from despairing of mortal blessings.

END OF VOL. I.

NOTES.

On reading over the first series of letters in the first volume the Editor perceives that notwithstanding having taken great trouble, from page 78 to page 162 she has not always put the letters in the order in which they were written, but this oversight does not injure the thread of Lady Osborne's career, at least materially so.

There are a few other trifling errors, especially of names, such as putting Rowe for the Mr. Roe whose daughter was one of the victims in the Holyhead railway disaster occasioned by petroleum. The same remark may be made about the later letters of the second series, save that in the latter case dates rectify the misplacements.

Lady Osborne read poetry most beautifully, and the editor well remembers how often Mr. Woodward would ask her to read to him "The Idiot Boy," out of Caroline Fry's Listener, and Moultrie's "My Brother's Grave."

The Rev. John Hartley, referred to in her letter from Nice, wrote "Researches in Greece and the Levant."

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